

Title: Reexamining Things

Rating: K

Summary: This is a story of Harry Potter shattering what everyone thinks about him and their first impressions. Based on the First Impressions challenge posted by PyroChilde on Potions and Snitches.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of J.K Rowling's characters and I'm not making any money off of this.

Chapter 1: First Time for Everything

Harry James Potter entered Potions for the first time, wondering what Professor Snape would be like. Nott had told him that he had nothing to worry about, since Snape liked all his snakes, but Harry wasn't ready for the look of hate that appeared on Professor Snape's face when he saw Harry. He called roll and then looked at Harry.

"Ah yes, Harry Potter our new celebrity," Snape taunted, which made the Slytherin's look at each other.

He then started on what he would be teaching them and Harry was amazed that there was so much that you could do with potions. When Snape started asking Harry questions, questions that Harry didn't have the answer to he took five points from Slytherin for not knowing.

"What's his problem?" Nott asked Harry.

"I have no idea," Harry answered.

"Mr. Potter, you've lost another five points for Slytherin," Snape snapped, "Get to work or leave."

And that's how the relationship between Harry Potter and Professor Severus Snape got started.

Harry was depressed that night, why did Snape had him so much? He understood that Snape would have hated him if he was in Gryffindor or even Hufflepuff but he hated him despite being in

Slytherin. He had told Hagrid this when he had been invited and Hagrid told him that he hardly liked any of the students.

"But he really seem to hate me," Harry said.

"Rubbish, why should he," Hagrid said.

Unknown to Harry, Dumbledore had called Snape into his office about what had happened in Potions. Several of the older Slytherin's had heard what had happened and Dumbledore decided to address this problem.

"Why are you treating one of your snakes like this?" Dumbledore asked.

"Because the hat was wrong in placing Potter in my house," Snape told him, "He acts just like his father and don't even start on me about how much he's not like him because he is. He'll never be anything but a Quidditch playing air head."

"Don't judge a book by its cover," Dumbledore advised.

Snape snorted at this.

When Harry had gotten up the next day to do his homework for Charms he had to put up with Malfoy talking bad about him and he loved to bring up the Potions class.

"You see your nothing but a filthy half-blood," Malfoy said, "Only Purebloods can excel in Potions. This just proves that you don't belong at Hogwarts and never will."

"Your wrong," Harry told him.

Malfoy laughed and then asked, "Why do you think I'm wrong?"

"Because I'm going to prove that a half-blood can excel in Potions," Harry vowed,

"And I don't care what I have to do to prove this or how hard I have to work. I'm going to be the best potion brewer Hogwarts has ever seen in a hundred years and I'm going to do it by re-doing that Boil Cure right now."

He abandoned his Charms work and went upstairs to get his cauldron and supplies.

Harry brought down his One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi as well as Magical Drafts and Potions and at once he felt like kicking himself. Snape had just repeated what was in the book.

"I didn't even look inside my book for the potion," Harry told Nott. "I could of done way better if I had just looked."

"Well here's your second chance," Nott told him.

"And I'm going to take it," Harry said and he got to work.

Harry did more than just brew the potion he actually looked inside the book and saw that he could get better results if he had cut one of the ingredients very thin. He was very careful about cutting it and when the potion was finally finished Harry and Nott looked at it.

"It's supposed to be purple," Nott said, checking the potion in the book with the potion that was before them.

"Let's take it to Madam Pomfrey, she'll know if it's the right color," Harry said and he put a sample of the potion in a vial and both boys left.

Harry knew that the Matron was a little surprised at the request to check the potion, telling Harry that he should really take his sample to Professor Snape.

"I know that I should but he sort of has this impression that I'm dumb or something," Harry told her.

"Fine, I'll check it," Madam Pomfrey said and she tested the sample.

They waited for what seemed like forever and finally she appeared a stunned look on her face.

"This sample is beyond excellent," Madam Pomfrey told her, "Keep this up and you're going to be Potions Master."

Harry and Nott high five each other and Harry thanked her, before leaving.

When they returned Harry told them that Madam Pomfrey said that the sample was beyond excellent. A couple Slytherin's patted Harry on the back and Harry wrote in his potions book, cutting out one word and writing 'Cut it very thin,' over it. He then worked on his other subjects but none of them had the satisfaction of Madam Pomfrey's words about his sample. The weekend came and went and Harry spent most of his time in the Library, studying when he wasn't in class. This somehow annoyed Malfoy to no end.

"Get your nose out of your stupid Potions book," Malfoy snapped.

It was breakfast on Tuesday and Harry was totally ignoring anything that other people were saying and checking out the ingredients against his magical herb and fungi book.

They had a Banshee Solution that Snape was going to cover on Friday and he didn't want to lose Slytherin anymore points (he had gotten five points in Herbology because he said that the Devil Snare was a plant that hated sunlight). The potion would break anything made of glass if it was brewed right and knock one Potions Master off his stool.

"Don't you dare touch my books, Malfoy," Harry said and looked up just as Malfoy was reaching for it.

"Why are you even trying to impress Professor Snape, you know he hates you," Malfoy said, grinning.

"Because I want to know that I belong," Harry said, "I've never belonged anywhere and I need this. Anyway, Potions aren't bad. I'm learning loads more about Mandrakes than I thought. Also I don't want the Gryffindor jerks to win the house cup and when Professor Snape takes points then it inches them closer. I would like to gain some in his class if you don't mind."

He returned to his book.

"And take that stupid grin off your face, Malfoy," Nott said, "Harry's not bothering you so stop bothering him. Gods, you act like he's done something wrong."

Malfoy stopped grinning and glared at the two of them.

That caused Malfoy to leave Harry alone for two days. During Flying Lessons Harry went after Malfoy for taking Neville's Rememberall. It reminded him of Dudley taking his things and to Harry's horror the person that caught him was Professor Snape.

"Potter, follow me," Snape told him, giving him a cold look, "Oh and ten points from Slytherin."

Harry heard the Slytherin's yelling at Malfoy for what he had done but the Gryffindors, minus a bushy hair girl that Harry knew was Hermione Granger, grinned.

Harry knew that Snape was waiting until they got into his office before starting on him. When he entered Snape's office Harry was shocked at how much potion ingredients that he had.

"Potter," Snape said, breaking Harry away from what he was seeing, "What you did was wrong and I'm giving you detention."

"Sorry sir," Harry said.

"I don't care for your excuses," Snape told him, "Normally I would use your talents to better use on the Quidditch field but I'm not rewarding bad behavior. I know that those relations of yours spoiled you rotten but-."

"You don't have any clue what the Dursley's are like," Harry snapped. "They hate me and called me a freak. I supposed you're going to call me that as well because you act just like Uncle Vernon, treating me like I've done something wrong when I haven't."

"Don't use that tone with me," Snape snarled.

"I'll use any tone that I wish," Harry snarled back, "You use first impressions to punish people and you think that I'm dumb or something. Well I'm determined to surprise you and I don't give a damn if I ever play Quidditch."

"You'll never surprise me," Snape told him.

Harry was determined to prove him very wrong.

The next day Harry sat down on the Slytherin side of the classroom and got everything out that he needed. Professor Snape came in all dramatic and glared at Harry. It was clear that he hadn't forgotten what had happened and Snape waved his wand and sure enough the Banshee Solution appeared. Harry smirked and started to brew the potion.

Snape couldn't believe that Potter was acting as though he wouldn't be anything but his damn father. He looked over at the Gryffindor side and saw right away who he was going to pick on, Neville Longbottom. That boy was so stupid that stupid wouldn't even cover what he was. He looked over at his snakes and saw Potter working on his potion, the book actually opened.

He would wait until the lesson was over to show him up. He turned all these wonderful thoughts over in his mind and returned to his Potions Monthly magazine.

"What does the book say the potion is supposed to look like?" Nott asked, looking over at Harry's cauldron.

"Sky blue," Harry answered.

"Well it looks like it, try it out," Nott said. "The most that will happen, if it's brewed wrong, is that you'll just get sick."

"Oh thanks for making me feel confident," Harry said, but he took a sip of it.

Harry opened his mouth and a horrible scream came out, breaking all the students' vials of potion ingredients, the windows in the room, and making Snape shoot to the ceiling, literally. He landed with a horrible crash on the floor, his hair sticking up with shock.

"Did anyone catch the license number of that ceiling?" Snape asked, groaned and passed out.

"Wicked," Nott commented while the Slytherin's cheered.

Harry didn't see Snape for three days, thus making Harry miss his detention.

"How did it feel to taste ceiling?" Dumbledore asked, chuckling at his Potions Master's meeting with the ceiling of dungeon five.

"Filch needs to clean it more," Snape told him.

"So who brewed the perfect Banshee Solution?" Dumbledore asked.

"Potter," Snape answered, "And I was surprised that he was able to do it."

"Well Poppy told me that Harry actually re-brewed the Boil Cure," Dumbledore told him.

"What!" Snape hissed, "Why would he do something as stupid as that?"

"Maybe he wants to prove that he belongs at Hogwarts," Dumbledore told Snape, "He has a thirst to prove himself, we heard that last week. Look, stop being hard on him and maybe you won't taste the ceiling anymore."

Snape grumbled.

If the Headmaster thought that Snape would stop being hard on Potter he was dead wrong. He was determined to prove that Potter was just like his father, stupid. The next potion was a basic healing potion. Harry was once again in the front with Nott has a partner and he watched both of them closely. He knew that Potter was cheating and he was going to discover it and punish him for it.

"This potion is supposed to be silver," he told the class. "If I find gold, purple, or flashing colors I'm going to give detention."

He walked over to his snakes and saw that Potter's potion was silver; he sneered at the potion and then went over to Malfoy's potion.

"Mr. Malfoy," he said, "Why is your potion an off gold?"

"I don't know, sir," Malfoy said.

He turned to Potter, determined to find a way to take points off, "Mr. Potter, your fellow Slytherin's potion is off gold. Why is that?"

Potter turned in his seat, "Because he added one drop too many of chestnut oil," he answered and then returned to his potion.

"Liar," Malfoy snarled and to Snape's horror he got up and went over to Potter and slashed his hand. "Take that back, Potter."

Harry screamed in pain and Snape pulled him back.

"Five points from Slytherin for attacking a fellow housemate," Snape told him. "Get out of here and return to your common room."

He then made Malfoy's potion vanish and went over to Potter's potion while the Gryffindors all waited to see what would happen.

"If you've brewed a successful Healing Potion then that slash will heal at once," Snape told Potter.

He poured some of the potion into a goblet and gave it to Potter. Potter drank it and the skin healed at once, leaving no mark.

"He did it," yelled a Slytherin boy.

"Give him the points," said Pansy Parkinson.

"Yeah, give him the points," Nott demanded.

All the Slytherin's were giving him such a cold look, their arms crossed. Snape couldn't believe he was actually being ganged upon by his own house.

"Fine, ten points to Slytherin," Snape said.

The Slytherin's all cheered.

Harry was pleased with how Potions had gone, despite the fact that Malfoy had slashed his hand, and he had not only gotten the five points back that stupid Malfoy lost for them but they were five points up.

"Potter, you're really good at Potions," Pansy said. "Who would of thought with how you were first lesson."

"Well when your determined to do your best and excel then there's nothing that you can't do," Harry told her, "And I'm relieved, I've finally found something that belongs to me, something that I can be proud about, and it doesn't have a broomstick attached it."

It didn't take long for Harry to be noticed by all in Slytherin House as the best potion brewer in Slytherin House. Harry was always working on the next potion, improving it, and Harry suddenly realized what the hat had said about him not having a bad mind. In Potions he had brilliant mind and what he didn't know was that it wasn't settling well with the Gryffindors best Potions brewer, Hermione Granger.

Unknown to him Hermione Granger had declared a Potions war.

Note: Oh this isn't going to be good. Also I've finished with this story and so I'll be posting it everyday, to give people time to review.

Chapter 2: Harsh Actions

It was October now and the warm weather was slowly leaving Hogwarts not to come back until at least April. Harry was busy working on his Potions essay when Malfoy came in, looking all stupid. Harry noticed Nott shaking his head.

"Can you believe that he's acting like a total idiot," Nott said.

"He was born one," Harry said, "He's just mad that he scored a seventy and I scored a one thirty two."

"I wish he would actually do the work," Nott said.

Harry opened one of the books and checked something, nodded, and then added it to his essay. "He won't do the work unless he bullies someone into doing it for him. Professor Snape noticed it and gave him the low score."

Nott looked at him, "Now did you find out that?" he asked.

"It was kind of hard not to know when Professor Snape was yelling at him."

"Point taken," Nott said, "So how did you do with that Transfiguration essay?"

"Got a high enough score," Harry said, "Potions, Charms, Transfiguration, Herbology, and Defense Against the Dark Arts are too easy. I thought I would actually get challenged in Transfiguration and I'm not even going to talk about that Giggling Charm that Flitwick assigned."

"What happened?" Nott asked.

"I think I added too much power to it because I hit Pansy with it and she's still not back from the hospital wing."

"Ooh she's going to be mad when she does come back," Nott told him.

"Remind me to hide when she shows up," Harry said.

"So are you going home for Christmas," Nott asked him.

"Heck no," Harry answered, "Dudley will be coming home and I'm not running the risk of them not allowing me to come back. I'll wait until summer to go back."

"They must be bad," Nott said.

"They are, though not all Muggles are bad," Harry said, "They just don't make me exactly warm up to them as a family."

"Point taking," Nott said. "So what does Flitwick want us to do now?"

"Wrist movement for the Levitation Charm," Harry answered. "I'll start on that once I get this sucker done."

And he went back to his work.

"That damn Potter," Hermione snarled, "He scored higher than me in that Defense Against the Dark Arts work page."

"Granger, what do you expect from the Boy-Who-Lived," Ron hissed. "All the teachers fall over to give him the best grade, even Snape."

"Ron, if Snape actually liked Potter why he's always trying to take points off from him?" Dean Thomas asked.

"It's a cover," Ron said.

"I think that Snape hates Potter and only gives points when the other Slytherin's are around," Dean said.

"Believe what you want," Ron said, "But believe me on this, Potter and Snape are very good friends."

"Well I don't care, I'm going to get Potter back for this," Hermione said, "No one takes the top place from me."

"The Dog Breath Potion," Snape told the class during the next Potions lesson. "The name explains what it does. No talking to each other or I'll hand out detentions."

Harry started to work on his ingredients, watching the Gryffindor side very closely. He didn't trust Hermione Granger as far as he could throw her. He added cow droppings to his potion and stirred three times. When Snape came over an hour later he looked down at his potion.

"Are you finished with the potion, Potter?" Snape asked him.

"No, I'm letting it brew for ten minutes," Harry told him.

"Watch your time," Snape advised and Harry nodded and then moved on.

When Harry poured his sample of potion he grinned, pleased with himself. The potion was perfect, he knew it. Crabbe was blocking the way and so he had to go past the Gryffindor side to get to the table. He did notice Hermione's foot in the way and he slipped his wand out and muttered a spell, holes appeared in Hermione's cauldron and she screamed as her potion went everywhere. Harry smirked and then turned in his sample.

"I swear Granger is stupid," Harry said at the Slytherin table during lunch, "She thought that I didn't know that she was trying to cause me to shatter my sample."

Nott and Parkinson were laughing their heads off at the image of Professor Snape taking twenty points from Gryffindor 'for ruining the damn floor, you silly girl.'

"You think your so smart, Potter," said Granger's sudden voice.

They all turned to see a very mad Gryffindor standing there.

"Um, I think I am," Harry said, "At least that's what the board says as far as grades are concerned."

"I'm going to get you back for this," she vowed.

"Whatever," Harry muttered and Parkinson gave her a nasty look.

"Why don't you leave, filthy muggle."

Granger stormed back to the Gryffindor table.

"Good, now I can eat," Harry said.

Of course the other Slytherin's knew why Granger was doing this, she was jealous. And if Harry thought that he had seen the end of that he was dead wrong. As the Slytherin's noticed Professor Snape taking a more deep interest in Harry's potion abilities so did Granger's jealousy. She tried everything to prove that she was better than Harry, going as far as dumping an ingredient in Harry's perfect potion.

However Harry cast a simple shielding spell and that kept the cauldron from harming anyone with its contents. However, for Granger, Snape had seen what she had done and give her a month's worth of detention. On the other side of the card was Malfoy's continuing hate for Harry. As the weeks leading to Halloween approached he tried everything to make people stop liking Harry, including mentioning that Harry's muggle mother ruined a rather pure family.

It didn't work; as people were far more occupied with the whole Potter/Granger Potions war that was going on to even take stalk in what Malfoy had to say. To them the war between two promising potion masters made for far greater stuff. The full extent of the whole potion war took place as Harry was waiting to go into Transfiguration with the rest of Slytherin house.

Harry was laughing at a joke that Goyle had said when Hermione passed by. Hermione threw something at Harry and it exploded. She ran as fast as she could and when the smoke cleared Harry had bunny ears, whiskers, and a cotton tail. The Slytherin's laughed at him which brought Professor McGonagall out.

"Mr. Potter Easter isn't for a few more months," she told him.

Harry saw red.

He spent the next couple of days looking for the perfect spell to get back at Hermione with. He found a spell that was for sixth year and he quickly found that he could modify it for his level. He practiced the spell on Nott, who groaned when he sprouted claws for the tenth time.

"I think that you got it down," Nott said.

"Good," Harry said, "Because your coming with me."

After Nott had checked that Hermione wasn't in the Great Hall for dinner he hid, with Harry, behind a statue. Sure enough, ten minutes later, Hermione came downstairs. Harry shot the spell at her and she sprouted wolf ears, a snout, claws, and a furry tail.

"Now that's for the bunny prank," Harry said and then they waited.

A sudden scream told them that Hermione had discovered her new, um, body parts. Both Harry and Nott burst out laughing and then stopped when Professor McGonagall came storming out of the Great Hall.

"Potter, Nott, get your ass in here," McGonagall snarled.

"Oh boy, she's mad," Nott said.

"Yeah, but seeing Granger with a snout is well worth it."

"Change her back," Snape demanded.

"Fine," Potter said and with a wave of his wand, and the reversal spell, she was back to normal.

"I'm going to get you back for this, Potter," Granger vowed.

"That's enough," Snape said, "Miss Granger; I believe that you started this whole thing. Why, pray tell, is worth risking your admissions here?"

"Everything," Granger said, "Potter was bad in Potions during his first class and he didn't even know the answers. And suddenly he's sooo good at Potions and can answer any question."

"Mr. Potter has worked very hard to gain to the level that he's at," Snape told her. "I won't have you attacking a member of my own house. Do I make myself very clear, Miss Granger?"

"Crystal, sir," Granger said.

"Good, now get out of the Great Hall and don't come back until you've learned some manners."

Granger turned and stormed out.

"Mr. Potter and Mr. Nott," Snape started, "What you two did, and I know that you, Mr. Potter, was the one that cast the spell, has earned Slytherin a twenty point loss."

The Slytherin table moaned.

"If you're going to become a Potions Master, Mr. Potter, you must learn control," Snape went on, "Therefore you both will be scrubbing cauldrons with Miss Granger tomorrow night at eight. I expect better of a student that has shown great promise. Do not throw away what has been taught on silly pranks if you're going to prove to me, Mr. Potter, that your nothing like your father."

Potter nodded and Snape sent them to their table.

Harry wasn't looking forward to the next day during which McGonagall took ten points from Slytherin for no reason at all. He knew that she was paying him back for attacking one of her students. That night both Harry and Nott left the Slytherin Common Room and headed for Snape's office. When Harry knocked on the door it opened and they walked in. Hermione was already scrubbing one of the large cauldrons and Harry could tell that it was without magic.

"Scrub these cauldrons, no magic," Snape told them.

Harry grabbed something and they both got to work.

"Is it my imagination or does Granger like being on-top of everything," Nott asked Harry the next day, after they had finally gotten out of detention at nearly one in the morning.

"No," Harry answered, who was busy working on his Astronomy work. "She hates people besting her at something."

"I wonder if dear McGonagall would ever give her detention," Nott wondered.

"I highly doubt that," Harry said, "Granger is teachers little pet."

Halloween had come around and Professor Flitwick was now ready to teach them the actual levitation charm. What really made Harry mad was the fact that Snape had insisted that he go to the Charms lesson that the Gryffindors were having and Flitwick took delight in pairing the two enemies together.

"If your Head of House thinks that I'm impressed with his idea then he's dead wrong," Granger snarled.

"Oh shut up, Granger, and lets get this over with so that I don't have to look at you ugly face," Harry snarled.

"Snake kisser," Granger snarled.

"Know-it-all," Harry countered.

They glared at each other and thankfully that caused only Harry to hear what Flitwick had said, thus only Harry got the charm right. Granger slammed her books the floor and stormed out of Charms.

Harry didn't see Hermione all day, which was a good thing, and finally when he went down for the Halloween Feast Harry overheard Neville telling Ron that Hermione was in the girl's bathroom and didn't want to be disturbed.

"I swear all she does is want attention," Harry said to Nott, "She's a right nightmare, even though she's smart, and she always has to prove that she's right. Honestly I work hard but I don't shove what I know in people's faces."

"Too right, you only answer questions with as little of an answer as possible," Nott said, "Granger has to turn it into a one hour lecture where she's the damn center of attention."

"Well we're going to leave her retrieval to McGonagall," Harry said, "She can handle weepy little lioness."

They settled at the Slytherin table and the food appeared, just like it had at the Start-of-Term Feast. Harry was just about to help himself to a bake potato when Professor Quirrell came in, looking terrified.

"Troll, troll in the dungeon," he told everyone, "Thought you ought to know."

And he fainted.

The entire hall erupted in screams and it took several purple fireworks coming from the end of Dumbledore's wand to restore order. He ordered the Prefects to take their students back to their houses and just as Harry and Nott were thinking about their beds Harry suddenly realized that Hermione didn't know about the troll and he couldn't believe that he was about to go and try and save her.

"Come on, Nott, we need to save the little Know-it-all."

"Why?" Nott asked.

"Because if we don't and the teachers knew that we knew and something happened to her we might find ourselves in-front of the Headmaster and I'm not about to be kicked out of school because Granger decided to act stupid," Harry told him, "And we might get points for it."

"Good enough reason for me," Nott said and they hurried up the stairs.

Harry soon discovered one thing; the troll wasn't in the dungeons. It was going into a room that Harry was sure was the girls bathroom. Hoping that Granger wasn't dumb enough to choose that bathroom they locked it. Soon they discovered that Granger had been that stupid to choose that bathroom.

"Remind me to kill Granger when we're done," Harry said and unlocked the door.

Granger was backed against the sink, looking terrified. The troll advanced on her and then raised its club. Harry took out his wand and sent a Stunner (he had read about them in one of the book in the Library) and the troll fell to the floor.

"Thanks," Granger said.

"Don't thank me yet," Harry told her, "If we don't get caught then you can thank me."

However they did get caught. As they were coming out of the girl's bathroom both Professors McGonagall and Snape came running towards them.

"Potter and Nott what are you two doing not in the Slytherin Common Room," Snape asked them.

"Saving Granger's hide," Nott told him and Harry nodded.

"Explain," Snape asked.

"Granger had bad luck and happen to choose the bathroom where the troll chose to go into," Nott said.

"I think someone has a gift for trolls and let it in," Harry suddenly said.

"And why do you say that, Mr. Potter?" McGonagall asked him.

"Because people have gifts for certain things and I don't think that excludes magical people."

"Well that's a nice theory," McGonagall said, "Now let's see. I'm taking three points from Gryffindor for what Miss Granger did, putting in danger. But Slytherin loses twenty points for not informing a Hogwarts teacher that Miss Granger wasn't in the Great Hall."

"Minerva, do you think that's rash," Snape suddenly said.

"No," McGonagall said, "Now get back to your dorms, at once."

Grumbling, they left.

Note: See you all tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 3: Getting Attacked

"I don't know why you saved that little Mudblood's life," Malfoy said, "She deserved to get herself killed."

Harry didn't know what a Mudblood was and he asked Nott.

"Dirty blood," Nott said, "That's what we call Muggleborn witches and wizards."

Harry saw red and asked, "Does that include my mother?"

"It sure does," Malfoy said and Harry made the bookcase fall on him.

He was taken to the Hospital Wing and Harry went to see Professor Snape.

"He included my mother," Harry told Snape after Snape had asked him why he had sent

Malfoy to the Hospital Wing.

"Be as it may, Mr. Potter," Snape said, "Hurting a student in full view of a Slytherin

Prefect isn't the best way to handle the problem."

"Yeah, your right, I should next time cut out his tongue and use it for a potions ingredient," Harry said to him.

"You will absolutely not do that," Snape said, "I know that Mr. Malfoy is a right git but I shall not have you going down to his level. Do I make myself very clear, young man?"

"Yes, sir," Harry said.

"I'm taking five points from Slytherin for what he did," Snape said, "And for your information I actually liked your mother. Lily would be very proud that her son is actually doing well in something that doesn't have a broomstick attached to it."

"Thanks, sir, I'm very proud of everything that I'm learning here," Harry said.

"Your dismissed, Mr. Potter," Snape said and Harry left.

When he got back to the common room Nott wanted to know what had happened. In other words he wanted to know if Harry had gotten more detention. When Harry told him that he hadn't, minus the part that Snape liked his mother, Nott whistled.

"I thought with Snape starting this war with you he would take pleasure in what Malfoy had done and give you more detention."

"I guess he doesn't consider a student almost getting killed by a troll as funny," Harry said, "Look, I don't care his reason for not giving me detention I'm just glad that he didn't."

"Point taken," Nott said.

"Are you giving Arry a hard time?" Hagrid asked Snape the next morning in the teachers lounge.

"No," Snape said, "Though the child does try my patience."

"Well he didn't like your first class," Hagrid said.

"No one likes my first class," Snape told him, "But first classes are needed if you're going to get to the second class."

This got the half-giant agitated. "Don't play smart with me."

Snape wanted to say something but he knew where to not pick his fights at.

"I can't believe that Potter didn't get suspended for attacking you," Ron said to Hermione.

"Believe it," Hermione said, "Potter is teachers little pet with Snape. Oh I wish Snape would do something to get sacked."

Ron snorted, "Like that's going to happen," he said, "Snape's got Dumbledore wrapped around his pretty little finger."

"Well I've got something that might be of interest to you," Hermione said to Ron, "I know for a fact that a dog is guarding something and

Snape got himself bitten. I think he's after whatever the dog's guarding."

"Great but how do we prove it?" Ron asked her.

"Leave it to me, I'll figure out something," Hermione said and then went back to her breakfast.

"So looking forward to the first Quidditch Match of the season, Harry?" Nott asked as they were doing their Charms work.

"Yeah, Flint has been telling me about it," Harry said, "Glad I'm not on the team though."

"Harry, I don't think you're going to be on any team," Nott said and Harry glared at him, "No, that's not what I mean."

"And what do you mean?"

"Well you don't seem like the kind of person that would go for Quidditch, even Snape doesn't like the game," Nott said.

"And how do you know what Snape does and does not like?" Harry asked him, giving him an odd look.

"Hay, don't even go there," Nott said, "He just has this odd look when Quidditch is mentioned. Of course he has the Quidditch Cup in his office but that doesn't mean anything. McGonagall and Sprout are more Quidditch obsessed then Snape is."

"Well I figured that much," Harry said, "But still the game will be good."

And he went back to his work.

A few days later the entire school was buzzing with Quidditch excitement. Over at the Slytherin table the players were already dressed in their Quidditch robes and the Gryffindors were making faces at them.

"They look about five doing that," Harry told Nott.

"They always look like their five," Pansy said and then turned to Harry, "I'm still not forgiving you for that Giggling spell that you gave me. I was in the hospital wing overnight until Madam Pomfrey could reverse it."

"Well it isn't my fault that you can't dodge charms yet," Harry told her which earned a nasty look from Pansy.

"Oh watch it, Potter, I'll get you back for that," Pansy vowed.

"Ooh I'm really scared," Harry said and both he and Nott laughed.

"Boys, honestly," Pansy muttered, "You two are closer then feathers and tar."

"Well we have many things in common," Nott told her.

"Did I really want to know that," Pansy said to them.

Finally, at long last, the game was to start and that meant that the students had to head out. Harry stayed behind to finish the last of his bacon and then he headed out of the Great Hall. Suddenly a flash of green light came out of nowhere and there was nothing but darkness. Harry was floating somewhere and he knew that he wasn't in the entrance hall. Mist was hanging around him and then it cleared to reveal a platform just like the one that he took to get to Hogwarts.

"Hello, sweetheart," said a friendly voice and Harry saw a woman with bright red hair standing there.

"Mum," Harry said and the woman nodded.

"Oh my baby, come here," his mother said and Harry ran over to her and hugged her, "Oh I've missed you so much."

"What happened, where am I?" Harry asked her.

"Well you're sort of in-between," his mother said, "You were hit with the Killing Curse and I'm afraid that you're dead and will remain so unless you decide to return and fight against Voldemort."

"But how can I fight against someone that just killed me?"

"The prophecy will direct you," his mother said. "Harry, look, I'm sorry that your father isn't here. He's sort of ashamed that you ended up in Slytherin but I'm glad that you're getting to know Severus. He's a good man despite all the mistakes that he made, that we all made."

"Were you friends," Harry asked her.

"Yes, he was the one that told me that I was a witch," his mother said, "Don't let his mood get to you and I know that you'll both end up as good friends. That is if you choose to return."

Harry wanted too much to be with his mother but he still had things to do and one of them was to continue to prove that he belonged in the Wizarding World.

"I'll go back," Harry said.

"Good choice," his mother said, "And have a good life."

The mist formed once again and then he dived back into the darkness.

A girl named Cho Chang was the one that screamed and her scream when through the entire line of returning students. The Headmaster and Professor McGonagall came through and that's when they found Harry's dead body.

"Get him to the hospital wing," Dumbledore told her, "And inform Severus that Mr. Potter has been killed."

McGonagall nodded and took the body up to the wing, while students muttered about Harry's passing.

When McGonagall informed Snape that Harry was murdered he at once showed up and saw Harry's body covered in black cloth, plans already made for his burial. He couldn't believe that Lily's son was dead.

"Gods, I should have made sure that Potter was with me," Snape told Madam Pomfrey.

"Severus, this wasn't your fault," Madam Pomfrey said, "Someone in the castle wanted Potter dead and they got their wish."

Snape at once vowed to find that person and show him, or her, what the Killing Curse felt like.

The entire Slytherin House was allowed to visit Harry before he was taken to be buried. Everyone was sorry that he died and Pansy cried really hard. Suddenly Nott noticed Harry's hand twitching and he yelled for Madam Pomfrey, who came over at once.

"That's just the last bit firing off," she told him. "I assure you, Mr. Nott, Potter is dead."

Only then when Harry gasped for air did the Matron scream for everyone to leave. By some strange miracle Harry Potter had survived the Killing Curse...again.

Note: I usually write a longer chapter but I wanted to show that Harry was now free of Voldemort.

Chapter 4: Snape's Worry

News that Harry Potter had survived the Killing Curse...again, was all over the Daily Prophet. Everyone wanted to know how it was even possible to survive two bouts of the same spell and most of the Gryffindors believed that Harry had pretended to be dead to gain sympathy.

"He's sucking up this whole Boy-Who-Lived title for all it's worth," Ron said.

"I agree, he's a big, fat, faker," Hermione said.

But none of them had experience with the curse and Madam Pomfrey was taking no chances that the person that did it before would come back to finish the job. She reported that he had the residue of the Killing Curse on him and that caused Snape to keep a closer watch on his young snake. Of course that didn't stop the Gryffindors making it much known that Harry was a liar. It happened the day after Harry had gotten out of the Hospital Wing, still shaking and feeling as though someone had punched him in the chest.

"Hay, look, boys it's the Boy-Who-Lived," taunted Dean Thomas. "Or the Boy-That-Lies."

Granger and Weasley all laughed.

"Yeah, Potter's a fat liar," said Brown.

"Hay, Potter, why don't you go back to those muggles of yours," said Angelina Spinnet. "No one wants a nothing around."

She then picked up something and threw it at Harry which hit him in the back.

"Get away from us, you filthy Death Eater," yelled a boy from Hufflepuff.

"Everyone knows that no one tried to kill you," snarled Cho Chang, "I can't believe I was fooled."

"Hay Potter are you going to attack Muggleborns now since your house obviously hate them," Granger said.

"Filth, filth," taunted the Weasley twins.

Harry's eyes filled with tears and then someone hit him in the face with a spell, causing soap to come out of his mouth.

"Oh look, Potter discovered soap," said a Ravenclaw, laughing.

The Prefects from the other houses were all laughing as well and then a voice yelled,

"Keep your filthy hands and wands away from him." Harry looked up to see that it was Hagrid and he was running over.

"Why are you attacking him?" Hagrid asked.

"Potter's a damn liar," said Granger, "No one tried to kill him. He just wants more fame."

"Which he doesn't deserve," said Weasley, "I bet his mum died due to how ugly he was. He's no hero of the Wizarding World; he's a filthy Death Eater snake."

That jibe about his mother was the last straw for Harry.

"Hey Potter; was your mother actually a whore?" asked Thomas.

That was it that destroyed whatever restraint that Harry had in him. No one talked about his mum and got away with it.

There was a sudden roar and all the windows started to crack and then shatter as Harry's magical core went haywire and he did something that no one thought that Harry Potter could do. He transformed into a lion complete with fur, mane, tail, claws, and very big teeth. The Great Hall went crazy and people screamed to get out and piled out of the castle and onto the grounds. The rush of scared students knocked Professor Flitwick on his back and then he saw a lion leaping over him and charged after them.

It took even Hagrid's strength to restrain a very magically mad transformed wizard and only when Snape cast a simple sleeping spell was the threat finally over. Oh but that didn't mean that they

hadn't gotten the claw end of Headmaster Dumbledore's anger and it was a lot more restrained than Harry's had been.

"Never, ever, in all my time at Hogwarts have I seen the ENTIRE school turn on one person," Dumbledore snarled, his eyes flashing with the power that made him so famous.

"You all have disgusted me as a Headmaster and all of you have made me wish that I hadn't invited you here. Mr. Potter has lost his parents to Voldemort and you have the damn nerve to insult not only a witch that was a very good friend of mine but to even think that you knew her, which you didn't. I will not stand for this form of bullying and as a result all points that you've earned have been taken away and all of you have received a T for all the work that you've done.

"But oh the fun doesn't stop there," Dumbledore went on, "For the fact that you caused a student to transform into something that was very dangerous, and doing it in-front of a staff member, and causing damage to Hogwarts property, I'm not only revoking the Prefect badges as well as the Head Boy and Girl badges and reassigning them to different people that I know didn't have any part in this, which I will find out mark my words, but all your parents shall be informed word by word what you said and did to Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter was attacked by the Killing Curse and I'm sure that I can tell such things.

"I'm also having all your families fined, no matter if you come from a Muggle household or a magical one, and money shall be given to Mr. Potter as a form of payment for all the damn pain that you put him through. The fine will be based on how much money your family makes. I'm not having your view of Slytherin House to be an excuse for bullying him and I won't stand for it, not the insult to Lily's name or the fact that you all think it's fun to insult her son who's been through enough damn pain as it is. All students in third year and above that have been proven to be part of those that not only used magic against Mr. Potter but insulted and laughed at him, thus causing the transformation and destruction of school property will have their Hogsmead permission forms revoked.

"And last but not least," Dumbledore said, "All of those involved will receive a detention for the next three years. I'm letting the Hogwarts staff and Filch decide on what should be done as form of detention."

He turned to the Gryffindors and said, "Miss Granger and Mr. Ronald Weasley get your ass up here to the front."

Snape watched the two Gryffindors coming up.

"Both of you have just earned yourself the very wonderful decision of not allowing you two to be Prefects as well as Head Boy and Girl. You think that your better, that your elite because your in Godric Gryffindor's house. Well Salazar Slytherin was noble and so were Rowena Ravenclaw and Helga Hufflepuff. I'm ashamed of the fact that your house is even around.

"YOUR SUPPOSE TO REPRESENT A HOUSE OF BRAVERY," Dumbledore screamed, "NOT A HOUSE OF BULLIES AND I'M MOST ASHAMED OF THE FACT THAT YOU INSULTED AND QUESTIONS A EVENT THAT EVERYONE IN THE WIZARDING WORLD KNOWS IS A FACT. NOW WHAT KIND OF PUNISHMENT SHOULD BE FITTING FOR YOU TWO PIECES OF WORTHLESS SLIME?"

Snape motioned Dumbledore forward and muttered something in his ear; Dumbledore gave a very delighted smile.

"Oh Severus, you have the nastiest ideas," he said and then turned back to the two. "Since you two hate Slytherin House so much YOUR TRANSFERING THERE AND WILL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR TIME IN SLYTHERIN HOUSE FROM THIS MOMENT UNTIL YOU FUCKING GRADUATE."

Snape smirked at their horrified faces.

"You can't bloody place us-."

"Don't tempt me, Mr. Weasley," Dumbledore told him, "I'm the Headmaster here and I'm the one that can bloody place you where you seem to really show yourself to be."

"But the hat-."

"Things change, Miss Granger," Dumbledore said, "You might have been brave when you were sorted but you've shown that you're nasty. I'm sure the Ministry of Magic will love to tell your Muggle

parents that their daughter was insulting a boy that's done nothing wrong to you. Also your work shall not decrease in quality or you'll be sent to Professor Snape."

He took his wand out and with a wave their robes changed from Gryffindor red and gold to Slytherin green and silver.

"I'll have your things transferred to Slytherin House at once and Professor Snape will provide you with the password, "Dumbledore told them. "Severus, make sure that they know the rules."

"Of course," Snape said, grinning at them.

"Also if I hear you attacking any student in Slytherin House I'll have no choice but to expel you both. Now get out of my sight."

Snape watched them leave, a Slytherin Prefect following them.

It took four days for Harry to recover from what he had done and Snape had him report to his office. Once there he told Harry what had happened and that Weasley and Granger were not part of his house.

"Oh great, I have to put up with them," Harry told him.

"Oh it's not as bad as you think, Mr. Potter," Snape said to him, "They can't attack you or any member of Slytherin House. Also I want you to show them around and make sure that they obey the rules."

"And why should I?" Harry asked.

"Because it's time for you to prove that you're not as bad as they think," Snape told him.

"Like they'll believe me," Harry said to him.

"You never know," Snape said to him.

When Harry got back to the Slytherin Common Room he saw Grange reading a book and Weasley muttering under his breath. At once Weasley jumped up and Harry flew to his wand.

"I'm not going to bloody attack you, don't want to be expelled," Weasley said to him,

"But mark my words I'm never going to like it here."

"Glad to know that," Harry snarled and headed up to his dorm.

"Sometimes I wonder if we had done the same thing that maybe Severus wouldn't have ended up like he did," Dumbledore said to McGonagall.

"Probably he would have been better," McGonagall said, "My house doesn't like the fact that Weasley and Granger were transferred."

"And I'm sure that their parents won't either," Dumbledore added, "Well I don't care what any of them think."

"I'm sure that's the case," McGonagall said, "Well onto the rest of term and our Christmas Break."

"Which I'm glad about," McGonagall said, "I was thinking about going to visit my grandchildren."

"Well tell them that I said hi," Dumbledore said to her and McGonagall smiled at him.

"I'll tell them," McGonagall promised.

Naturally Dumbledore was visited by Mr. Weasley who was furious that his son was placed in Slytherin. Dumbledore was sure that he had explained it to him but he had a feeling that Mr. Weasley was only doing this because his wife had demanded him to visit.

"I want him transferred back to Gryffindor House right now," Mr. Weasley said to him.

"No," Dumbledore said, "I've made my choice and that's final."

"But all our families have been in Gryffindor," Mr. Weasley told him.

"Then you should have taught Mr. Weasley about bullying other students," Dumbledore said, "They all believed that Mr. Potter had

faked his death after Madam Pomfrey concluded, as did I, that Mr. Potter was dead. No First Year could have faked it."

"He probably trained up before coming," Mr. Weasley said.

"Use your sense, Arthur, Mr. Potter hasn't been told anything about the Wizarding World and that means that there's no way that he could of faked anything. No, Ronald Weasley will remain in Slytherin House for the rest of his time at Hogwarts."

"I'll fight this," Mr. Weasley vowed.

"I'm sure that you will," Dumbledore said, "But I highly doubt it will work."

Mr. Weasley stormed out of Dumbledore's office and the Headmaster was allowed back to his quiet.

A/N: Hermione and Ron's resorting will be very important to the story. Also Dumbledore's views on Harry will change.

Chapter 5: Malfoy's Revenge

Having Granger in Slytherin House didn't sit well with Malfoy but Harry knew that he would rather face Professor Snape's wrath than bring shame on the family. The other girls didn't like Granger at all because of what had happened to Harry and Weasley were having a hard time with the rest of his family. Despite it all Harry did feel sorry for them, though he knew that when he got home his Uncle Vernon wouldn't care what house that he was in.

"So what are you going to do this Christmas?" Harry asked Nott.

"Listen as my dad tells me that I need to work harder and then listen as they talk about the 'good old days,'" Nott answered. "So what are you going to do for Christmas?"

"Think about things and wish that my parents were alive," Harry answered.

"Well I'll send you something for Christmas," Nott promised.

"Thanks, but you don't have to," Harry told him.

"But I want to and that's what's important," Nott told him and Harry knew that he wouldn't be able to talk him out of it.

Professor Snape came around a week before the end of November to get the names of those Slytherin's would be staying at Hogwarts for Christmas break. Harry, naturally, signed his list as did Ron Weasley. Harry later on found out that Ron's family was visiting Ron's brother, Charlie, in Romania. Harry wanted to know what Charlie did but didn't dare ask Ron. Malfoy, who wasn't staying at Hogwarts for the winter, taunted Harry for not having a proper family because it seemed that everyone had found out that the Dursley's hated him.

"I wish Malfoy would just shut up," Harry snarled.

"Don't bother with him, Harry, he just wants to get a reaction from you," Nott said.

Harry felt that was better said than done.

December came around and the snow started to really fall. One day a huge blizzard hit Hogwarts and Harry saw Professor McGonagall dragging Professor Snape up to the hospital wing. It seemed that Snape had been caught off-guard by the snowstorm and had almost lost his way around all that white.

"God, can anyone see out there?" Nott asked Harry.

"Nope," Harry answered.

Harry and Nott went up to the Hospital Wing to see if Professor Snape was alright and found him with his feet in a bucket of hot water, a blanket around his body, shivering. He gave a huge sneeze and moaned.

"Oh stop acting like a baby, Severus," Madam Pomfrey said.

Snape answered with chattering his teeth. She turned to them and put her hands on her hips.

"And what do you two want?" she asked them.

"We just wanted to check on Professor Snape," Harry told her.

"Oh isn't that sweet, they care about you Severus," she said and Snape glared at her.

"Well no need to glare at me."

"Is he going to be alright?" Harry asked her.

"The poor dear has a cold and I want him to stay at Hogwarts for Christmas," Madam Pomfrey told him, "Also no teaching as well."

"I'm, ah-coo, fine," Snape said.

She forced a thermometer in his mouth.

"You two better leave unless you want to spend Christmas with a cold," Madam Pomfrey told them just as Flint came in carrying a bloody Hermione. "Now, what's going on here?"

"Malfoy, attacked her," Flint said.

"Great," Madam Pomfrey said, "Take her over to the bed."

She shook her head and both Harry and Nott left.

When they got back to the Slytherin Common Room they found Professor Dumbledore forcing Malfoy out of the Common Room, his anger clearly on his face. When they both had left Harry and Nott sat down and put their feet up.

"Do you think that his father will come up?" Pansy asked.

"I highly doubt that," said another student. "We all know that Lucius Malfoy hates Mudbloods."

Harry glared at the student and another student hit him. "What!"

"That worse then calling me a Nigger," the black boy said, "So stop or I'll hex you."

"Why are you so worried about what I call some stupid muggle?"

"Because my parents went through all that bigotry and I don't like it," the black boy said and then went over to Harry. "Hello, Harry, my name is Tyler Raven."

"Pleasure to meet you," Harry said, "This is Theodore Nott."

"Pleasure," Tyler said, "So is that Granger girl going to be okay?"

"She went to the hospital wing and I'm sure that Madam Pomfrey can heal her," Harry said, "Professor Snape's sick with the cold."

"Oh, nasty weather you have around here," Tyler said, "I'm from Africa but my parents thought that I could do having an English education. Both my parents practice Voodoo."

"Wicked, isn't that with dolls," Nott said.

"Yep," Tyler said, "But my parents don't want me to do it here. You know I'm wondering why Granger wasn't placed in Slytherin in the first place."

"It's because her parents are trash," Pansy said, with venom in her voice.

"Hay, take that back," Weasley snarled.

"Well if she's supposed to be trash, which I don't believe for one moment, then why is there a dark aura around her."

Harry stared at him, "What do you mean," he asked.

"Well I can sense dark gifts in people, have for many years, and she's got a dark aura," he told Harry.

"Is that good or bad," Nott asked.

"Depends on the person," Tyler said.

"I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said. "If your Head of House wasn't sick then I would leave the punishment to him but he's sick so I'm the one that's going to punish you."

"I didn't do anything wrong?" Malfoy said.

"You attacked Miss Granger in full view of a Prefect," Dumbledore said to him. "I do believe that counts as doing something wrong."

"Well it isn't my fault that Granger isn't pure," Malfoy said and Dumbledore gave him a look that made him look at the floor.

"I'm fining your family for the attack and I'm making sure that Mr. Malfoy knows that this rule applies to everyone, not just his perfect little boy. And if I find out that you've done anything to Miss Granger I'll make sure that you're suspended. Dismissed."

Malfoy turned around and left.

A Potions Mistress from the Ministry of Magic was brought in to take over Professor Snape's classes while he was sick. Professor Arm wasn't worse than Snape and she loved to take points off from Slytherin which made her unappealing to Harry and the others. When they left after one of her lessons Harry complained to Nott and Pansy about her.

"I can't believe they think that she can do the job," Harry said.

"Well sorry if you don't have Snape fawning over you," Weasley snapped as he passed them.

"And last time I checked I wasn't asking for your opinion," Harry told him, "I was just pointing out that Professor Snape is a better Potions Master than Professor Arm."

"Well I like her," Weasley said, "And I hope she stays."

And he left leaving Harry to shake his head.

The next morning the horrible storm had passed and Fred and George Weasley got into trouble with Professor McGonagall for enchanting snowballs to hit Professor Quirrell as he passed.

"Does he ever take that off," Harry asked Nott.

"I highly doubt that," Nott said.

That afternoon Harry decided to visit Granger and not because he suddenly cared about her but because she was in his house now and so he felt the need to see if she was alright. He had come back from the Owlery, with an order for his friends, and had decided to visit her. When he walked in he saw that Granger was awake and looking sour.

"I hate it here!" Granger said.

"I hope you weren't talking about Hogwarts," Harry told her.

Granger glared at him and then asked, "Why are you even here, Potter?"

"Because I was worried about you, is that suddenly a crime?"

"According to Miss Granger it is," Snape told him and Harry was surprised that Snape was still here. "Don't be shocked, Potter, she's still not warmed to the idea that she's in Slytherin now."

"And I never will be," Granger said.

Harry felt like hitting her but refrained as he would probably get into trouble with Snape.

"Granger, are you going home for the holidays'?" Harry asked her.

"Why, so you can tell all your little Slytherin friends," Granger snapped.

"They're your friends too," Harry told her.

Granger laughed, "I'm just the little filthy Mudblood," she told him, "And don't lie and tell me that their not calling me that."

"Granger, how many times to I had to tell you that I don't want to hear that filth coming out of your mouth?" Snape said.

"I'm just making a point," Granger told him.

"Don't, it's getting annoying," Snape told her and Harry agreed.

Chapter 6: Christmas Break

Christmas came around and thankfully Granger was allowed to leave with the rest of the school that hadn't signed the form. Harry and Ron were the only Slytherin's that were there but that didn't mean that they were having fun. Every time Harry tried to ask him something he would turn away, telling Harry that he wasn't willing to hear anything that he had to say or ask. This alone promised Harry that he wasn't going to have a wonderful Christmas.

On Christmas day Harry woke up to a small amount of presents. He got one from the Dursley's, which was tiny coin, a flute from Hagrid, and a cloak from someone that had claimed that it had once belonged to his father. This had gotten Ron's attention and he told Harry that it was an invisibility cloak. Harry put it on and both he and Ron tried to figure out who had sent it. Christmas dinner was beyond anything that Harry had experienced with the Dursley's. Turkey and big turkey lined the tables and there were huge crackers lined every few feet.

Harry had never seen these before and when he forced Ron to help him pull one it went off like a cannon showing an Admirals hat, several white mice, and a brand-new chess set. After dinner Harry asked Ron to help him break in his new chess set and that's when Harry realized that in the Wizarding World they didn't have regular chess but a game called wizard's chess, which was identical to muggle chess except the players moved. Harry lost several times to Ron, which gave Ron a sort of sweet satisfaction. Of course Harry didn't think he would have lost half as bad if Professor Snape hadn't been helping him.

However all and all Harry had a wonderful Christmas, far better than he would of ever had with the Dursley's but deep inside Harry wondered what the Dursley's were doing right now, probably pretending that they didn't have a wizard relation.

Professor Snape wasn't like Potter, who couldn't wait to open his presents. He had lived with waiting until his drunken father was passed out before enjoying what Father Christmas had sent him. The small mound of presents that he had gotten was still unopened and he knew that they would all be from his co-workers and all of them utterly useless. He had wanted to give Potter a present but thought it wouldn't look good. So the gift that he was intended to

send by owl was still wrapped with Potter's name on it. He figured that he would wait until term had begun before giving it to him by owl.

He finished his fourth helping of tripe and then went over to open his gifts. The first one was from Professor McGonagall and it turned out to be a scarf that she had knitted herself. That added ten scarf's that he had from her. The next one was from Hagrid which was a wooden flute, which Snape didn't have.

"Add one for Hagrid and zero for McGonagall," Snape said.

He got a book on charms from Flitwick (the same thing as last year), several socks from Professor Sprout (pink, men don't like pink), and a book on stars from Professor Sinatra (if she thinks that I'm going out with her she's sadly mistaken) and surprise of all surprises a present from Potter. It was a box wrapped in Slytherin green and silver and when he opened it he saw a note. It opened it and read:

Dear Professor Snape

This is a complete Dragonhide warmth kit. It includes hat, gloves, socks, goggles, and cloak. It's designed to keep you warm no matter how cold it gets. The goggles are spelled to give you complete visibility and also for you to see objects that have been covered in snow. The gloves have a built-in sensor that you can magically enhance to pull you where you need to go. Also we guarantee that the socks shall never get wet and the cloak will dry in five minutes.

Enjoy it and return for all your winter wear.

Sincerely,

Abby Dragonhide

CEO of the Dragonhide Weather Wear Company

Snape couldn't believe it. The Dragonhide Weather Company only sold to very rich wizards and the set alone cost more then he made in a year as a teacher. What was Potter playing at? However he wasn't going to demand that Potter return the stuff, he needed a way of keeping warm. He then noticed another package from Potter and opened it. Another note was waiting on him but this time it was written by Potter.

Professor Snape,

I hope that you enjoy your new winter weather wear and the reason why I bought it for you was that I saw you being dragged in by Professor McGonagall due to that blizzard. You didn't have on a warm enough cloak and Nott mentioned the company and I decided to go with them. Enclosed is a new set of teaching robes (Nott bullied Madam Malkin into telling him your size) as well as a new pair of shoes and a new set of dragonhide gloves (during that visit to your office I noticed that you only had one pair and they looked threadbare). The gloves are lined with unicorn hide from an already dead unicorn.

I know I'm probably not supposed to give a teacher presents but I've never had anyone to give anything to, let alone the money to do so, and I do hope that you enjoy them and don't ask me to return them. I'm sure that it will be a lot better than what some of the other teachers have given you. Anyway, thanks for caring about my education and I fully trust you without any doubt in my mind. Oh if you want to know why I'm rambling, and please don't get mad, when I died I was at Kings Cross Station (don't ask me why because I don't know) and my mum told me that I'm supposed to trust you and that you're a good person.

Dad wasn't there, she said that he's ashamed that I'm in Slytherin, but I'm not ashamed. You're my most favorite teacher despite the fact that you make me sometimes hate you and she said that I'm supposed to fight Voldemort. Well when that time comes I want you to be the one that trains me up and not have me go out and do stupid things. I'm tired of people thinking that I'm supposed to rush head long into something without thinking.

That's what you taught me, not to rush in and be foolhardy. Of course you might consider saving Granger's sorry hide as doing that but trust me no one really appreciates it when I do that, Granger made that point very clear, and I'll come to you and seek out your advice before doing anything. Professor, I suspect that Dumbledore is disappointed that I didn't end up in Gryffindor. True he defended me and got the bullies to stop what they were doing but I feel that if I had gone into Gryffindor that he would have molded me into what he thought I should be.

Well I'll let you go so that you don't consider me a rub off of Granger. Have a wonderful Christmas and I can't wait for you to return and get rid of Professor Arm.

Sincerely,

Harry Potter

"Darn right he would have," Snape said.

He opened the box and found two sets of black robes and the dragonhide gloves fit very well, a lot better than the one that he did have. For once he was grateful for what Potter had done for him.

"Albus, I don't understand why you're even entertaining the idea that Harry isn't the chosen one," McGonagall said.

It was after the Christmas Feast and both Deputy Headmistress and Headmaster were in Dumbledore's office.

"Minerva, I'm just saying that Mr. Potter looks up to Severus as though he was a father figure to him. I wanted to be the one that molded him and it's not happening."

"Albus, you had Harry staying with those horrible Dursleys because you believed that he would be safe there. They are the ones that molded him into a Slytherin and I think that him looking up to Severus is a fine thing. He was actually worried that Severus would die when I dragged Severus to the hospital wing. He cares about people and most importantly he's learning not to rush into things. He's turning into a carbon copy of Lily but you want him to be the carbon copy of James."

"Well James was fun to be around," Dumbledore said. "Harry always has his nose stuck in a book or staying in the Library at all hours. I thought that he would want to be on the Quidditch team when he discovered that he had this wonderful talent."

"Well maybe Harry wants to be his own person, have you ever thought of that," McGonagall said.

"Maybe I should introduce him to Remus," Dumbledore said, "He'll show him how great James was and Harry will want to be like him."

"Oh wonderful," McGonagall said, "And when are you planning to do this little plan?"

"I'll send a letter off to Remus in the morning, inviting him to Hogwarts," Dumbledore said, "He'll stay yes, I just know it."

McGonagall had a much different plan in mind.

When she left the Headmaster's office she summoned her own owl and wrote a letter to Remus, telling him exactly what Dumbledore had planned. She told him all about how wonderful Harry was doing in all his classes, about the fact that Harry was a rule minder, about the Dursley's, and the fact that Harry had been bullied (she included the soap in the mouth). She then gave it to her owl who flew away.

"Now let's see Dumbledore getting his way."

"Um, thanks Harry," Ron said when he saw the new book bag that Harry had gotten him. "But I've been nothing but mean to you. Why give me something as nice as this?"

"Because I'm trying to prove to you that I'm not the bad person that you think I am," Harry told him. "I just want to prove that I belong in the Wizarding World and I thought that you might want a new book bag since the one that you have is about to fall apart."

"Thanks," Ron muttered.

"No problem," Harry said, "Now do you want help on your potions essay."

"No, I think that I got it," Ron said.

"Well can I at least see it," Harry insisted.

Ron sighed, "Fine, I'll go up and get it," Ron said to him and he disappeared up to his dorm.

When he returned with it he handed it to Harry and he looked it over, then shook his head. He took out his quill and parchment and started to make corrections and then handed it back to Ron.

"Just re-write it and add what I've written and you'll get a passing grade," Harry told him.

Ron looked at it and thanked him. Harry hoped that this would make Weasley a bit friendlier.

"Hermione Jean Granger, I'm absolutely not talking to you," Mrs. Granger said during Christmas.

Hermione had gotten plenty of presents from her parents but they were cold towards her.

"But he likes all the fame that he gets," Hermione told her.

"So that gave you the right to bully him," Mr. Granger told her. "I thought we had raised you to be different. Now I've got to give the Headmaster a five hundred pound fine for what you did. I'm ashamed of you and maybe we shouldn't let you return to Hogwarts if all you're going to do is bully someone."

"And what's so wrong with Harry being in Slytherin?" her mother had asked.

"Because there hasn't been a single witch or wizard that hasn't gone back that wasn't in Slytherin," Hermione told her.

"Does that apply to everyone?" Mr. Granger said, "Because last time I checked you happen to be in Slytherin."

"I was sorted into Gryffindor, a far nobler house, and the Headmaster decided that the hat's decision wasn't good enough and placed me and Ron in Slytherin."

"Well I'm glad he did," Mrs. Granger said, "Maybe by walking in a Slytherin's shoes then you'll understand that what you did was wrong. I bet Harry is a sweet boy."

Hermione felt like snorting but knew that her mother would just get mad.

"When you return to Hogwarts I want you to make friends in Slytherin House, no matter how much you dislike the idea. I also

want you to make friends with Harry. He needs them from what I've read from those books that you bought."

Hermione wanted to say 'fat chance of that happening,' but she knew better than to argue.

Note: The Grangers do have a point, now don't they. Updating tomorrow.

Chapter 7: The Notebook

Term soon started and that meant that the corridors were once again noisy with students, some grumbling about what their parents had said when they had gotten home. Harry was glad to see Nott when he returned from vacation the day before term was to start.

"So did your dad say what you thought he would say?" Harry asked him.

"No, he got locked away in Azkaban," Nott told him, not happy about it.

"What's Azkaban?" Harry asked.

"The Wizard Prison," Nott answered, "He'll be locked away for sometime but at least I won't have to hear his fat mouth."

"So you didn't have much of a Christmas," Harry concluded.

"Nope," Nott said, "Everyone was silent and didn't even ask how come I'm friends with you. Like I care what they think."

"Well at least we'll have work to keep our minds off of our unsatisfactory home life," Harry told him, smiling at him.

"Yeah, glad for something's," Nott said.

During breakfast Hedwig flew down with a package for Harry. Harry was surprised since the last time that Hedwig had delivered anything was the letter from Hagrid a couple months ago. He looked at Nott who was interested in what Hedwig had given him. Harry opened it and saw a notebook and a note. He opened the note and read to Nott:

Potter,

This is a special notebook that will allow you to write anything down that you feel the need to write as well as writing any variation to potion recipes. I warn that I have the sister notebook and can see what your writing. However I won't reveal what you've written to anyone, not even the Headmaster.

Sincerely,

Professor S. Snape,

Potions Master and Head of Slytherin House

"Formal!" Nott commented. "I wonder why he didn't deliver it during Christmas."

Harry wondered as well but put it out of his mind.

On another note new term meant that the Slytherins were getting ready for their match against Hufflepuff. They had played against Ravenclaw at the end of November and had beaten them and now they were getting ready to battle Hufflepuff.

"I hope that I don't get killed this time," Harry told Nott as they lined up for Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Professor Quirrell had been acting even odder since Harry's attack and Harry had a very bad feeling that there was something, um, evil about him. When he told Nott this, while Weasley had overheard, he told him that he was probably still feeling jittery from the attack.

"Maybe," Harry had said, but that didn't stop him from having a bad feeling about him.

When they entered Defense Against the Dark Arts they settled in the back and Professor Quirrell walked in and started them on werewolf bites. Harry and Nott opened their books and started copying them down.

Remus Lupin had waited until after the Christmas Holiday's to read the letter that both Professor McGonagall and Headmaster Dumbledore had sent him. McGonagall had written down on the front to open her letter, first, before reading anything that Dumbledore had to say. So he opened her letter and read:

Dear Remus,

How are you doing, I hope that the holidays are treating you well. Anyway, the reason that I'm writing is so that I can stop whatever full brain idea that Dumbledore has, which usually aren't good. This

year, as you know, Harry came to Hogwarts and he was sorted, I was surprised by this, in Slytherin. Severus started on him, making him feel low, but then Harry turned around and decided to work very, very, hard in Potion as well as his other subjects.

Dumbledore is starting to entertain the idea the idea that Harry isn't the Chosen One because he's in Slytherin, despite the fact that Lily and James died at the hands of You-Know-Who. He wants Harry to act more like James then Lily despite the fact that he's doing very well in school. I blame the damn Dursley's for this and if you saw what kind of Muggles they were you would agree with me. They've turned him into a Slytherin and there's no way that he would fit into Gryffindor.

Also the students decided, for a short time, to bully him. One of them actually made Harry spit out soap (remind you of anyone). I'm hoping that you'll write back with some answers as I need them. Harry's a good kid just had some very bad things happen to him and he looks up to Severus as a father figure as well as a mentor, despite the fact that Severus is trying to make the child hate him.

Harry hasn't had much of that in his life and it makes me sad that no one in his family cared about him. I'm just hoping that you don't stop caring about him just because he happens to be in Slytherin.

Sincerely,

Professor M. McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress.

"Oh God, Harry's in Slytherin," Remus said.

Remus wasn't exactly a fan of the house but if the Dursley's had caused Harry to turn into a Slytherin then the only person at fault was Dumbledore. He could have taken care of Harry. However Remus was glad that Harry was determined to do well in school, he knew that Lily would be very proud of how much, like her, Harry was. But he was worried that Harry would turn dark, like so many in Slytherin House had. He read the part about Harry looking up to Severus as a father figure and he had to agree that since

Harry had most likely been abused by the Dursley's Harry would latch on someone that would make his Uncle cringe.

Remus had never met the Dursley's before and Lily had never mentioned her sister. The only thing that he knew about her was the fact that she disliked the fact that Lily had been born a witch. How much of that dislike had been actual hate? Remus had a bad feeling that one day he would find out. He then picked up Dumbledore's letter and opened it.

Remus,

How are you, old boy. I was thinking about you coming to Hogwarts and spending time with Harry. He doesn't know anything about his father and I would like for you to tell him all about him. I'm sure that you heard that Harry was sorted into Slytherin. I don't know what the hat was even thinking but maybe you could convince him to allow to be re-sorted into Gryffindor.

Sincerely,

Albus Dumbledore

"Fat chance that will happen," Remus said, remembering that one of the students had made soap come out of Harry mouth.

He took a piece of parchment and wrote a rejection letter to Dumbledore. There was no way that he was going to convince Harry to leave a house that he was obviously comfortable in.

"Gods, Quirrell is creepier then he was before," Nott said.

Quirrell had spent the whole lesson staring at Harry and Nott had noticed this at once.

"I don't know what his problem was," Harry said, "Except maybe a staring problem."

Both boys laughed but Granger started on them. "You shouldn't be making fun of a Hogwarts Professor."

"Hermione, stop," Nott said, "If someone has a staring problem, no matter the world, then he's got a problem."

He was the first Slytherin to call Granger by her first name.

"Well I don't care, don't make fun of him," Granger told him and then headed off to her next class.

"Remind me why we got the bossy one," Nott said and Harry groaned.

Hermione didn't talk to them at all during Transfiguration and Harry was glad.

Every time she opened her mouth Harry felt like hexing her. He knew that she was all about the rules, and even he obeyed them, but why couldn't she let people have a opinion. He shook her out of his mind as he focused on turning his candle from silver to gold.

When the bell rang the Slytherin's headed off to lunch and when they sat down Granger chose to sit on the other side of the table. Harry shook his head and then started on his stew.

"Hay, Potter," yelled Malfoy and Harry turned to see him entering the Great Hall.

"Great, I have to put up with Malfoy right now," he told Nott.

"Best to get it over with," Nott said and Harry watched him sit down.

"What do you want?" Harry asked him, showing his annoyance.

Malfoy smirked at him, "What are you going to do this summer?"

Harry was shocked as Nott was. What was Malfoy up to?

"Spending time with my dumb family," Harry answered, "Why do you want to know?"

Malfoy grinned at him, "Just wanting to once again prove how much better I am to you. At least my family wants me around."

He then left, making Harry wish that he could cut the idiots tongue out.

"Don't let him get to you, my dad's in Azkaban," Nott told him.

"I know but that doesn't stop him from being able to get to me," Harry told him.

Note: See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 8: Drowned Quidditch Plans

With Malfoy continuing to harass Harry and the fact that the Slytherin's still hadn't warmed up to Weasley and Granger things weren't looking bright and cheerful for Harry. One night, heading back from the Library, he slipped on something and landed hard on his arm, breaking it. He screamed in pain and then he heard laughter and knew that this had been Fred and George's joke.

"Looks like we finally got a sneaky snake," Fred, or George, said.

"To right, brother," said George, or Fred.

"Why don't you leave me alone," Harry told them, finding some way to get up.

"And where would the fun be if we left you alone?" Fred, or George, asked.

Harry gritted his teeth and hurried to the hospital wing, ignoring his book bag.

Madam Pomfrey shook her head as she healed his broken arm and then told him to head back to his common room. Only after he was half-way there did he realize that he had left his book bag in the corridor. Harry had a bad feeling that Fred or George would do something to them. He sighed, might as well order new books. When he got back Pansy wanted to know where his books were and where he had been.

"Fred and George pulled a prank on me and I had to leave my book bag behind," Harry told her.

"Not a good thing," she said.

"Your telling me," Harry spat, "I'm sure that their going to do something to them."

"Well we'll find out soon enough," Pansy said to him.

"Please don't remind me," Harry said.

"Why in the world do we have to put up with them," Nott asked them, "I mean, they caused Harry's arm to break and probably nothing will happen to them."

"I think we should get back at them," Pansy told him.

Harry looked around to make sure that Granger and Weasley weren't there and then said,

"I've got the perfect solution to take care of them but it's going to take time to get everything together."

"As long as your plan includes humiliation," Nott said to him.

Harry grinned wickedly, "Oh it does and I might even take care of my Dudley problem."

"I hope that you don't intend to break the law this summer," Pansy said to him.

"Oh no, I'm not going to land into trouble," Harry told her.

When Pansy and Nott had gone back to whatever they were doing Harry went to the fifth-year boy's dorm. He knew that Tyler would have some good ideas on getting back at Fred and George Weasley for causing him to break his arm. When he poked his head in he saw the older boy working.

"Can I come in?" Harry asked him.

"Sure," Tyler said and Harry entered, "So what can I do for you?"

"Well you're involved in Voodoo and I was wondering if I could have dolls made of Fred and George Weasley."

"Well for it to work I would need a bit of them, like some hair or a fingernail," he said.

"And I don't think that you'll be able to get into Gryffindor Tower."

"Don't worry, I have that covered," Harry said to him and Tyler looked at him.

"Why do you want to dabble in the dark arts?" Tyler asked him.

"Because they caused me to break my arm," Harry answered.

"Fair enough in my book," Tyler said.

That night Harry saw the Gryffindor team head out to the pitch to practice. Harry hurried back to his dorm and grabbed his cloak and two vials. Putting it on he left the common room and headed down to the pitch. The Gryffindor team had just come out of the changing room and Harry walked in. It wasn't hard to find where George and Fred kept their robes. He found a red hair around the collar and put it into the right vials and then hurried out of the changing rooms.

When he got back he handed the vials to Tyler and then the black boy started the ritual. Harry could feel the dark magic flowing through the room, shadows laughing with delight. The dolls that represented Fred and George was in the middle of an altar. He added the hair and then he had Harry add some of his blood to bind the dolls to him.

The pain was well worth it as all the hate he felt for the Weasley twins also flowed into the dolls. Finally the ritual was complete and Tyler handed the dolls back to Harry.

"Good, sweet revenge for me," Harry told Tyler.

"Make sure that Professor Snape doesn't find them," Tyler warned.

"Oh he's not going to find out," Harry promised.

He had the perfect time to use them.

Snape was sure that he could sense dark magic as he headed to the Slytherin Common Room but as he got closer the feeling vanished. He summoned the Bloody Baron at once and the ghost appeared.

"Check each student's room for anything that's considered dark," Snape ordered.

"And what do you want me to do if I find it," the Bloody Baron asked.

"Nothing, right now," Snape said, "Unlike Dumbledore I don't believe having the object makes you dark but using it does."

The ghost then vanished. Snape knew that he would have to watch things from now on.

The next part of Harry's sneaky plan was to hide the Gryffindors brooms. If they didn't have any brooms then they couldn't practice. He left the castle while most were asleep and headed for the broomsheds that he knew the Gryffindors used to keep their brooms. He picked the lock and found the brooms, all lined up. He took them out and closed the shed. He threw them all into the lake, all of them sinking to the bottom of the lake. Now they were ruined and unsuitable for flying.

He did the same thing to the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaws. Laughing he headed back to the castle, glad that his plan had worked as he knew it would.

"All the player's brooms are gone," McGonagall told Dumbledore.

"What, but how," Dumbledore asked.

"I don't know but without the brooms they can't play," McGonagall said.

Dumbledore groaned and then asked, "Was magic used?"

"No," McGonagall answered.

"What about those in Slytherin?" Dumbledore asked.

"Albus, you know that they keep their brooms on them at all time," McGonagall said and then there was a pounding.

"Enter," Dumbledore called and a girl came in.

"The Quidditch uniforms for Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, and Ravenclaw have been destroyed," she told them.

"What!" McGonagall said, "But who did it."

"I don't know," the girl said, "What are we going to do?"

"Get Professor Snape and tell him that I want find out the truth,"
Dumbledore said,

"This smells like a Slytherin."

"I'll get him," the girl said and then left.

"Albus, what's going on here?" McGonagall asked.

"I don't know," Dumbledore said to her, "I don't know."

"Did you hear that someone destroyed all the other houses
Quidditch things," Granger said to Weasley.

Harry and Nott were working on their Herbology work and Nott saw
Harry grinning.

"Harry, do you know what happened?" Nott asked in a low voice.

"I have no clue," Harry lied.

Harry hadn't stopped at just the destruction of the broomstick he had
gone as far as destroyed their uniforms. Everyone around here had
nice things and Harry knew that if he hadn't been left with all that
gold then he would have had nothing. The whole taunting thing had
shown Harry that he needed to develop a backbone and then use it.
Well his backbone was starting to show and he wasn't going to let
anyone rip it out and that would also include his family.

Ever since he started to gain self-confidence he had started writing
down in his non-Snape given journal all the abuse the Dursley's had
done to him and all the times that they had called him freak. When
he got back home he was going to use it to get Uncle Vernon to
stop beating on him and if that didn't work he was going to go to the
Police and show them the proof. End the end, the savior of the
Wizarding world was going to save his own self.

"And how are you so certain that this is a Slytherin that's doing it,"
Snape asked Dumbledore.

"Because none of the Slytherin's uniforms and brooms was destroyed," Dumbledore answered, "Get the truth potion out and give it to your students. I want each of them to tell you if they did it."

"And what are you doing to do once someone confesses?"

"Make them pay for their replacements," Dumbledore answered. "Of course I hope it isn't your prized potion student."

"If you're talking about Potter, why would he destroy their things," Snape asked.

"I'm not saying that he did it I'm just saying that I hope it isn't Harry."

"If it is then it's your own fault," Snape told him and Dumbledore looked at him.

"And how is it my fault?" Dumbledore asked him.

"You turned him into a Slytherin the moment you placed him with the Dursley's," Snape told him, "You didn't see the look on his face when he thought that people were going to take his things or the fact that everyone thinks that Potter is going to turn into another Dark Lord. Of course you're willing to think that someone else is the savior when the person that will save us is a Slytherin."

"No Slytherin can save us," Dumbledore told him.

Snape looked at him, "Then maybe it's time to prove you wrong," he told Dumbledore and then left.

Note: Is it my imagination or does Dumbledore have blinders. See you tomorrow.

Chapter 9: Gryffindors Revenge

"I know that Potter did this," Oliver Wood said, "I mean, it has him written all over it."

"But I'm sure that no one will believe us," Angelina said to him.

"Well then we're going to have to prove that he did it and once we find out then I'm for one going to make sure that he ends up in St. Mungo."

The rest of the Gryffindors were all for that, except Neville.

Neville believed that Harry had done it but he knew, from hearing how much Harry hated the Dursley's, that they must have been mean to him and also evil. He knew that if he didn't tell someone that the Gryffindors planned on sending Harry to St. Mungo that his grandmother would ground him. Both his parents had been Aurors and they would of gotten onto him for not sticking up for Harry. So he listened to what they were planning so that he could report what he had overheard.

"How about that Pain Potion that you brewed, Katie," Oliver asked.

"That's border-line dark," Katie said, "and I only brewed it for defense."

"Well do you still have it," Oliver asked her.

"Yes," Katie said, "But I'm not going to end up in Azkaban just for a little-."

"He ruined the broom that your mother gave you," Oliver said, "He doesn't care about what anyone has and he's a little Death Eater in-training."

"But what proof do you have that Harry even did it," Neville suddenly asked.

Everyone in Gryffindor House turned on him, "We don't need proof," Lavender Brown said, "He's in Slytherin, that's all the proof that we need."

"Well maybe Malfoy did it," Neville suggested and they laughed.

"Oh the little lion is sticking up for a snake," Fred Weasley taunted.

Neville went pink.

"Get the potion, Katie, it's time for Potter to experience real pain and then in the end he'll know not to mess with Gryffindor House."

Harry woke up feeling better than he had in a long time. However his better feeling vanished when he saw a line of students, all having to answer questions by Professor Snape. He joined Nott and Pansy and asked them what was going on.

"He wants to find out who destroyed the stupid Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, and Ravenclaw's stuff," Pansy told him and then snorted, "Who really cares about those stupid players. It just means that they can't play."

"I bet Dumbledore will plant this on someone," Nott said, "He likes to make people into his pawns and doesn't care if he's wrong as long as he gets what he wants."

"Don't be surprised if Dumbledore suddenly decides that you're not the supposed savior of the Wizarding World," Pansy said.

"Good, I don't want to be that," Harry told her.

When it was Harry's turn Snape gave him three drops of the potion and asked him if he had destroyed the brooms and uniforms. Unlike the other students Harry didn't feel the effects of the potion.

"No, Professor, I didn't," Harry lied.

Snape gave him the antidote and Harry was allowed to leave.

Harry felt pleased that he wasn't affected by the potion. He entered the Great Hall and sat down at the Slytherin table and pulled out his Charms book. While he ate and read he heard Granger talking to Weasley about the summer.

"I'm not doing anything important unless you count my brothers trying to prank me," Weasley told her.

"My parents told me that I can't leave the house without their permission," Granger told him. "How am I supposed to survive the summer without being outside?"

"I thought you would be sticking your nose into a book and doing your summer work."

"I am, I just need some fresh air from time to time," Granger said and then went back eating.

"I can't believe that Snape gave you that potion," Pansy said, "I thought that he would know that you would do something like that."

"Well I guess dumb Dumbledore thinks that I had a hand in it," Harry said, "I guess the potion proved that he was wrong."

"Well I'm glad, the last thing that we need is for you to have to replace all their things," Pansy said.

"Yeah, the Weasley's might ask for better things," Nott said.

Harry didn't believe they deserved it since they were acting like a bunch of morons.

In Charms Professor Flitwick was having them using the levitation charm to move things around. This work required focus and Harry was on the top of his game in that area. He had spent most of his Christmas break learning this as well as picking up a few tricks. That included Wandless Magic and Wandless summoning, both totally undetected by the Ministry. Another thing that he learned, as part of his proving that he belonged in the Wizarding World, was that he could change his Wizarding money for muggle money.

He intended to make sure that the Dursley's didn't starve him during the summer. Madam Pomfrey had told him, during the whole bone breaking prank, which he was underfed and he knew this could cause serious problems later. There was no way, with as much money as he had, that he was going to let that happen. He felt like laughing at the image of the Dursley's shocked as he added more weight to his body. Naturally Uncle Vernon would call it freaky.

In History of Magic, not Harry's strong suit, he had to force himself to stay awake while Professor Binns talked on and on about dragons and how they had been used to harm muggles. The only thing that Harry thought was wicked about the lesson was the dragon part. When the bell rang Harry, Nott, Pansy, and the others left Professor Binns classroom.

"I swear I'm not going to pass History of Magic," Nott complained, "Why does he have to suck the excitement out of everything?"

"I thought the dragon was wicked," Harry commented.

"Damn, Harry, I didn't think that you even could remember that," Nott commented.

Harry laughed which caused Pansy to roll her eyes.

When Harry sat down once again at the Slytherin table he poured himself some pumpkin juice and took a drink from it. At once a hot pain shot through him and Harry screamed, falling to the floor. At once everyone at the Slytherin table rushed to his aid.

"It's a Pain Potion," Flint said, "Granger, get Madam Pomfrey."

Harry closed his eyes as another wave of pain went through him. To add to the horror his bowels released and he messed in his pants.

"Did you see how quickly he screamed," Oliver Wood said and then laughed as several of the Slytherin's backed away.

"Yeah and he messed in his pants," Katie Bell said, grinning, "Now's he's Harry Pooper."

The Gryffindor Quidditch team laughed.

Snape wasn't happy with what had happened in the Great Hall. Not only did the House Elves have a mess on their hands but someone had used a border-line dark potion on Potter. Madam Pomfrey was able to cure him but he would remain in the Hospital Wing for a few days to fully recover. He knew this was revenge for what people thought that Potter had done.

Snape knew that Potter had done the deed but the potion had cleared him so he only had his feeling. He also suspected that the reason why Potter had been able to lie is because he had a natural resistance to the potion. A great skill if you didn't want the Ministry to know what you had done. As for his students the older ones, the ones that hadn't warmed up to Potter in the beginning was feeling sorry for him.

To give Potter a border-line dark potion was beyond disgusting and when he entered the Hospital Wing he found it empty, though evidence that Potter had been here littered a table.

"Where's Mr. Potter," Snape asked Madam Pomfrey.

"He went to St. Mungo," she said, which caused Snape to look at her.

"What do you mean?" Snape asked.

"He had a bad reaction to the potion that I gave him," Madam Pomfrey told him, "So I insisted that he be taken to St. Mungo."

"Then I'll head there," Snape told her and he left the wing.

Dear Remus,

The House Quidditch teams lost their broomsticks and uniforms. I'm very shocked that this happened but that's not the reason why I'm writing. Harry was given a very powerful Pain Potion and it caused him to be taken to the hospital wing. However Potter had an allergic reaction to the potion and is now in St. Mungo. Just so that you know!

Professor M. McGonagall

"God, why are all these things happening to him," Remus asked.

Remus had a feeling that Harry might have had a hand in it, because it was something that James had done. Of course the reasons were most likely different, though you probably couldn't tell anyone that.

Remus also knew that soon he would have to visit Harry and find out what was going on.

Professor McGonagall was busy grading papers and trying not to think about what happened. It had been two days since Potter had been attacked and she felt that the people that did it were right under her nose but she had no way of proving it. Suddenly she heard a knock on the door and she said, "Enter." The door opened and she was surprised to see that Neville Longbottom was there.

"Can I have a word with you, Professor," Neville asked.

"Sure, come on in," McGonagall said and Neville walked in and closed the door. "Now what's wrong?"

"I know who attacked Harry," Neville answered.

Note: Sorry about the cliffhanger but you'll hear the rest in the next chapter. Also Harry's immune from truth potions. See you all tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 10: Going to St. Mungo

"I'm finding Gryffindor House to be the most disgusting house ever in the history of this school," Dumbledore told them, "Giving a Pain Potion to a first year Slytherin just because you think that he attacked your brooms and such. I told all of you that if you attacked him one more time I would take serious action. Well apparently it didn't enter that thing that you call a brain. Therefore I'm suspending all seven of you until the end of term. Do it again at the start of the next term and I will expel all of you."

"As such," he went on, "I suspect that all of Gryffindor house knew of this and did nothing or endorsed it. So I'm adding another year of detention to your punishment. For those that are about to leave you shall not be allowed to apply for a job for three years."

The seventh years groaned but then fell silent.

"Leave before I hold all of you back," Dumbledore said and one by one they left.

"You did the right thing, Headmaster," Snape told him.

"I know but I've got a bad feeling about this," Dumbledore told him, "Severus, I think that all of this has made me start thinking about Harry's future. You would say that he is the most promising potions student since yourself."

"Of course," Snape said, "His scores are beyond unbelievable."

"I believe that next term you need to take him on as an apprentice," Dumbledore said. "He needs to settle into a role that is more fitted for him since I was much mistaken to believe that he was the savior of our world."

He could tell that Snape didn't like it.

"Severus, we need someone that I know can get the job done," Dumbledore told him, "Though I haven't totally made my decision in this matter."

"And what will happen to Potter when you decide that he isn't the savior?"

"I'll release him from the path that he almost went down on," Dumbledore told him.

"No training for the war coming up and no worries about trying to save the entire world."

"Potter will be pleased," Snape told him.

"I'm sure that he will be," Dumbledore said, "Well you can go now."

Snape knew that Dumbledore was wrong about Potter not being the savior to the Wizarding World but nothing anyone could say could change things. He had made his choice, even if he didn't sound like he had. The only thing that Snape could do was secretly train Potter for the war to come. He would prove that Potter was the one to save them all even if Dumbledore didn't like it.

But first he had to visit Potter and make sure that he was alright.

When he arrived at St. Mungo he told the Welcome Witch who he was and the reason for his visit. The Welcome Witch told him that he was on the Spell Damage floor.

"Thank you," Snape said and went up there.

There were many different parts of the Spell Damage floor and thankfully Potter was in the least severe section. As he opened the door he spotted four tall figures wearing masks that looked like something out of the Black Death. Two of them shot spells at Snape and he managed to dodge them.

"Kill him," one of them hissed and the person next to him shot another spell.

"Deflecto," Snape called out and the spell hit a wall.

"Avada Kedavra!" yelled someone else and Snape dodged the spell which caused a chair to melt.

"Come out, Snape," said someone. "We just want to ruin your life."

The other three laughed.

"Some Death Eater," said another, "I thought they knew all sorts of dark spells."

"Incendio!" rasped a voice that was loud enough for Snape to hear.

Someone screamed and Snape could smell smoke and feel fire and that's when several Aurors came in but the other three vanished, leaving the fourth to suffer a very painful death.

Snape appeared and two Aurors pointed their wands at him.

"NO!" Potter said, "He fought against them."

"Is this true?" one Auror asked.

"Yes, I came to check on Potter and I found four people about to kill him," Snape told him.

"Is this true?" he asked Potter and Snape saw Potter nodding. "Sorry about that."

They put their wands back just as a Healer came in.

"Oh my god!" said the Healer, "I leave for a few minutes and this is what I find."

"Apparently they got here after you had left, Healer Jones."

Healer Jones came over and checked on Potter. "He used wandless magic and I'm afraid that he's stuck here for a few more days."

Snape was stunned, Potter could do wandless magic.

"I need to take a statement," said the Auror.

"I would like to know who the person is, first," Snape said, "These people attacked Potter and I demand to know who the dead witch is."

"Which is your right," he said and they bent over and pulled the mask off. "Oh by God, it's a basted student."

Snape walked over and looked down at the face of Katie Bell.

"Bell attempted to cast the Killing Curse on you," Dumbledore said when Snape returned and reported what had happened.

"Yes, I managed to duck out of the way before it got me," Snape said, "Sometimes I thank the gods that I was once a Death Eater."

"This is beyond anything that I could have imagined," Dumbledore said, "First Potter is sent to St. Mungo, which I think is safe, and now he almost dies...again."

"They will try it again," Snape told him.

"That's why I want you to use any means to protect Potter from them," Dumbledore said, "And you know what means I mean."

"Are you giving me full permission to use the dark arts on them?" Snape asked.

"Yes," Dumbledore answered.

"And will you defend me if I should go before the Ministry?" Snape asked him.

"Yes," Dumbledore answered, "I want the truth; I want to know who's attacking him. They may not be Death Eaters but their close."

"Then I shall do as you ask, Headmaster," Snape said and he left.

The next morning he went back to St. Mungo to make sure that Potter was still alright. When he arrived he was horrified to see the dead body of the Welcome Witch. His blood now had gone cold and he sent his Patronus to inform Dumbledore that they were back and they had taken a life. A few moments later there was a flash of red light and Dumbledore had arrived.

"I've got Kingsley coming," Dumbledore told him.

"Do you think Death Eaters did this," Snape asked.

"I doubt that," Dumbledore said, "It looks like our new friends have returned, as you just said."

Snape nodded and then Kingsley and a several other Aurors arrived.

"We need to make sure that Potter hasn't been killed yet," Dumbledore told them, "I've given permission to Severus to use any means that he deems necessary as I don't think their going to play nice."

"Dirty tricks with more dirty tricks," Kingsley said.

"That's putting it in a nutshell," Snape said.

"Alright, let's move forward," Kingsley said, "Severus and Albus, behind."

They had to move slowly so that they didn't alert anyone. Several floors up they could hear screaming.

"Potter," Snape said, and tried to move but Dumbledore held him back. "Albus, are you crazy. Their going to turn Potter insane, just like the Longbottom's."

"I know but if we act too fast you might end up insane."

"Come on," Kingsley said and they made their way up the stairs.

When Kingsley and the Aurors, with Snape and Dumbledore behind, rushed Snape was shocked to find that Potter was holding back ten of them with just his wandless magic. They were all stunned at the sudden rush of people and before they could gather themselves they were all out as a light. Only then did the shield come down and Snape rushed before Potter hit the floor.

"Where's the Healer?" Kingsley asked.

"Dead," Dumbledore said, pointing to a fallen foot.

"Oh Gods, Albus, what is going on here," Kingsley asked Dumbledore.

"Kingsley, I don't have that answer," Dumbledore said.

News that almost the entire Gryffindor sixth and most of the seventh year had attempted to kill Harry Potter, the savior of the Wizarding World, was all over the Daily Prophet the next morning. Potter had to be taken somewhere else that no one knew about and everyone had been shocked even Weasley when it came out that his twin brothers had been involved as well as Percy Weasley. The reason: they supposedly believed that Potter had destroyed their things. Snape didn't think that reason was good enough.

"I'm afraid that Potter will not need to talk," Dumbledore told Snape, "The fact that we saw it is enough to warrant immediate imprisonment in Azkaban."

"Good, they can join Barty Crouch Jr.," Snape snapped.

"On the plus side, Potter gets the Order of Merlin, third class, for his bravery," Dumbledore said, "Nice shiny bronze metal."

"Which I'm sure that Potter won't care about but will accept," Snape said.

"Fudge is playing this up, willing to give Potter the Order of Merlin, Second Class," Dumbledore said, "He'll now have a nice shiny silver metal."

"Same comment on that as well," Snape told him. "So when is this going to happen?"

"When Potter comes back from wherever the Ministry put him," Dumbledore answered, "Gods, that child spends more time in the hospital than in class."

"I highly doubt that," Snape said, "But it's good to know that you care."

Dumbledore gave him a look but Snape stuffed his sandwich into his mouth. He then drank his tea and then left.

Note: We all know they're going to be classified as Death Eaters, though I think giving Harry the metal is one of this writer's brilliant ideas. See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 11: McGonagall's Addiction

The month of January ended and February started. With no Potter around for anyone to talk about things seem to quiet down. For Snape it was just a plain nightmare. Potter was starting to turn to the bright spot in a rather unhappy week and with him in gods know where all he had to put up with was dunderheads. True with Granger in Slytherin he had another promising Potions Master but she lacked what Potter had, a deep understanding of the subject.

Soon he had another problem on his hand, Professor McGonagall. He had just ordered a giant batch of catnip for a Cat Reversal Potion that he was brewing and one Saturday he came in to find half of it gone. He knew that he hadn't used any but half of it was gone.

"Why is this happening to me?" Snape asked himself.

He thought, at first, that a student had broken into his privet stores when he noticed that McGonagall was acting a little odd. She slurred during Transfiguration to the point that she actually passed out. Granger alerted Madam Pomfrey, who came to see what had happened.

"She dead drunk," Pomfrey reported during a emergency staff meeting.

"Any idea what she could of drunk?" Dumbledore asked.

"I'll find out," Madam Pomfrey said.

Of course that didn't sound like something that Professor McGonagall would do, get herself so drunk that she couldn't teach but sure enough the next day she was drunk again and Snape was determined to figure out how she had managed to get alcohol into the school. He, himself, had a small bottle of brandy but he only drank during the weekends or holidays and not enough to make him unable to stand. He entered the office and didn't notice anything, at first, and then he smelled something. Taking out his wand he used it to tap his way and then suddenly the wand went through something.

He pull it out and then pushed it back in, it went through. Figuring that this was a doorway he went through and what he saw at once explained how come half of his catnip was gone. McGonagall was

drinking a wine from the catnip plant and from the smell it was strong stuff.

"Oh great, I've got another version of my father," Snape said but he went to report what he had discovered.

This didn't go over well with Dumbledore who was still under stress for what happened in St. Mungo. He summoned a very sober Deputy Headmistress, telling her what Snape had found.

"What right did Severus have to go into my office," McGonagall told them.

"He was trying to find out why you've not been doing your job," Dumbledore told her.

"Minerva, you're my friend and I'm worried about you."

"But you're not worried about Potter," McGonagall countered, "When he's hurt you only care about him when others are around or if it's going to make you look bad."

"Minerva, I care about the war that I know is coming up," Dumbledore said, "When Harry was sorted into Slytherin I knew that I had been wrong about who Voldemort had marked."

"You're the one that's wrong," McGonagall said, "I know that you don't give a damn about Potter only yourself. So stop pretending that you care, you don't."

And she stormed out.

"Watch her," Dumbledore ordered.

"Fine," Snape said, though he did agree with Minerva.

Naturally if Snape thought that his troubles were over he was wrong. All the families of those that had attacked Harry had appealed to have a trial, which they were granted. Snape figured that a lot of money had passed, though he wasn't sure how Arthur Weasley had managed that. Snape figured that if you're desperate to keep your sons out of Azkaban money will magically appear. So that meant

that Snape had to forget about watching Minerva and focus on surviving being in the same room with three Dementors.

"I want to see Harry Potter," Mr. Weasley said.

"Mr. Potter is in a safe location," said Madam Bones. "Until we know that he won't get attacked while he's treated you can't see him."

"I heard that Dumbledore doesn't believe that Potter is the savior because he's in Slytherin."

Snape wondered where he had heard that from.

"I personally don't care what Headmaster Dumbledore thinks," Madam Bones snapped, her anger apparent, "This is a trial based on the attack of your daughter and several others on Mr. Potter's person. That's the crime and those are the charges."

"Well I think that Potter should be here," said Mr. Wood.

"No, Potter won't be here," Madam Bones said, "Tea, the Truth Potion."

Snape watched as a short Auror gave Oliver Wood three drops and then the questioning started.

"I'm most pleased that Dumbledore has finally seen sense and stopped treating Potter like he's someone special," Lucius Malfoy said.

"I'm afraid that he might end up seeing his so-called error," Snape told him, "Like that will stop our Master from returning, if he does."

"I doubt that the Dark Lord will ever come back," Malfoy said. "So how's spying over the little brat."

"A nightmare," Snape answered, "He shows some promise but I highly doubt that it will continue next year. He's just like his damn father."

"Well I'm glad that you're still the same Snape," Malfoy said, "From what my son has said-."

"Your son has ruined Slytherin's reputation with his complete disregard of the rules that I set out for him," Snape cut in, "I won't have him doing it again."

"Surely my son isn't that bad," Malfoy said.

"No, he's worse," Snape said, "Now if you don't mind I have a school to return to."

And Malfoy watched him leave.

"Someone told Mr. Bell that you don't consider Potter the savior of our world anymore,"

Snape told Dumbledore when he had gotten back.

"It might have leaked," Dumbledore told him, and then put a lemon drop in his mouth.

"My Gods, man, do you have any idea that you're opening him up to being attacked by those that are still loyal to the Dark Lord."

"Severus, I still care about the boy's safety but all the evidence is there that Harry isn't the savior," Dumbledore said, "First, he isn't in Gryffindor. Who ever heard of someone defeating Voldemort and that person being in Slytherin."

"How about Sirius brother," Snape said, "He died strangely."

"There was no evidence that Regulus ever left Voldemort's side," Dumbledore said, "Good god, Severus, all we know is that he failed to do something and Voldemort killed him or had it done on his orders."

"Well I still find Regulus death strange," Snape said.

"And I still think your wrong," Dumbledore said, "But I'll let you know my decision and the steps that I'm going to take."

Snape had one very bad feeling about this.

When he headed back to his quarters he thought over all that had happened. Dumbledore didn't want to see the truth and Longbottom

was most likely going to have to be put in a position that he didn't want to be in. Snape felt sorry for him. The next day Snape apparated to Privet Drive and he saw the wards, bright blue in color. Snape raised his wand and added his own wards and then left. If Dumbledore decided to remove the ones that he had placed at least the house would be protected and so would Potter.

"So their all heading for Azkaban," Dumbledore said to Bones when she came to report.

"Yes," Madam Bones said, "Now what have I heard that you don't consider Mr. Potter to be our savior."

"Well he's in Slytherin," Dumbledore told her, "And we know that nothing good comes from that house."

"What about you're Potions Master," Bones said.

"He's only loyal to me because I have something over his head," Dumbledore told her, "The moment that he hears that Voldemort is back he'll change sides. I'm still watching him, though he doesn't know that I am."

Madam Bones nodded.

"So who is our savior?" Bones asked.

"I'm thinking about Neville," Dumbledore said to her, "Though I'm not sure yet."

"And your willing to have some of us change our minds, not protect Mr. Potter," Bones said. "A lot will say that you have to do more then just say that Mr. Potter isn't the savior for people to believe it."

"I'll tell you the moment Potter takes the Dark Mark."

"I hope that you're wrong about this, Albus," Bones said.

"I'm never wrong," Dumbledore said, though most would say that he was wrong about that.

"Well I'll hold you to that," Bone said and then she left his office.

Snape was very happy to hear, from Dumbledore, that Oliver Wood and the rest were heading to Azkaban. However he knew that the danger wasn't over to Potter. Dumbledore was getting close in making his decision and he would have to be willing to go against two Masters to protect a child that had no say in what happened with his life.

Note: Stupid, stupid, Dumbledore. Does he actually think that Harry would take the Dark Mark after what Voldemort did to his parents? I'll post tomorrow.

Chapter 12: Returning

Harry was glad to finally leave wherever he had been placed and news that those that had attacked him were in Azkaban made him feel a lot better. When he finally showed up at Hogwarts Fudge was there. He had seen him, once, while he was in the hospital and he didn't think there was anything important about him.

"Hello, Mr. Potter," Fudge said. "I'm here to offer you the Order of Merlin, Second Class, for what you did."

"Um, thanks," Harry said, not sure why anyone was giving him a metal. He hadn't done anything real special.

"Potter is grateful for the award, Ministry," Snape suddenly said and Harry and Fudge turned to see Snape coming up from the dungeons.

"Ah, Severus," Fudge said, smiling warmly, "I've heard many great things about you."

"I'm sure you have," Snape said, "Well Potter take the metal and thank Fudge."

"Thanks, Minister Fudge," Harry said, taking the metal.

"Have a good day," Fudge said and Harry hurried off after Snape.

"I don't like it!" Harry told him.

"Well you can't throw it away," Snape told him, "Those metals stay with you no matter where you go."

"Why did people think what I did was so great," Harry asked, "I just-"

"Performed a very amazing feat of magic," Snape finished, "You kept yourself from losing your mind. Not a lot of people can say they can do that."

"It was nothing," Harry said. "So has Dumbledore decided that I'm not his great savior?"

"He's going to make his decision soon," Snape said, "So be prepared for the downfall of your fame."

"Like I really care about fame," Harry said, "Let whoever gets it, have it."

"Well I doubt those that truly believe that you're the savior of the Wizarding World is going to suddenly stop believing in you," Snape told him. "And don't think that the Dark Lord is suddenly going to stop coming after you just because the great Albus Dumbledore says that you no longer need any form of protection."

"Sir, did the Dark Lord kill me?" Harry asked him.

Harry could see that Snape was startled at that question but finally he answered, "Yes, he did kill you."

"Then how did I survive?" Harry asked.

Snape sighed, "Before Dumbledore stopped believing that you were the savior of the Wizarding World he said that when the Dark Lord attempted to kill you he placed a part of his soul inside you by accident. When the Dark Lord killed you...again, that removed it. I believe that also removed Dumbledore's faith that you were the one that's supposed to defeat the Dark Lord."

"And you believe that I am, even though I don't want to be," Harry said.

"Yes," Snape answered, "And so does McGonagall. That's why I'm going to train you for what shall happen if you're willing to go through the work."

"Of course," Harry said, "Mum wants me to do this and I'm going to do what she wishes. They both died at the hands of this monster and if Dumbledore doesn't believe that I'm the one that's to defeat him I'm going to surprise him."

"Then I'm going to reveal something to you that I haven't told anyone," Snape said to him. "The secret to the Dark Lord's defeat is in his soul containers. When the Dark Lord killed someone he turned an object into a container for his soul. I know of a total of four. There was five but now there are only four."

"Do you think there are more?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Snape answered, "And we're going to find each of them."

"So this is dangerous," Harry said.

Snape looked at him, "Are you scared?"

"Yes," Harry answered.

"Good answer," Snape said.

While Snape worked to locate the first one, the locket, Harry asked his friends what had happened while he was gone. Pansy mentioned that the students that had attacked him had gone to Azkaban but Harry already knew that.

"Weasley was shocked," Nott told him.

"I can imagine," Harry said, "Though I do feel sorry for him."

"I sort of feel sorry for him," Nott said.

"Well I don't," Pansy stated, "That just proves that the Weasley's are rotten."

Harry winced when Weasley's voice reached him. He turned to see Weasley standing there.

"It's not my damn fault that my brother's decided to be stupid," he hissed. "Stop insulting my family."

"Oh and so you like the fact that your family don't even write to you or send you anything," Pansy told him, her hands on her hips. "I hate to break your Weasley heart but your family has disowned you."

"Nonsense," Weasley said, "My family loves me."

And he stormed up to his dorm.

"When is he going to learn that they don't care anything for him," Pansy said to them.

Harry sighed, "That's why I feel sorry for him."

"I wonder when he's going to find out." Nott asked.

"Probably when he gets home," Harry answered. "Look, I need to get a start on my missing homework. I'll see you both around."

And he headed up to his dorm.

Snape knew finding Slytherin's locket meant that he needed to get into Grimmauld Place but it was warded until the last Black came to claim it. That meant that he had to head to Azkaban and gain permission to enter and make sure that Dumbledore didn't find out. He drew up the papers so that Sirius could sign them and then headed to Azkaban. Azkaban Prison was located in the cold North Sea and when he arrived he had to be checked for all sorts of charms. He then was asked who he wanted to see.

"Sirius Black," Snape told the man.

"Black, why would you want to see him?"

"Taunting time," Snape lied.

The man laughed and then had an Auror get Sirius.

"Follow me," he told Snape and he was led to a large room.

Since Black didn't have a wand the room wasn't warded against magic, another reason that Snape was here because he didn't think that Black was guilty. However he needed Black and later on he would find a way to release him. When Black arrived he looked worse then a drunken man found in a ditch.

"I'll be outside," the Auror told him.

"So what do you want, Snape," Black snarled.

"I need to get inside your house," Snape told him, "There's a locket inside that has a fragment of the Dark Lord's soul."

Black laughed and Snape hissed at him to be quiet. "And why should I believe you?"

"Because I know that you're innocent," Snape told him.

That stopped the laughter at once, "What, is this a joke?"

"No, it's not," Snape told him, "I know that you're innocent because even the best wizard leaves a body behind. Peter body was gone and there was no trial. This is all Dumbledore's little plan to mold Potter into a ritual pig. I'm sure that you don't want that."

"Of course not," Black said.

"Good, now I need you to be able to get me in."

"It won't happen unless I take possession of the house," Black said, "In other words I need to get out of here."

Snape grinned at him and pulled out a box.

"What this?" Black asked.

"This will provide a double," Snape said, "I still am good at the dark arts. Agree to let me into the house and I'll do a double of you."

"Deal," Black said and Snape tapped the box with his wand.

Instantly a double of Black appeared and then Snape waved his wand and transfigured Black into a locket and placed him in his pocket.

"Sit in the seat," Snape ordered the fake Black.

Black got up and went over to the seat.

"I'm done," Snape told the Auror and he came back in. "Bye Bye Blackie."

The fake Black growled at him as it was led away.

Snape had to wait until he was back in London to remove the real Sirius Black from the locket. When he landed on his butt Snape grinned. He got to his feet and dusted himself off.

"Come on," he said and both men headed for a series of homes.

At once the homes started to move and then they approached number 12. Almost at once they were met with a ward.

"I, Sirius Orion Black, take possession of the house," he announced.

The ward gave way and they entered.

The inside of the house was horrible and both men coughed. Snape knew that the house elf hadn't done his, or her, job. When Black closed the door a loud pop told them that a house elf had appeared.

"Well isn't it the blood traitor," said the house elf.

"Oh-."

"Sirius, let me handle this," Snape said to him and bent down, "Kreature, I want to know something and it's very important."

"I will never tell any Black secrets," Kreature said.

"I don't want to know any secrets just something that I've figured out," Snape told him.

"I suspect that Regulus went against the Dark Lord and I was wondering if you have a locket."

"And why do you want to know about the locket?"

"Because I know that he died very strangely and I know that he trusted you. You're a good house elf and I wish to have it, to destroy it. I know that you've tried to destroy it because if you had succeeded then the house wouldn't look like this."

"I tried to be a good house elf but I've failed my final order," Kreature said, tears welling up. "Master Regulus wanted me to destroy the locket, said that he had found the Dark Lord's secret. But he died and I found that I couldn't open it."

"Let me destroy it," Snape told him.

The house elf vanished and then appeared with the locket. Snape drew his wand and cast the spell, fire coming out of end of his wand. The locket screamed and then shattered. He waved his wand and the fire vanished leaving everything untouched except for the locket.

"Done," Snape said.

"Oh thank you, thank you," Kreature said.

"Now we need to find the cup, I remember the Dark Lord having Hufflepuff's cup."

"Oh Kreature knows where that's at," Kreature said. "It's located in the Forest of Dean."

"Then we're heading there next," Snape told Black. "As each one is destroyed the Dark Lord shall get weaker and then Dumbledore will know that he had been a fool in thinking that Harry isn't the chosen one."

"Snape, I do hope that you'll explain this," Black said.

"On the way to the Forest of Dean," Snape said.

Black turned to the House elf, "I want this place cleaned up."

"Yes, Master Black," Kreature said and both wizards vanished.

Note: Remember that this is before Voldemort returns so he doesn't have any of the protection around the cup and hasn't created one in Nagini. Also Voldemort will attack Harry, early, and only then will be find out the truth, which will be too late for him. I'll be back tomorrow with another update.

Chapter 13: Helping Hermione Out

Both wizards arrived at the Forest of Dean and Snape used his wand to locate where the cup was. Snape knew that Voldemort didn't have any protection around the cup because there was no Boy-Who-Lived trying to destroy him.

"So what's going on?" Black asked. "And why do you suddenly not trust Dumbledore?"

"Because I'm tired of going from one wizard to the next," Snape said, "Also Dumbledore doesn't believe that your Godson is the Chosen One. He's going to have Neville try and defeat the Dark Lord. He's the one that's supposed to but Dumbledore won't listen."

"And why not," Black asked.

"Because Harry was sorted into Slytherin," Snape told him.

"WH-."

"Not here," Snape hissed, cutting him off. "The Dursley's turned him into a Slytherin as well as the fragment of the Dark Lord's soul. It's gone now."

"How," Black asked.

"The Dark Lord, sharing Quirrell's body killed him but the school doesn't even believe that," Snape answered. "Now let's get this stupid cup and get rid of it."

"Minerva, have you seen Severus?" Dumbledore asked the Herbology teacher.

"No, do you need him for something," Professor Sprout asked.

"No, just wondering where he's at," Dumbledore said. "If you see him then tell him that I need to see him."

"Sure," Sprout said and Dumbledore walked past her.

When he arrived at Professor McGonagall's office he saw that she was drinking some of the Catnip wine. She was glaring at him but her hand was steady so that meant that she hadn't drunk too much.

"What do you want," she asked him.

"Just checking on you, that's all," Dumbledore said, "I'm still worried about you."

McGonagall hissed like the cat she sometimes transformed into. Finally she said, "Just leave me alone."

"I'm not leaving you alone, Minerva," Dumbledore said, "I'm being honest about worrying about you."

"Well I don't care," McGonagall said and took a drink of the wine. "Now leave before I hex you out."

Dumbledore sighed but left her alone.

They found the cup in the stupidest place, inside a trunk of a tree. Snape used his wand to handle it, as he didn't know if the Dark Lord had put a small portion of protection on it. It dropped and then Black reached for it. Suddenly he screamed in pain and Snape had to use all his might to remove Black's hand from the cup. He cast the same cursed fire on it, destroying it.

"You fool!" Snape snarled as Black gasped for breath. "What were you thinking?"

"I thought-."

"Don't think around dark magic," Snape told him, "Because thinking will get you killed."

"I saw a ring," Black told him. "It was in a very old house."

"Anything else about the area that you remember," Snape asked.

"A sign," he said, after thinking, "It read Gaunt House."

They knew where to go next and so they vanished.

They arrived outside a village and Snape used magic to hide their clothes. To the Muggles they would look normal. Snape and Black walked down the road and he saw a house that had at one time been fine. A woman that was passing saw where they were looking. She shook her head.

"Bad thing happened there," she told them.

"What do you mean?" Snape asked her, sounding interested.

She must have picked up on his tone because she told them about a murder that happened there. "It was called the Riddle House and that's where Frank Bryce murdered Tom Riddle Sr. and his family."

"Are people sure that this Mr. Bryce killed them," Black asked her.

"Well he said that a dark hair boy did it," the woman said, "The funny thing is that he said the boy looked just like Riddle Sr. of course the murderer was lying."

"Did he go to prison?" Snape asked.

"Nope, got away with it," the woman said and then she moved on.

"The boy was real," Snape told Black, "That was the Dark Lord before he went all freaky."

"But how didn't people around here know about the child," Black asked, "You would think that people around here would notice a pregnant woman and this Riddle Sr."

"True but I've got a feeling that there's a lot more to this than meets the eye," Snape said. "Come on, we need to find the place that you saw."

They traveled to what seemed like every part of the village, which made Snape grateful that it wasn't large, and just as Snape's feet were about to give way Black pointed to a small shack. "That's the house!"

"Thank the gods," Snape commented and, getting up, they approached.

The shack looked like it had been a fine house but years of not being used made it look run down. Suddenly the ground shifted and both of them fell through. They landed on a hard floor and Snape hoped that nothing was broken. He slowly got to his feet and helped Black up. The ring was located in the center of the room and before any of them knew what was happening, the entire room flared up.

"I knew that Riddle placed protection," Snape told Black.

"Any brilliant ideas," Black asked.

"I'm going to have to put my hand through the fire," Snape told him.

"Are you nuts," Black asked.

"Do you want to keep Riddle from continuing to have immortality?" Snape asked him.

"Of course," Black said.

"Then let me do this," Snape said and he reached in, screaming at the top of his lungs as the fire licked his hand.

He pulled out the ring and thankfully he hadn't put it on. He placed it into a bag and he used the last bit of his strength to get them out.

It took a couple of days for Snape and Black to get back to Hogwarts and at once Black changed into his dog form, which surprised Snape. When they arrived inside Snape hurried down to his office to get something to treat the burns.

"Stay in that form until I can block the Floo," Snape told the dog.

He took out his wand and waving it, blocked the floo.

It took several hours to brew the right potion that would cure his hand. When he finally drunk it he told Black to return to his form. He lend back, breathing a sigh of relief.

"The Diary can wait," Snape told him, "If I go in there and try and get then he'll know that I'm trying to defeat the Dark Lord. But we can get the Diadem."

"How are we going to find it?" Black asked.

"I'll touch the ring and it should show us the location of the Diadem. If it's here, at Hogwarts, then all I need to do is ask the castle and it will show me the way."

"I hope that I don't have to try and pull you apart," Black said.

Snape agreed with him, though he wouldn't have ever admitted it. He reached forward and touched the ring and felt as though he was going a million miles an hour. Finally he located it and he was surprised that he had been right. Finally he managed to pull off and he breathed hard.

"It's at Hogwarts," he told Black. "But I've got to be careful and hide the ring. The Dark Lord is here so I need you to remain hidden. Go to the Shrieking Shack, he doesn't know about it or how to get in."

He opened a side exit and Black transformed and disappeared.

"Let's just hope that I don't have anymore surprises," Snape said and then he hid the ring in a very safe place.

Harry was glad to see Snape when he arrived for his Potions lesson. He sat down and took out his usual two books. Snape waved his wand and said, "Today we're making the Forgetfulness Potion. You all should know what to do by now. Potter and Granger, I want you to pair up and work on this potion."

Granger glared at him but joined Harry.

The potion was hard, though not hard enough for the First Years. Harry at once told Granger that he would show her how to brew a stronger version of the potion.

"I follow the book," Granger told him.

"Yes and that's important but sometimes a potion can be better if you know how to do a variation."

Granger looked like she was about to die if she had to do a variation.

"Come on, give it a try," Harry said. "It's not going to hurt you."

"Fine," she snapped and he started to rattle off what to do.

Snape was glad to see that Potter was able to force Granger to work with him. He looked over at the Gryffindor side and saw that Neville was trying his best to do this potion but he knew that Longbottom would blow it up. Sure enough the potion changed a horrible color and it exploded. Snape waved his wand and then yelled at Longbottom to go back to Gryffindor Tower.

"Five points from Gryffindor," Snape told them and the Gryffindors groaned. "Get going with your potions or I'll take more off."

He heard the Slytherins snickering and he grinned as well.

Harry didn't feel sorry for the Gryffindors, especially after what had happened over the past several months. When Snape took points off he felt relieved, for once, that he wasn't in Gryffindor as he probably would have been at the receiving end of all those points being taken off. When the potion was finally done Harry put both their names on it and then turned it in. That's when the bell rang but Snape held him back.

Only after Weasley left did Harry find out why he was being kept behind.

"Two more have been destroyed and the third is on its way," Snape told Harry.

"Really, that's great," Potter said.

"I'm glad you think so," Snape said, "Though I had to go through some physical pain."

"What happened?" Potter asked.

"Damn Riddle placed traps," Snape said, "But I managed to get over them."

"I'm glad because Hogwarts wouldn't be the same without you," Potter told him.

Snape was sure that he was only saying that because he had gotten hurt but he was grateful for it.

Note: Now a lot of people will ask me why Snape helped Black escape from Azkaban, well he knew that Peter was a Death Eater and that if suddenly Peter went after Black he meant to frame him. Also Snape has sense and uses it. Warning: Chapter 31, will be a turning point for the story to go in a different direction. Just two things that I decided to do. I hope that you love it and not hit me with invisible arrows because I did it. It still goes along the lines of reexamining things.

Chapter 14: Deep Understanding

Harry and Tyler burned the dolls since they were no longer needed after they had made sure that the dolls no longer worked.

"Well I'm glad that we didn't have to really use them," Tyler said. "Sometimes the dolls can be more trouble than their worth."

He then patted Harry on the shoulder and left.

When Harry returned to the common room he saw Granger and Weasley doing their work. It was time to put an end to all this nonsense once and for all. He hoped that by time he was done that at least they would speak to each other that didn't include hateful words.

"Ron, Hermione, can I have a talk with you," Harry asked them.

Weasley glared at him but Granger looked up from her work. "Yeah, what," she asked him.

"Look I know that you both don't like being in Slytherin but I really need people that I can trust," Harry told them, "And I trust you two."

"Is this some joke," Weasley asked.

"No," Harry said, "Look, I know that you don't want to imagine it but your family has turned their back on you. I think that you could use support and I'm willing to give it."

"And what's the catch?" Granger asked.

"Nothing," Harry answered. "Look, I don't have any friends outside of Hogwarts and this is the only place that I have them."

"Like I believe that," Weasley said.

"Ron, I know it's hard for you to believe but my family hates me," Harry told him.

"After all that we have done you still trust us," Granger said.

"We're all in Slytherin and so we're family," Harry told them. "Isn't that what important?"

Both of them nodded.

"You know that Dumbledore is going to kill you if he finds out that not only did you aid in my escape but that you're going against him," Black said after Snape had delivered dinner for him.

"Do I look like I care," Snape said, "He's treating your godson like some pig."

"Which I don't approve of," Black said.

"Of course you don't," Snape said to him, "But he doesn't care about anyone but himself and this damn war that's coming. Also I know that he doesn't trust me, even after all the things that I've done. I've lied for him, I've hidden things for him, and in the end I'll be heading off to Azkaban. He'll do away with me like doing away with your Godson. The moment that Potter was placed in Slytherin then Dumbledore started to entertain very dangerous ideas, like Neville has to be the Boy-Who-Lived and therefore he shall get all the attention while Potter, who is the actual defeater of the Dark Lord, shall be shunned. Of course he only continues to pretend that he cares about your Godson when people are watching. I had to add my own damn wards to the Dursley's house because I know that Dumbledore plans on removing them.

"Potter is officially expendable in Albus Dumbledore's eyes. Of course no one cares about what old Dumbledore does; he's the great defeater of Grindwald, he can do no wrong. Have you ever wondered why you never received a trial?"

"Barty just threw me in," Black said.

"No, he would of given you a trial if Dumbledore had pulled the strings but he didn't," Snape said, "You fitted the moment and purpose as Secret Keeper. When the Potter's died you were no longer fitting any role. You became the scapegoat and therefore he threw in the towel and let you rot in Azkaban. The only person that sees to care is Professor McGonagall and she's drinking herself to death with Catnip wine."

"So what's the plan?"

"I'm getting the Diadem and destroy both it and the ring. The only thing that will be left will be the diary," Snape answered, "And then the Dark Lord will be mortal and then Potter can sniff him out."

"And give old Dumbledore a heart attack," Black said.

"Oh I hope so," Snape said and then he left Black alone.

When Snape returned to the castle he found Potter, Granger, Weasley, and Nott walked side by side, talking. Snape could sense that he finally talked some sense in them.

"Hello, Professor," Granger said, smiling at him.

"Hello, Miss Granger," Snape said, "I hope that all four of you aren't getting into any trouble."

"No, we're heading to the Library," Granger told him.

"Be good or I'll take points off," Snape told him.

She smiled at him and they moved on, Weasley laughing at something that Nott had said.

"Finally the world is right," Snape said and hurried off to get the Diadem.

"So Professor Snape is trying to defeat the Dark Lord," Hermione said in a low voice.

"Yes," Harry said, "He's doing it because I'm supposed to defeat him and poor Neville is going to be charge with the task. Mum told me to defeat him if I choose to return. I did and I'm not allowing Neville to handle this by himself."

"Wow, didn't think that the git would want to do that," Ron said.

"Well people can surprise you," Nott said.

"I'll agree with that," Harry said.

"Do you think he'll succeed?" Hermione asked them.

"I hope so," Nott said, "I want to see dad's face when he finds out that his precious lord is dead."

And they all laughed.

Harry was glad that he had his little group of friends and this time Ron told him exactly what Charlie did in Romania.

"Wicked!" Nott said, "But isn't that a bit dangerous."

"Yeah, but he seems to like it," Ron said.

"What does your other brother do?" Harry asked.

"He works as a curse breaker for Gringotts," Ron answered. "I'm thinking about doing that when I leave school."

"Well I want to be Potions Master and then Headmaster," Harry told him.

"Well your smart enough," Hermione said.

"I know," Harry said.

"I still can't believe that we got all jealous over something as stupid as what we did," Ron said. "I'm going to tell you that if Dumbledore hadn't done what he had done then I would have thought that you still wanted attention."

"Trust me, people can have my attention," Harry said, "The Dursley's treat me like a slave and it was their fault that I turned into a Slytherin. I know that my parents would have wanted me in Gryffindor but it's not their fault that I ended up in Slytherin."

"Do you think that things will change when you go back?" Hermione asked him.

"No," Harry answered, "But I've got plans for them."

"I hope you're not going to break any rules, Harry," Hermione scolded.

Harry rolled his eyes, "Hermione, stop acting like Pansy. She asked me the same thing."

"Well she has a point," Hermione told him.

"No, I'm not going to break the rules, Hermione," Harry told her.

"Hermione, lay off of him," Ron said, "So what's the plan?"

"It has candy involved," Harry told him, "Joke candy."

All three of them laughed, "Oh please send me a photo," Ron said.

"I promise," Harry said.

"So where did you go, Severus," Dumbledore asked.

"I went out," Snape answered, "I needed to make sure that no one had broken into my house."

"Well if that's all," Dumbledore said, "But I do hope that you don't have any plans to go against me."

"Like I would have the nerve to do that," Snape told him, "You have my past hanging over my head."

Dumbledore grinned at him, "Glad to know that you know who you're true Master is."

Dumbledore dared Snape to answer and when he didn't he smiled.

Snape was glad when he finally returned to his quarters. He thanked the Gods that he had been able to hide the truth from Dumbledore. He had both the Diadem and the ring ready to be destroyed. He placed both on the table and cast the curse fire. Both of them screamed as they were destroyed.

Now Voldemort was one object away from being mortal and then Harry could finally defeat him. He then poured himself some brandy and sat down. Things were working according to plan now all he had to do was make sure that Neville didn't get himself hurt.

"So did anyone get this charms question right?" Ron asked Harry and Hermione.

"I did," Nott said.

Ron groaned and Harry patted him on the shoulder.

"Charms aren't my strong suit," he confessed.

"Don't worry, Harry can make it your strength," Hermione told him and Nott nodded in agreement.

"Do you want me to help you?" Harry asked him.

"Please," Ron begged and Harry opened his Charm book and started to help him.

Note: Well one more, like Snape said, and then Voldemort is mortal. Oh and I'm going to make sure that Bertha doesn't die in my story. Catch you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 15: A Talk with Snape

Hearing that there was only one barrier preventing Voldemort from continuing to be unstoppable Harry was able to enjoy the rest of February, which included a Valentine Day party. Pansy thought the whole thing was cute but Harry didn't really feel that the day was even important.

"Oh come on, Harry, don't you like getting candy and stuff," Pansy asked.

"No," Harry answered.

"Well your turning into a right Snape," Pansy said to him and left with Hermione.

"Well that shows her what you think," Nott said, "I personally agree with you. What's the point of celebrating a stupid holiday? Of course you'll be required to when you get older."

"Then I'll be one lonely wizard," Harry told him.

Harry wasn't the only person that thought that Valentine's Day was stupid. Snape groaned at the amount of cards that the staff had sent him and he had even gotten, horror of horrors, lemon drops from Dumbledore. He didn't know if it was because Dumbledore was trying to be funny or his gay cheer had officially hit Snape. He shuttered at the thought. That night the staff was having their own Valentine Day party and Sybil, who had already had plenty to drink, was trying to get him into a corner.

Most likely she had plans and those plans included a continuing of her line. Snape decided to leave the moment Sybil decided to lift her skirts and he ended up in his warded quarters. He planned not to let anyone in, not even Potter, until everyone got over their stupid romantic moods and returned to normal.

"Harry," Hermione called out the next morning, "Why didn't you stay long for the party?"

"Because I don't like Valentine's Day," Harry told her. "It usually is riddled with memories of my Uncle getting drunk."

"Sorry about that," Hermione said, "I didn't know."

"That's alright," Harry said. "Did you have fun?"

"I got nothing from anyone," Hermione said, pouting, "Makes me wonder if there are any romantic people around here."

"Well I heard that Snape left the staff Valentine Day party," Pansy said, "Apparently he doesn't like the day either."

"Or Sybil was drunk and wanted to continue her stupid line," Nott said, "That usually causes Snape to leave most functions."

"Why, what's wrong with Sybil?" Harry asked.

"Well she's the Divination teacher and she's a right fraud," Hermione said, "Don't know why Dumbledore even keeps her."

"Because she's a pawn piece," said the sudden voice of Professor Snape.

The four of them turned to see their Head of House standing there.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Everyone involved in your life is a pawn piece," Snape told him, "Even I'm expendable."

"But Dumbledore wouldn't do that," Hermione said to him.

"Oh trust me, he would, Miss Granger," Snape said, "Now what do you four chatty snakes have today?"

"Defense Against the Dark Arts," Harry answered.

"Well then hurry up and I need to have a word with you, Potter, before lunch."

Harry nodded and the four of them hurried off, Ron going past Snape a few minutes later.

"The Boy Lives, why does he live?" said the gasping voice of Voldemort.

"I don't know, Master," Quirrell said.

"Find out, find out soon," Voldemort ordered.

"What about the stone?" Quirrell asked. "Why not wait until I get it and then we'll figure out what happened."

"Very well," Voldemort said, "Once I've got my body back then I'll kill Potter once and for all and prove that he was wrong."

"I wonder why Dumbledore doesn't think that Potter is the so-called Chosen One." Quirrell asked, voicing what some people were already thinking.

"Because he's a fool and fools are always shown the error of their ways. Anyway, he sees people as pawn pieces and controls them secretly. At least I'm open when I control people."

Quirrell said nothing but he agreed with his Master.

Quirrell watched his Defense Against the Dark Arts class with interest, especially with the fact that Potter was still walking around and talking. He glared at Granger. How dare a Mudblood get into Slytherin House? He knew that Voldemort would take care of her when he got the stone and Voldemort returned. Of course Quirrell wondered how much control Dumbledore had over the staff and students.

He had already made it clear that Potter was expendable by not taking an interest in the child any longer. There were rumors that Dumbledore believed that Neville was the Chosen One, a notion that Voldemort had laughed about.

"I know who I marked as my equal," Voldemort had said.

He got up and called, "C-C-Class dismissed," he pretended to stutter just as the bell rang.

Everyone gathered their things and then left.

"Is it my imagination or is Quirrell acting even more oddly then before," Nott said, "He dismissed the class a half second before the bell rang."

"I have noticed," Harry said. "Do you think-."

"I'm not even going to entertain that," Pansy said, "To me Quirrell is freaky and that's all that's important. Also has he ever removed that thing? I mean that garlic must be rotten or something."

"Or maybe the smell isn't garlic," Harry said to them.

They all looked at him and finally Hermione asked, "What do you think the smell is?"

"I think it's the Dark Lord," Harry told them and they all stared at him.

"What are you on about?" Ron asked.

"Look, Quirrell didn't touch me when Hagrid took me to the Leaky Cauldron to get my supplies," Harry told them, "While everyone else was dying to shake my hand. Why is that?"

"I-."

"I've read that if you share your soul with another person; say something really evil, that you can't touch certain people. I think that the Dark Lord is possessing Quirrell's body and he can't touch me because the Dark Lord can't touch me."

"Maybe you should tell Snape what you think," Ron suggested.

"I think I will," Harry said, "And that's Professor Snape."

And he hurried off.

When he arrived at Snape's office he knocked three times on the door and was then allowed to enter. Snape was behind the desk, checking work, and looked up when Harry closed the door.

"I wasn't to expect you until before lunch," Snape told him.

"I'm sorry, sir, for coming earlier but I need to tell you something," Harry said.

"Go on ahead," Snape said.

"I believe that Quirrell is sharing his body with the Dark Lord," Harry told him. "Am I just imagining things?"

Snape looked at him and then said, "No, your not."

Harry was shocked, he expected Snape to tell him that this was all in his head. Snape got up and went over to him.

"I'm most pleased that you figured out why Quirrell is acting oddly and came to me about it," Snape said, "You most certainly don't act like your father. He would have taken people at their face value or made impressions that were wrong. Professor Quirrell use to be the Muggle Studies Professor and he traveled the land to learn about dark creatures so that he could prepare for his new post as Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.

However Dumbledore believes that he met the Dark Lord during his travels and that the Dark Lord corrupted his soul.

"When Quirrell failed to steal the stone the Dark Lord entered his body to make sure that he didn't fail him. Now the reason why I wanted you to come before lunch was that I want to start training you on how to block your mind from people's intrusion. We're going to start small, because your magic isn't up there yet, but I want you to at least read this book and learn to empty your thoughts and emotions.

If the Dark Lord can't enter your mind then he can't find your weakness. That's how I'm able to hide some of my emotions but sometimes things come out and I'm shocked."

"Like when I ended up in Slytherin," Harry said, "I saw your shocked expression."

"Yes, the hat knocked me over with that," Snape said. "Now get going before the Dark Lord suspects something."

Harry thanked him and then left.

When Harry finally showed up for History of Magic Professor Binns was far too involved in what he was saying to notice that Harry had shown up late. When he sat down Hermione hissed at him.

"So what happened?" she whispered.

"I'll tell you later," Harry told her and then got his things out to try and start writing notes.

"Just the diary left," Black said to Snape.

"Yes, just the diary," Snape said, "And then we can plan the Dark Lord's destruction."

"Do you think that Harry will be able to defeat him?"

"I'm most certain of it," Snape told him, "Because the fate of our world will be left to chance if Potter fails."

"Do you think Harry will fail?"

"No, I don't," Snape answered.

Note: Boy Snape is going to be surprised later on in the story who the actual Dark Lord really is. I know, I'm tempting people with that promised Chapters 31 and 32. But trust me, it's going to be go-od. See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 16: Peter's Mistake

March started and finally the match between Slytherin and Hufflepuff. One of the governors had come through and soon the Hufflepuffs were sporting brand new uniforms and brand new brooms. This didn't improve Harry's mood and he decided that he wasn't going to go to the game.

"But you haven't been to even one," Ron said.

"I don't care," Harry told him, "Go on and tell me which team won."

Hermione motioned Ron to leave and soon Harry was alone.

Harry muttered as he entered his dorm that he failed to notice the rat on his dresser. When he left the rat changed into a very short, plump, man with ratty hair and horrible teeth. He looked through all of Harry's things until he found a wand. He was going to kill Potter and then present his dead body before the Dark Lord. He slowly made his way down the stairs and then raised the stolen wand.

Harry turned just in-time to dodge a spell from a very ugly man.

"Who are you?" Harry asked him.

"You killed my Master," the man hissed, "I'm going to kill you and get my reward."

Harry dodged another spell, wishing that he had gone to the Quidditch Match. And then the wall moved, telling him that someone was entering.

Snape had decided to bring Black, in dog form, to the match. The first thing that he noticed and this didn't improve his mood that Potter wasn't there. Cursing he motioned the dog to follow him and both the man and dog hurried back to the castle, hoping that he didn't see Potter's dead body again.

"Change," Snape said and the wall moved to let them in.

Snape couldn't believe how rotten his day was turning out. Standing there, holding Potter's wand was Peter Pettigrew. The dog growled and he saw Peter's stunned face. Snape took his chance.

"Stuplify!" he cried out and Peter was instantly stunned. Snape ran over to Potter, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Potter, "Who's that?"

"Peter Pettigrew, your parents betrayer," Snape told him.

He could feel Potter's anger but Snape pulled out his wand. "Expecto Patronum."

A silver doe came out and he told the doe to tell McGonagall that she was needed in the Slytherin Common Room and that the password was Change. The doe vanished through the wall and they waited. Ten minutes McGonagall entered and gasped when she saw Peter lying there.

"But, he's dead!" McGonagall told Snape.

"No, he's not," Snape told her, "He took Potter's wand and tried to kill him."

"I can see that," McGonagall said. "I'll summon Auror's here at once."

"You do that," Snape said, "And I want Fudge down here as well."

McGonagall nodded and then left.

The day totally ended in confusion. Slytherin lost to Hufflepuff and when the students entered the Great Hall they saw a supposed dead man being led away by Auror's. Dumbledore at once wanted to know what was going on.

"I saw that Potter wasn't in the stands and so I went to check on him," Snape told him, "When I walked in I saw Peter, who's supposed to be dead, trying to kill Potter. So I stunned him and got McGonagall down there. She summoned Auror's and Fudge."

"I can't believe that we had the wrong man in Azkaban," Fudge said. "Black will be released at once."

"Actually that's not really Black, but a fake," Snape told him, away from Dumbledore's ear, "I'll explain everything later."

"You do that," Fudge said and Snape followed him.

Snape explained all about Dumbledore's plan to put Neville as the Boy-Who-Lived with there was clear evidence that Harry was the one that defeated the Dark Lord. He explained that he knew that there was a chance that Black hadn't betrayed the Potters or killed the muggles and hadn't done anything to stop it.

"Well we know that Dumbledore is off his rocker," Fudge said. "But not to help someone that he claims to be friends."

"He was never Black's friend," Snape told Fudge, "And if he thinks that I'm going against him he'll make sure that I end up in Azkaban."

"Like your continue belief that Potter is the one that You-Know-Who marked."

"Exactly," Snape said.

"Well the only thing that we can do is watch him," Fudge said, "Unless he's actually breaking wizard law then there's not much that we can do. Of course I'll make sure that you don't end up in Azkaban."

"Thank you, Minister," Snape said and then left.

Once again Harry Potter was on the cover of the Daily Prophet and this time it was due to a known Death Eater trying to kill him. All the Auror's checked all of the student's pets and thankfully with Black being cleared of all charges the only thing that he had to do was pay a fine for not registering as an Animagi.

"I would like to be able to do that," Potter told Snape.

"Your magic isn't up there yet," Snape told him, "However I think you can start training next term."

Instantly Potter got excited and Snape wondered if he wasn't making a big mistake.

"I'm sorry, Sirius, but you can't take Potter home during the summer," Dumbledore told him.

"And why not," Black asked.

"Because of the Blood Wards," Dumbledore answered, "Their needed!"

"Like you care what happens to Harry," Black snarled, "It's your fault that James's son ended up in Slytherin."

"Why is it that everyone thinks that I had a hand in it," Dumbledore asked him; "I'm getting this from Minerva as well as Hagrid?"

"Well they have a point, now don't they," Black snarled. "Now tell me that I can get him away from the Dursley's before you have them turn Harry completely dark."

"Sorry, the blood wards must be protected and therefore Harry will return to the Dursley's."

Black approached his desk and leaned forward. "And you've forgotten that I now have a seat in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and I shall make sure that you pay for what you've done, Albus, mark my words I will find any thing to get you on and then you'll be heading off to Azkaban in my place."

"And have you forgotten that I'm the most powerful wizard ever," Dumbledore hissed,

"I can bring you down, sonny boy."

Black barked with laughter, "I would like to see you try," Black said, "As I'm sure that Fudge now knows what kind of crap you've been pulling. I'm leaving you with my words of advice. Don't you dare control anyone else's life or I'll find a way to control yours."

And he left Dumbledore alone.

"I think that Dumbledore might have me killed," Black told McGonagall.

"And if he does he'll be heading to Azkaban," McGonagall told him.

Black nodded and headed down the hall.

"So what do you think about Black being out?" Hermione asked Harry as they worked on their Astronomy.

Professor Sinatra wanted them to do a detail map of the solar system.

"I think it's wicked," Harry said, "I mean, he was put in there for a crime he didn't commit."

"Ron's weirded out," Hermione told him, "With this on-top of his brothers locked away in Azkaban. Both you and him aren't having a good term."

"What about you, gotten use to being a snake?" Harry asked her.

She hissed at him and then said, "Tyler and I have become friends and he tells me that I'm natural at Necromancy. What do you think about that, being friends with a dead raiser?"

"As long as you don't bring back anyone that I don't want to see then I'm fine," Harry said.

"Thanks and I won't," Hermione said, "He said that I'm going to start my training and that the Ministry has a department for those that can do that. He says that he's going to talk to his father about getting me in."

"I'm glad to hear that," Harry said.

"Pansy is acting nice to me," Hermione said, "I think she might become one of my good friends."

"Well every girl needs her own friends," Harry told her, "I'm glad that Pansy is ignoring the fact that you're not a Pureblood."

"Yeah, I'm glad about that."

On the other side of England Remus got his copy of the Daily Prophet and read about Peter finally being caught. He couldn't believe it, his old friend had betrayed them and he had thought that it had been Sirius.

"I hope that you can forgive me, Sirius," Remus said.

Deep down he knew there was a chance that Sirius wouldn't write to him but he held onto hope that he would. He would just have to wait.

Note: See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 17: Dumbledore's Decision

Snape was summoned into Dumbledore's office right after Snape had finished checking on Quirrell to make sure that he was staying out of trouble. Dumbledore was holding his wand and Snape was sure that he planned on to use it.

"I'm glad that you could come, Severus," Dumbledore said. "I've decided on something with much thought."

"And what is it," Snape asked.

"There is absolutely no proof that Harry is the one that's to defeat Voldemort," Dumbledore told him, "Neville is the choice to do it. As part of my decision I'm removing the blood wards from the Dursley's house.

Fool, Snape thought. "Have you told Mr. Longbottom of your choice?"

"Not yet," Dumbledore answered, "I'll let him know when you leave. I also want you to protect Neville from what will happen."

"And what about Lily's sacrifice," Snape asked, "Does that count for nothing?"

"It counts for something but not enough to defeat Voldemort," Dumbledore said to him.

"And what if you're wrong?" Snape asked him, "Are you willing to put Lily's son in-danger?"

Dumbledore pointed his wand at Snape, "Don't you dare question my choice, Severus, or I'll send you to Azkaban. I still have enough Death Eater activities to make sure that you rot in there."

"Fine, I'll protect Longbottom," Snape said.

"Good, glad to know that you're still my little puppet," Dumbledore told him, "Now leave."

Only when Snape was out of his earshot did he run to McGonagall.

"Dumbledore has made his choice," Snape told her and Black when he arrived. "He's going to let the Dark Lord kill him."

"Then we need to start training him," Black said.

"And I know just the place," Snape said, "But not with Quirrell around."

"We can start during the summer then," Black said and both of them nodded.

"Now if you will excuse me I have to pretend to watch over Longbottom," he told them and then left.

Neville was surprised when Dumbledore told him that he had been wrong about Harry being the one that defeated Voldemort. Neville was scared, he didn't want to be the Chosen One but Dumbledore insisted that he was the only one that could save their world.

"You can do this, Neville," Dumbledore said, "And in the end no one will ever make fun of you again."

Neville liked that part but he didn't like what it entailed.

"Fool," Voldemort hissed, "Dumbledore thinks that child can defeat me."

"Any idea on what we should do," Quirrell asked.

"Get the stone, tonight, and then kill Longbottom," Voldemort said, "Let's see how Dumbledore acts when he suppose savior is dead."

Quirrell liked that idea.

"It has come to the decision of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement that Peter Pettigrew, former holder of the Order of Merlin, First Class, shall be sent to Azkaban due to his information leading to the death of James and Lily Potter," Madam Bones said and then the trial ended.

"I'm surprised to find you here, Severus," Lucius Malfoy said.

"Just came for the show," Snape answered. "So did you hear of Dumbledore's decision?"

"Glad it happened," Lucius said. "I have a bone to pick with you."

"And what is it this time," Snape asked, wanting to leave.

"Why is that that I have to pay a fine to Hogwarts?" Lucius asked.

Snape looked at him and then said, "You should have paid it months ago."

"Draco hid it from me," Lucius told him, "I found out when someone came to collect."

"I do hope that you didn't harm the person," Snape told him.

Lucius snorted, "Like I want to have the Ministry on my back," he said, "No, I'm just wondering if you could change the ledger so that it records that I did pay it."

Snape laughed, "And make the Headmaster think that I'm going against him," Snape said, "Fat chance. He already pointed his wand at me, once."

Lucius stared, "Why would he do something like that?"

"Because he's a senile old man that's been through one war too many," Snape said, "Now if you don't mind I would like to leave so that I don't send another end of Dumbledore's wand."

Lucius nodded and Snape left.

"So Dumbledore doesn't think that you're the one to defeat the Dark Lord," Hermione said.

"Yes, he's made his choice," Harry said.

They were both in the entrance hall and Harry noticed that Neville was leaving the castle.

"What's Neville doing?" Hermione asked.

"Let's find out," Harry said and both of them hurried out, making sure that they were out of sight. "He's heading for Hagrid's hut."

They watched as Neville knocked three times and then went in. As soon as he was gone they crept forward and noticed that Hagrid had the windows curtained. Both of them looked through the gap and what Harry and Hermione saw Harry couldn't believe. Hagrid had a dragon.

"What are we going to do?" Hermione whispered.

"I-oh not he's seen us," Harry said and both of them ran back to the castle, though

Harry could tell that Neville had seen their back ends.

Harry didn't want to see Hagrid get into trouble but he knew that having a dragon was illegal. He noticed that Neville looked worried and Harry knew that he had good reason.

"I think that we should report it," Hermione told Harry.

"I know but I don't want Neville or Hagrid to get into trouble," Harry said.

"I know," Hermione said, "Sometimes you're too noble."

"Thanks," Harry said.

"A dragon, now that sounds exciting," Dumbledore said to Snape when he had reported that Quirrell had gotten Hagrid drunk and now he had a dragon egg.

"Don't you think this is odd," Snape said.

"No," Dumbledore said, "Hagrid could never hold his drink. Now all that Hagrid needs to do is make sure that Neville finds out what he told Quirrell."

"And then he'll head down through all that stuff and face Quirrell."

"Yes," Dumbledore said. "Now remember, stay away from the Third Floor so that Neville can do what he's suppose to."

"Fine," Snape said and then left.

Snape decided that it was time to take matters into hand. The first thing that he would do is make sure that Hagrid didn't have a hatched dragon on his hands and the only way that he was going to be able to do that is if Charlie knew that the dragon egg needed to be taken out. He would have to deal with a weepy Hagrid later.

As he approached he heard Potter talking to his friends about the dragon and the plan to steal it.

"Are you crazy," Granger said. "I mean, not only will Hagrid kill us but Dumbledore will know that you're going against him."

"I don't care," Potter said, "This is his entire fault anyways. If Neville gets hurt then his family won't forgive anyone."

"So what's the plan," Weasley asked.

"I want you to write home to Charlie and tell him that we have a dragon egg," Potter told him, "I'll make sure that the coast is clear."

"I'll write it and send it out today," Weasley said.

"And what if you get into trouble?" Granger asked him.

"Then Dumbledore can handle me," Potter said, "Because there's no way that I'm letting Neville get hurt."

When they had left Snape had to commend Potter for doing the right thing.

Sirius apparated to Lupin's house, determined to make amends. He knew that he had been wrong in suspecting Lupin to be the traitor but he needed to clear the air. The moon had waned three days ago and that meant that he could talk with him. Lupin's house was one of

those homes that needed to be fixed but since he didn't have any money he couldn't fix it. Black felt sorry for him but he took a deep breath and rang the doorbell.

He waited for what seem like forever and then rang again. This time the door opened to reveal Remus Lupin.

"Hello, Remus," Sirius said.

"Sirius," Remus yelled and hugged him, "Come on in."

"With pleasure," Sirius said and the door was closed behind him.

Harry and Ron watched the owl fly away and he hoped that Charlie responded before the dragon hatched. As they headed back to their common room they ran right into Malfoy and his two stupid friends.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" Harry asked him.

"Just wondering what your doing up here," Malfoy said, "I find it hard to believe that the former chosen one has any fans now."

"Shove off, Malfoy," Ron snarled.

"And unlike you, I don't care about fame," Harry said, "What I was doing is my business."

Both boys pushed past them and Harry swore that he could hear Malfoy plotting to figure out.

Note: See you all tomorrow.

Chapter 18: Neville in Trouble

However time wasn't on either Harry or Snape side. The dragon hatched and Neville, under Dumbledore's hand, went to see the dragon. Of course things weren't on Neville's side as sure enough Professor McGonagall caught them with the dragon and gave Neville detention with Hagrid in the Forbidden Forest. Pansy thought it was funny that the new 'chosen one' had landed in detention. Both Harry and Hermione knew this was Dumbledore's fault.

"What are we going to do?" Hermione asked.

"Well I'm not going to let Neville go into the forest by himself," Harry said, "Dumbledore's hand is in this, as well all know, and I'm not going to have his suffer."

The problem was finding out when the detention was. Harry had to use every ounce of his cunning to find out when he was and only then was he, Hermione, and Ron able to form a plan. The plan was simple. Follow Neville and Hagrid into the forest and make sure that nothing harmed him.

"Let's hope that Fang doesn't smell us," Harry said.

After dinner they all waited, under Harry's cloak, for Neville to appear with Filch. The poor boy was so scared that Harry was sure that he was about to wet himself. They waited until Filch and Neville were gone and then followed. The sky was dark as an inkpot and there was no moon from what Harry could see. Finally they overheard Filch telling Hagrid that he would be back for Neville in the morning.

"If there's anything left of him," he added and then left.

Thankfully Hagrid didn't bring Fang with him and the two of them headed into the forest. They were very careful to stay as far back so that if Hagrid turned around he wouldn't hit them. Finally he told Neville that something had been attacking the unicorns.

"I found one dead last night," Hagrid told Neville.

"Do you think a monster got them," Neville suggested.

"I highly doubt it," Hagrid said.

There were a ton of close calls with the centaurs and such but finally Harry noticed that the blood was getting thicker and he knew that Hagrid could see it as well. He armed his bow and suddenly something huge seemed to knock them down and out.

"Harry, what's going on?" Hermione asked.

"I don't-."

"Harry Potter," said a cold voice that Harry had heard in his dreams.

He turned to see a figure in a cloak staring at him.

"I know that you're under there, Harry," the figure said, "Under death's cloak."

The figure waved his arm and the cloak came off.

"So this is the boy that's fated to kill me," the figure said, "People are saying that's a lie but I know my mark."

The figure raised his wand, white as bone, and shot a spell at them. Harry deflected it easily.

"You can do wandless magic, impressive, but how long do you think that you can hold out against Lord Voldemort. Soon I'll have the stone and then I will kill you and your stupid friends."

"Get out of here," Harry told Hermione and Ron, "Get out of here and get anyone."

Voldemort shot another spell at Harry and once again he deflected it.

"Going to ask for help and I thought that you were a Slytherin," Voldemort said and he charged at Harry.

Harry felt Voldemort's hands going around his neck and pinned him to the tree. Suddenly Harry grabbed his hand to try and get him off and he screamed. He fell to his knees and Harry pulled the hood back.

"I knew it," Harry said, "I knew that you had to be the one, Quirrell."

Quirrell raised his hand and slapped Harry...hard. He fell to the ground and lost his glasses.

"I'll show you what happens to those that go against my Master," Quirrell snarled and suddenly Harry's body was filled with pain, pain unlike anything that he had ever experienced with the Dursley's.

The wand was removed and Harry gasped for breath.

"Fool," Quirrell hissed, "You're a fool, Potter, should have stayed in your common room."

"And let Neville die because someone won't see the truth, I doubt that I could allow that to happen," Harry told him.

He raised his wand and yelled the same spell that Snape had used on the soul containers. A huge fire came forth and hit Quirrell in the chest. All around Harry the woods started to burn and then Harry knew no more.

"Is he going to be alright," Hermione asked Madam Pomfrey.

"He'll live, if that's what you want to know," Madam Pomfrey said, "I've never in my life seen a student wanting to burn a forest down."

"But Voldemort was there," Hermione said, "We heard him."

"Figments of your imagination," Madam Pomfrey said, "Though the Ministry will want to question him about Quirrell's death."

Both Hermione and Ron didn't like this and they both knew what would happen.

"I think that both of you should leave," she said, "The Aurors will want to take him away once he's recovered."

Both of them had no choice but to leave.

When they left Neville at once asked if Harry would be alright.

"They want to take him to the Ministry," Hermione said, "We saw Voldemort and we know that he attacked Harry."

"I'll help," Neville said, "If it will keep Harry out of Azkaban I'll tell them that I saw him as well. I mean, that was one powerful spell that hit me and Hagrid doesn't believe that Harry cast it."

"Well that explains a lot," Fudge said, leaving Snape's pensive. "The boy saw the Dark Lord and fought against him. I don't know how Dumbledore wouldn't think that the boy was the chosen one."

"He's going to try and make it sound as though this is proof that Harry is bad," Snape said.

"Nonsense, the child's a hero."

"Tell that to Dumbledore," Snape said.

"So what are you doing to do about it?" Fudge asked.

"Hope and pray that Dumbledore sees the truth before it's too late."

"Albus, Harry fought against You-Know-Who," McGonagall said, "And defeated him."

Surely this is enough proof to replace the wards."

"No, it's not," Dumbledore said, "He just went to save his friend, that's all. Neville is still the chosen one."

McGonagall glared at him but decided to leave Dumbledore in a realm of his own stupidity.

"I can't believe that Potter was stupid enough to go against the Dark Lord," Malfoy said to Nott and Pansy. "This just proves that he's not a true wizard."

"Oh so he decides to stop Longbottom from being killed and you say that he isn't a true wizard. I would have done that for my friends," Nott said.

"And whose side are you on?" Malfoy asked.

"Think," Nott answered and left.

"And whose side is are you on?" Malfoy asked Pansy.

"I'm not answering that," Pansy said and left as well.

"Can you believe it, Remus, Harry fought against him," Sirius said.

Both men had spent the last couple of days talking about what had happened since the last time they had all been together.

"I bet old Dumbledore is mad," Remus said.

"I don't think the man cares," Sirius said, "Snape says that he's treating everyone like pawns."

"Well Severus should know all about that, since he's always being used."

Sirius figured that Remus did have a point here.

When Harry came around he was happy to see Snape as well as hear that he wasn't about to get a taste of the inside of Azkaban. Snape sat down and Harry was asked how he was doing.

"I was scared," Harry told him, "I mean; I know that I'm not brave but I didn't want Neville to get hurt."

"Harry, don't think that you're not brave, everyone has bravery inside them," Snape told him, "And sometimes we have to show it when it's needed."

"Do you think that I was being foolish?" Harry asked him.

"In some areas you were but I'm not taking points off," Snape told him. "You did a good thing protecting him and I think that Mr. Longbottom would be a fool not to allow you to be his friend."

"Thanks," Harry said and then Snape got up and left.

When Harry got out of the hospital wing Sirius was there to meet him, smiling at him. He had a present as well and when Harry opened it he saw a Potions Master Text.

"This must have cost you a fortune," Harry said.

"No, my father had it," Sirius said, "I thought that since your going to turn into another Snape that you might as well have a good book".

"Thanks, Sirius," Harry said.

"No problem," Sirius said and ruffled his hair.

When Harry got back to the Slytherin Common Room Hermione, Ron, and Nott were at once at his side, asking him if he was alright. Hermione asked if he was heading to Azkaban.

"No," Harry told her, "Snape got me off."

"I'm glad to hear that," Hermione said.

"See, I told you that you didn't have anything to worry about," Ron told her, "He's the bloody Boy-Who-Lived no matter what old Dumbledore thinks."

"Is Neville going to be alright?" Harry asked them.

"Yeah, it was a really strong spell but he's going to recover."

"I'm glad," Harry said, "Look what Sirius gave to me."

He showed them the book and when Hermione was told that she could look at it anytime she wanted she smiled.

Note: I'll update tomorrow and another note things are going to get strange.

Chapter 19: Horrible Nightmare

Sirius Black promised to take over the Defense Against the Dark Arts class until term ended when Dumbledore would have to look for another one. It was really cool to have his Godfather teaching the class and Harry felt that at least no one would attack him. During one of the lessons he actually brought a vampire bat in so that the students could study and Harry found it a very enjoyable lesson.

"He seems to know what he's doing," Hermione said.

"Well he did fight against Voldemort (Ron flinched) before I was even born," Harry said.

"I wish you would stop saying that name," Ron said. "I like the Dark Lord better."

"Fine the Dark Lord," Harry said.

"Well I hope that Dumbledore hires him next year," Hermione said.

"Knowing that old man he'll get some nut to be next years Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher," Harry told her. "But at least Professor Snape's not leaving."

"Do you think that Dumbledore will quit treating Professor Snape like some sort of servant?" Ron asked.

"I highly doubt that," Harry said, "Like Snape said, he likes to control people."

In their Herbology lesson Professor Sprout had them go into pairs and try and grow a sampling of the Devil Snare plant. Harry grinned at easy it had gotten for him but Hermione was having trouble. The table over Ron was paired with Nott and he was trying to do it as well but screamed when the plant started to wrap around his arm. Professor Sprout told him to relax and only when he did was he released.

Later Ron would complain that he hated plants.

"Why," Hermione asked.

"Because one tried to kill me," Ron said.

"It doesn't mean that their all bad," Hermione told him.

"Trust me I'm going to be cursed around plants," Ron vowed.

Harry hoped that his vow didn't come true.

"I'm glad that you came, Severus," Lucius Malfoy said as Snape entered the drawing room.

Snape had received an owl from Lucius and he wondered what his old friend wanted to talk to him about. He was offered a seat and he sat down.

"What did you want to see me about?" Snape asked him.

"It's my wife, something happened to her," Malfoy told him and Snape looked at him.

"Start at the beginning," Snape asked gently.

"Well I went to a Ministry of Magic function and I asked my wife, before I left, if she wanted to come. She told me that she didn't and so I left her alone. When I got back a couple of hours later she wasn't home. I asked Dobby where she had gone and he told her that she had just vanished. I looked for her for a week, fearing that she was suffering and then I found her. Gods, Severus, she looks so pale and she won't eat anything."

"Has she shown any signs of being a magical creature?" Snape asked him.

"I'm too afraid to see," Malfoy said, "And I'm afraid that if Draco comes home that something bad will happen."

"I'll go and check on her," Snape told him.

"Thank you," Malfoy said and Snape left the drawing room.

Dobby led Snape up the stairs to where Narcissa was sleeping. He knocked three times and then entered. When he walked in he saw Narcissa knelt on the floor, holding something.

"Lucius is worried about you," Snape told her.

"I'm doomed!" she told him and then she got up and something hard fell.

She turned and Snape backed away in horror. Narcissa had blood dripping from her mouth, her fangs showing.

"I'm still hungry," she told him and before Snape could draw his wand she was on him, the fangs in his vision and the smell of house elf blood filling his nostrils.

"Get off me," Snape demanded and then screamed as she buried her fangs into his neck.

Suddenly she screamed in pain, smoke coming out of her mouth and he ran out of the room.

"What-."

"She's a vampire," Snape told him, "And she bit me."

"We have to destroy her," Malfoy told him.

"We have to burn down the house," Snape told him.

He nodded and then ran to pull something out and then he got the dogs.

Snape had never seen a house burn before but as it burned, all the house elves out, he wondered what would happen next to him. He had been bitten by a vampire and he hoped that he wouldn't become one as well.

"Does it hurt?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes and I'm not feeling myself," Snape told him.

"Do you want me to place you in a safe room until we know if you're infected," Dumbledore asked.

"Yes, that would be advisable," Snape told him.

"I'll have Madam Pomfrey take you down," Dumbledore told him and he summoned the Matron.

The safe room had been invented by Godric Gryffindor to keep students that had been infected away from the rest of the school. The room hadn't been used in a hundred years and it was showing its age. When she warded the door Snape was left alone with his pain.

Harry was very worried when Marcus Flint had reported that Professor Snape had been bitten by a vampire and might turn into one himself. Harry had thought that vampires were fake but he was learning a lot that he didn't know.

"I thought that you had to exchange blood to be transformed," Harry said to Hermione.

"There are some vampires that require that but sometimes all a person has to happen to them is to get bitten but I found out that our blood is like poison to them."

"Does anyone know who bit Professor Snape?" Harry asked Hermione.

"I don't think so," Hermione answered, "Though I'm sure that Professor Snape might not want anyone to know."

They also learned that the Malfoy's house had burned down and that Narcissa Malfoy was dead. Harry saw that Malfoy was taking this hard and even though he had been nothing but a git to him he did feel sorry for him.

"Did Mr. Malfoy survive?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Marcus answered, "Why?"

"Just wanted to know, that's all," Harry said.

Harry hoped that Professor Snape was going to be alright.

"So is Snape going to live?" Sirius asked McGonagall.

"I don't know," McGonagall said, taking a drink of her Catnip wine, "A Healer from St. Mungo is going to check on him, though I'm sure that she'll be armed with spells."

"Don't you think an Auror should be doing this," Sirius suggested.

"No," McGonagall answered, "Look, I know that you don't like him but I think that he's been through enough."

"I didn't mean to say that this was Snape's fault," Sirius said, "But if he's a vampire then he might attack Harry."

"Sirius, he's not going to attack Harry," McGonagall told him.

"You better be right," Sirius said.

McGonagall shook her head, "I think that I know him far better than you do."

"I hope so," Sirius said and then left.

He went back to Remus house and told him what had happened. Remus was shocked that Snape had been bitten and he even asked if Snape was going to live.

"I don't know," Sirius said, "Though I don't trust him anymore with Harry."

"I'm sure that he's not going to harm him," Remus said.

"And how do we even know what Snape will and won't do," Sirius asked him, "I mean, werewolves I can handle but vampires I can't."

"And why not," Remus asked.

"Because of his past and that past will affect his present," Sirius told him.

"Well I think that the Ministry will be able to tell if he's dangerous or not," Remus said.

"I hope your right."

When Snape woke up the burning pain was gone but he was very thirsty. A bottle and glass were on a table and he at once reached for them. Pouring some of the red liquid into a glass he drank it and heard the sound of clanking. Staring at the glass in horror he touched his teeth. A set of fangs greeted him and Snape let out a horrible scream and threw the glass across the room, where it shattered.

"Oh Gods, why me?" he asked himself.

He then grabbed the bottle and started to drink it down, his thirst overriding his horror.

Only then did the door open and a woman came in, her wand pointed at him.

"I see that you've drunk it," she told him and Snape nodded, "Then Judge Taylor will see you."

"Who," Snape asked.

"From the Department for the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures," she told him, "Follow me."

Snape had no choice but to do as she told him.

Note: Don't we feel sorry for poor Snape. I do. Another note: 200 reviews, I'm so happy. Thanks for sticking with me.

Chapter 20: Harry's Protection

When Snape entered the large room there was only one man and he looked as though he didn't want to be here. He had short brown hair, black eyes, and was sort of overweight. He looked at Snape and then motioned Snape to sit down.

"It has come to our attention that you were bitten by a Vorox Vampire," he told them, "Do you know anything about them?"

"No," Snape answered.

"Their bite is automatic turning," the man said, "My name is Judge Taylor and I'm Head of the Department for the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures, Beast Division. Now how did you come in contact with a Vorox Vampiress?"

"I went to check on her and she attacked me."

"As head of the department I can have you staked for being a Vorox Vampire but the Ministry has told me that you have done good things for the Ministry and so I won't have you staked. However you must be registered with the Ministry of Magic and taken to a place that you won't harm anyone during the time that you're not teaching."

"I fully understand," Snape said.

"Glad to hear that," he said and then handed the paperwork to the woman who handed it to Snape.

He looked it over and read each page carefully. When he was finished he signed it and handed it back. He then got up and put it into his briefcase. He told Snape that he would turn this in and then they left. A few moments later Professor Flitwick came in.

"Are you alright, Severus," Flitwick asked.

"No, I'm not," Snape told him, "But thanks for caring."

And he left.

Now Snape had another worry on his mind, which wasn't proving that he wasn't going to feast on half of Slytherin house. He was sure that Dumbledore was going to use this to his advantage and make sure that Snape did even more than he usually did. He spent the night doing the grading and then making sure that none of the students were out of bounds. When the sun came up he had to retire for the day until he came up with a potion that would allow him to be out during the day.

"So are you going to replace him?" Sirius asked Dumbledore.

"No, why?" Dumbledore asked.

"Well you seem to want to get rid of everyone," Sirius told him, which caused Dumbledore to frown.

"I only want to get rid of annoying people," Dumbledore told him, "Is there a reason why you wanted to see me."

"Oh no, just wondering if you planned on getting rid of Snape," Sirius told him.

"And the answer is no, he still has a part to play," Dumbledore said, "Oh I want you to give Neville some extra Defense Against the Dark Arts lessons."

"Why, may I ask," Sirius asked him.

"No, you may not ask," Dumbledore said, "Just do it."

Sirius then watched him leave and grumbled. Once again he was controlling him like nothing had happened.

"I don't know what's wrong with him," Sirius told McGonagall. "He's acting even odder than before."

"What do you mean?" McGonagall asked.

"Well when I asked him if he was going to replace Snape, because it's clear that he can't go out during the day, he said no. I think he's planning something."

"Dumbledore is always planning something," McGonagall told him, "That's nothing new."

"Minerva, he's playing with people," Sirius said, "He doesn't care about anyone but himself. I thought that Snape was just making it up but I'm seeing that he's telling the truth. That man knows the law and is twisting it."

"Well there's nothing that I can do, Sirius," McGonagall said, "He has made it clear that Neville is the one that shall defeat You-Know-Who and until it actually causes Potter to be in danger then he has the right to make that call."

"Oh so its okay for Dumbledore to mess with my Godson's life, hang something over someone's head that he calls a friend, and make you drink."

McGonagall said nothing.

Harry was shocked when he head that Draco's mother was a Vampiress and that she had bitten Professor Snape. The way that he had found out was when the Daily Prophet had come and Nott had shown it to him.

"But how's this possible?" Harry asked.

"I don't know but Dumbledore might sack Snape," Nott told him.

"I hope not," Harry said.

"Me either but they have laws about this," Nott said, "And if Snape breaks the law then it might turn out bad for him."

"I highly doubt that Snape would break the law," Hermione said, "He seems as though he really believes in following the rules."

"I know," Nott said.

The months passed and soon it was time to start studying for the exams. Hermione took this very seriously as she pointed out that they needed them to get into the second year. The weather started to turn warmer and that meant that soon he would have to return to

the dreaded Dursley's. That was something that he wasn't looking forward to.

"Look if the muggles want to get into trouble with the Ministry of Magic then let them," Ron said, though sensing what Harry was feeling. "There are laws about abusing wizard children."

"Like Uncle Vernon will care about that," Harry said.

"Well we'll write to you," Hermione promised.

"Thanks," Harry said.

The Easter holidays came around as well and the teachers piled on a ton of homework. Even Snape, who slept most of the day now, assigned a large amount of homework. Most of the Slytherin's groaned but Harry considered this a test.

"Do you think you'll do well in your Potions exam?" Pansy asked.

"I hope so," Harry said, "That's what's been bothering my stomach."

"Well I know that I'll do well," Hermione said, with an air of confidence.

"Glad someone is confident," Ron said, "I feel like this tap-dancing spell for Charms is going to throw me for a loop."

"And did Professor Flitwick hint that we would be doing that charm?" Pansy asked him.

"No, I just have a bad feeling about it, that's all."

"I'll keep your feelings in my notebook," Nott commented and Ron glared at him.

"How are you feeling today, Severus," Dumbledore asked.

It was night and Snape had just gotten up.

"I'm feeling better," Snape answered.

"Glad to hear that," he said, "Well the summer is almost here and I'm sure that you'll want to take your new apprentice to some far away place."

"I haven't decided on letting Potter be my apprentice," Snape told him, "I haven't had one...ever."

"Well it will be good for both of you," he told Snape, "Also I heard that their having a Potions Convention in France, might want to check it out."

This got Snape's attention, "I think I might."

"So does anyone know who bit Narcissa?" Dumbledore asked.

"The Department for the Deposal of Dangerous Creatures doesn't care," Snape told him, "To them that's one less vampire that they have to worry about, though their planning on giving Malfoy a new home to replace the one that he lost."

"That's good to hear," Dumbledore said, "Oh have you talked to the Weasley's about what will happen to Mr. Weasley when he comes home."

"I haven't gotten the chance," Snape said.

"Well do it before term ends," Dumbledore suggested, "I want to know that their not going to throw Weasley out on his ear."

"I don't think that will happen but I'll make sure that it doesn't," Snape promised.

"Good, good," Dumbledore said and then he let Snape go off hunting.

The next morning Harry tried to once again be friends with Malfoy. He knew that Malfoy most likely would lash out, since he was upset that his mum had died, and he hoped that he had the patients to put up with it. Malfoy was busy studying and only looked up when Harry was near him.

"Yeah, what do you want?" he snapped.

"I wanted to tell you how sorry I am about your loss," Harry told him.

"I bet you're all happy that she died; one less freak to worry about."

"I would never think that," Harry told him.

"Yeah, right," Malfoy muttered. "Now leave me alone to grieve in peace."

Harry shook his head and left Malfoy alone.

Later that day, when night had fallen Harry headed to the library to check out some books on vampires. He wanted to know everything about them so that he could understand what Snape was about now. When he entered the library he was surprised to find Snape there. He approached him and that's when he turned.

"What do you want, Potter?" Snape snarled.

"I just wanted to check out a book on vampires," Harry told him.

"So that you can stake me," Snape said.

Harry was surprised at the tone that Snape was giving him but then again he might be under stress. "No," he answered.

"Likely story," Snape spat and then returned to what he was doing.

As Harry turned Snape spoke, "Harry, I'm sorry," he said and Harry turned to him, "I'm not feeling myself right now and I'm taking out on everyone."

"That's alright; I figured that you were stressed about something."

And he left Snape alone.

Note: Being turned into a vampire is having a stressful day. Hang on everyone because it will get interesting. I'll update tomorrow.

Chapter 21: Exams

Exams soon descended on Hogwarts and the Slytherin's were all kept busy up to their first one, in Charms. All students had written exams, which were all done in sweltering hot classrooms and then they had to come back and do their practical. In Charms Professor Flitwick called them in one by one as they tried to make a pineapple tap-dance across a table, in Potions Professor Snape (who had dragged himself out of his coffin) was making them all nervous, and some people downright frightened, as they tried to remember how to make a Forgetfulness Potion. Professor McGonagall wasn't any better as they tried to turn a mouse into a snuffbox. Of course she couldn't grade them as she was already passed out by time they showed up.

"At least she wrote down what we were attempting to do," Harry commented as Hermione put a blanket over her head to hide her from the shame of being seen knocked out.

Herbology was done under a baking hot sun as they repotted several plants and then they went up to the Astronomy Tower for their Astronomy class. In Defense Against the Dark Arts they had to write down everything that Professor Quirrell had taught them about vampire bites and then they had their History of Magic exam. When they were finally free of writing down about batty old wizards that had invented self-stirring cauldrons they knew they would be free for a whole wonderful week until their exam results came in.

When they returned to the Slytherin Common Room Harry, Ron, Hermione, Nott, and Pansy sat down and talked about the exams. Ron said that he knew that he had done badly in History of Magic.

"Well if you had paid attention then you wouldn't be afraid of how badly you had done," Hermione told him.

"Oh stop it, Hermione," Ron said, "We know that you're better at paying attention than we are, nice to rub it in that we'll all fail at it."

Hermione rolled her eyes and Harry grinned.

"I'm surprised that Snape was able to give us our exams," Nott said, "They say that he still hasn't come up with a potion that will allow him to walk around during the daytime."

"Well give him time he'll be able to do it," Harry said.

"True," Nott said.

"So do you think we'll get a new Potions teacher next term," Ron asked.

"I heard rumors that he might be training someone to replace him," Hermione said and they all looked at her.

"How did you hear that?" Pansy asked.

"I heard Professor Black talking about it with McGonagall," Hermione answered.

"I wonder how long it takes to become a Potions Master." Harry asked them.

"Like that's going to happen to you, Potter," Malfoy said and they all turned and glared at him.

"We're you even in this conversation, Malfoy?" Nott asked, "No, I don't think so."

"I heard that it take six years," Hermione said, "I read about it in Hogwarts, a History. Also Salazar Slytherin was a Potions Master, the first one."

"Wicked!" Ron said.

"So each of the four heads represents what Hogwarts originally taught," Harry said.

"Yes," Hermione said, "Salazar taught Potions, Godric taught Transfiguration, Rowena taught Charms, and Helga taught Herbology."

"I wonder what it was like to be around when people were being burned alive for witchcraft," Nott asked.

"I don't think I want to know," Hermione said, shivering. "I'm glad that my parents aren't like that."

"Yeah, me too," Pansy said.

"I wouldn't count my family out," Harry said, "I think they would turn me over and allow me to be burned alive."

They all shivered at the thought.

"So are you going to come over my house during the summer?" Hermione asked him.

"I don't know," Harry said, "I mean; the Dursley's will most likely have tons of work for me to do. Makes me wonder how well Dudley did."

"He probably failed," Hermione said and Harry laughed.

"Yeah, he's such a dumb muggle," Harry said, "And I mean that from personal experience. He can't even count unless his mother does it for him. Trust me, he tried to count his birthday presents and he needed his mother to help him."

"So he's, like, really spoiled," Pansy said.

"Yeah, I think that Professor Snape would hate him," Harry said. "Gods, it's going to be strange not to be here for three months."

"Yeah, I'm going to miss it," Hermione said. "But I'm sure that my parents will allow me to have some fun."

"Are they still mad about what happened when you were in Gryffindor," Pansy asked her.

"I don't know," Hermione said, "I haven't talked to them since Christmas."

"Well they can't be mad at you forever," Pansy said, "I mean, you learned your lesson."

"I know," Hermione said.

Later on Harry sent a letter to Gringotts using Hedwig, to tell them to send about three hundred pounds to him and to have it before he

returned to the muggle world. When Hedwig was gone he headed back to the common room and ran into Sirius, who was carrying a stack of papers that looked like finished exams.

"Hello, Harry," Sirius said.

"Hello," Harry said, "So have you finished grading them?"

"Yes and you can't find out what you got," Sirius told him.

"Wouldn't dream of it," Harry told him, "So are you returning next year."

"Um, no," Sirius said, "But I'm working in Potions while Snape is asleep."

"That's great," Harry said, "So what's Snape going to do while he's not teaching?"

"Well he's planning on training his new apprentice, though I don't know who that person is."

"Well I hope that it's Hermione," Harry said to him.

Sirius looked at him, "You don't think that you don't deserve it," he asked, "From what Snape has said you're really good at Potions."

"I'm good but I don't think that I'm good enough to be an apprentice," Harry said.

"Don't count yourself short, Harry," Sirius said to him, "Well need to file these with Dumbledore."

And he left Harry alone.

"I see that Potter has done very well in Charms," McGonagall said, "Better than Granger did."

"Well he's worked very hard this year," Flitwick said, "What about in your area?"

"I don't know, I was awoken to a really bad headache but they all labeled their attempt and handed it in."

"And how did Potter do?" Flitwick asked.

"A full transfiguration," McGonagall said, a note of pride in her voice, "And a very interesting kitten pattern."

"Remind me to send it to Umbridge," Flitwick said and McGonagall made a face. "What about you, Severus?"

"Granger did okay with her Forgetfulness Potion but Potter's is flawless and he didn't do badly in his written exam. Of course I'm not going to say the same for Crabbe, Goyle, and Malfoy. I've never seen such bad potions in my life and Lucius was a really good potions student."

"Maybe Malfoy did badly because of grief," McGonagall suggested.

"Maybe," Snape repeated.

"Well I hope that you're not going to make the same excuse for Crabbe and Goyle," Flitwick stated.

Snape snorted, "Like they will make anything of themselves. I still can't imagine how magic still remained in their family."

"Maybe all this rot that the Dark Lord is spreading about Purebloods being better will finally be proven wrong," McGonagall said.

"One can only hope," Snape said to her.

"So how are you handling this new life?" Sprout asked him.

"It's hard," Snape answered, "Half the class thought that I was going to feed on them."

That's probably why half of Slytherin House felt like running away."

McGonagall and Sprout both laughed, causing Snape to go pink.

"Ooh we made Snape blush," Sprout teased.

"Oh shut up," Snape snapped.

"So do you know if your gong to be allowed to return home?" Nott asked Ron.

"Dumbledore wrote to them so I'm guessing since I haven't gotten a letter saying that I'm not welcomed that I'll still have my old room."

"Well let us know what happened," Nott said.

"I will, don't you worry about that," Ron said.

"So do you think the Professors are done grading?" Hermione asked them.

"Gods, I hope so," Harry said, "I'm starting to get really nervous."

"Hay, Potter, I wonder what your relations will say when they find that you've gotten a T?" Malfoy teased, "Oh I forgot, they don't care."

Harry went red but Nott held him back.

"Don't listen to him," Nott told him.

Malfoy sneered at them and then walked away.

Note: I wanted to write something that had the Professors talking among themselves. I hope that you enjoyed. Also see you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 22: Wards Still There

A week passed and sure enough the results were posted. However before anyone could see how well or bad they had done the House Cup had to be awarded. Slytherin won, again, and Harry and his friends were very happy. Of course Dumbledore had a sour look on his face but Harry was far from caring what the old man thought. The next day, as everyone headed for the boats or carriages Harry his score.

Astronomy: E

Charms: O

Defense Against the Dark Arts: O

Herbology: O

History of Magic A

Potions: O

Transfiguration: O

"Well looks like I got O's all down the board," Hermione said, sounding gleeful.

"Wonderful," Ron muttered, "Now she's really rubbing it in."

Of course Harry thought that Crabbe and Goyle being as dumb as a bag would get kicked out but they managed to pass. Nott told Harry that he couldn't have everything he wanted in life.

All four Head of House were there to hand out copies of the report cards, which contained a muggle version of the grades so that people like Uncle Vernon could understand. When Snape handed Harry, his, he saw that he was completely covered in black.

"Thanks, Professor Snape," Harry said.

"I'll be around to check on you, Potter," Snape told him, "Me and Black."

Harry had to grin at the horrified look that would be on his Aunt and Uncle's face when they showed up.

They all took the boats back to the train that would take them back to the Muggle World and while Harry was watching his trunk get loaded Hagrid motioned him over.

"I know that you don't have any pictures of your parents but here they are," Hagrid said, "I even snuck one of Snape as well, since you like him so much."

Hagrid showed him where his favorite teacher's photo was and saw that he had his arm wrapped around his mother, both of them laughing and waving their hands.

"Thanks, Hagrid," Harry said and then he climbed onto the train and waved at him.

Hagrid waved back and then he went to go and look for his friends.

Hours later, and with the money tucked in his shoe, he got his trunk and headed off the platform and right into the Muggle world. Harry saw the red hair woman that had helped him onto the platform but she wasn't smiling at him as she had before. She gave him a look of deep disgust.

"Are you sure you're going to be alright?" Harry asked Ron.

"Yeah, I'll be fine," Ron said and then Harry joined his 'family.'

"Well it's about time," Uncle Vernon snarled. "Get this thing out of my sight and I'll be watching you closely this summer."

"Yes, Uncle Vernon," Harry said while Nott, Pansy, and Hermione looked on with shaking heads.

When they got to his car Harry saw Sirius waiting on him and he muttered some words and the trunk opened. Sirius helped Harry with his things and then closed the door.

"Don't worry me and Severus will be checking on you every week," he told Harry.

"Thanks," Harry said and then his Uncle appeared.

"Did you do something strange to get your trunk into my car?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," Harry said, his tone cold. "This nice man helped me."

Uncle Vernon turned to Sirius. "You didn't need to help the ungrateful little brat," he said.

"The trunk was heavy thought I would lend a hand," Sirius said, "I don't need to ask permission to help someone, sir."

He then turned and left Harry with his Uncle.

"Get in and no funny stuff this summer," Uncle Vernon snarled and pushed Harry in.

It was one long trip back to Privet Drive and his Uncle went on and on about how great Dudley had done in his first year. No one asked Harry how well he had done. When they finally got home Uncle Vernon shoved Harry's things into the cupboard under the stairs and then ordered him up to his room.

"Tomorrow you get to do chores," Uncle Vernon said, "Time to whip out those nine months that you had it easy."

Later that night, when the Dursleys were asleep, Harry snuck down to the cupboard, picked the lock, and grabbed his Potions, Transfiguration, and Charms homework and books and then snuck back upstairs. He hid the whole lot under a loose floorboard and turned in. The next day Harry was ordered downstairs to start making breakfast for the family.

"So how did you do at that freak place?" Dudley asked. "I made all C's."

Nice to point out that you're a failure, Harry thought.

"I made mostly A's," Harry answered and that set Uncle Vernon off.

"You did better than my Dudley," he roared, "How dare you go off to school and show off Dudley."

He made to hit him but a shield stopped him.

"FREAK, JUST LIKE YOUR DAMN PARENTS," Uncle Vernon screamed. "YOU GO TO THAT SCHOOL AND LEARN TO TURN ON US. WELL I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I DO TO FREAKS."

"AND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT I DO TO UNGRATEFUL MUGGLES," Harry screamed.

And then he transformed into a lion and stalked close to Uncle Vernon.

"Get away from me," he moaned. "Get away from me."

"Leave daddy alone," Dudley cried out.

Lion Harry growled at him and then lunged at Uncle Vernon, going on-top of him.

"Please, leave me alone," he moaned again. "I'll do anything if you just leave me alone."

If the lion could sneer at him then it would be even odder. The lion changed back into

Harry.

"Make your own damn breakfast," Harry snarled, "I'm going out."

And he left the Dursley's alone.

Harry enjoyed his breakfast at a fancy café drinking orange juice and eating a large English breakfast. Harry was glad that he had been sorted into Slytherin, gave him a backbone that he was willing to use for his own benefit. He then went shopping to get clothes that actually fit him as well as new shoes and socks. When he finally returned home he saw that Uncle Vernon was out.

Harry said nothing to anyone as he headed upstairs and dumped all his old clothes into a trash bag and put on his new clothes and slipped his new shoes on. He then threw out the rags, feeling clean.

"Are the wards that you set up still active," McGonagall asked.

"Yes," Snape said, "I'll be checking on Harry in a few days."

"I hope the Dursley's didn't harm him," McGonagall said.

Snape grinned at her, "Oh I think that the Dursley's are more scared of Harry than Harry is of them."

McGonagall looked at him, "What do you mean?"

"Harry's got a backbone now and I've got a feeling that he's going to use it," Snape told her.

"I hope he doesn't harm them," McGonagall said and then quickly added, "I mean, I don't care about them but we kept Harry out of Azkaban once and I don't want him to have another brush with the Ministry of Magic."

"Don't worry, I think he can handle himself," Snape said.

"I hope so," McGonagall said though Snape wondered how far Harry would go to get his revenge on what the Dursley's had done to him.

He hoped not too far.

Harry was busy working on his Charms work when his Aunt called him downstairs. He rolled his eyes and put his quill down and went downstairs.

"Yeah, what," Harry snapped. "I was busy doing something important."

"Don't take that tone with me, young man," his Aunt said, "I don't know what kind of nonsense they fed you at that freak school but here you do what we say and you will do the chores."

"Like hell I will," Harry snarled, "I've got homework to finish and it won't finish by itself."

His Aunt laughed, "Like we care if you don't return any of your homework."

"I'll get to it when I'm done," Harry told her.

"No, you will do it right now," his Aunt said.

Harry suddenly grabbed her and she screamed as he burned her. He released her and grinned nastily at her.

"You burned my arm, you-."

"Don't finish that sentence," Harry cut in, "Or I'll make sure they bury you six feet under."

And he turned and headed upstairs to finish his work.

The Dursley's didn't bother him for the next several days and Harry was glad they had taken the hint that he wasn't going to take any junk from them anymore. He was able to finish his Charms and then he started on his Transfiguration. He hoped that someone came to get him before he really did something that would land him in Azkaban.

Note: See you tomorrow

Chapter 23: A Talk with Remus

Snape decided to pay Remus a visit since it seemed like a sensible thing to do and also to give him some food that the house elves had made. He had gotten a letter from Lucius, telling him that he had been clearly upset at Draco's grades and that they had found a place to live.

"It doesn't have the same feel and history but it's nice," Malfoy had said.

Snape was glad that he had found a new place.

It took two times knocking on the door before the door opened and Remus appeared. He growled at Snape but all he did was roll his eyes at the young werewolf.

"Can I come in or are you going to let me drown out here," Snape asked him.

It had been raining, hard, for the past couple of days and that had kept the amount of people inside so Snape had to drink from the bottle that Flitwick had offered. Remus nodded and moved aside to let him pass.

"I hope that you have fed, Severus," Remus said to him.

"Of course," Snape said as Remus closed the door.

"So why are you even here," Remus asked him, taking the food that Snape had brought with him. "I hope it isn't to offer to use me as a potion ingredient."

"No, that urge passed a long time ago," Snape told him, "No, I want to talk about Harry."

"And what has Harry done to deserve this discussion?" Remus asked him.

"Well I'm sure that you heard about Harry battling the Dark Lord," Snape said to him when they sat down in what use to be a grand drawing room.

"I heard," Remus said, "Sirius was very worried about him."

"And with as much right as anyone should," Snape told him, "It has been one very hard term and I thought, at the beginning of term, that summer would offer me a break but with my infection and the fact that I've discovered things about Harry's home life that I can't ignore I find that summer is going to turn out to be hard."

This got Remus attention, "What have you discovered?"

"That Harry is being abused," Snape told him and Remus stared at him, "I mean physical and mental abuse. Ever since he was sorted into Slytherin I thought that I could just ignore him or put him down, because of what his father did, but the other Slytherin's didn't take too kindly to my treatment of him. All year I've been gathering evidence that Petunia transferred her hate for Lily onto her son."

"I can't ignore what has happened at his house any longer. He won't write in his journal that I gave him and I'm staring to believe that he's using his extraordinary talent to punish them."

"Talent that won't be detected by the Ministry," Remus said and Snape nodded, "But don't they deserve what's coming to them? I mean, you knew Lily better then even I did and only you knew what her sister was like. Even Sirius doesn't know what her sister was like."

"I would agree in that area but I need final proof that the Dursley's are no longer providing Harry with what he needs. Since I'm no longer human I feel that I need to train an apprentice to take my place when the time comes. I'm thinking about leaving Hogwarts and go to Romania where my own kind live. However the Ministry states that an apprentice must be trained for six years."

"Harry is about to enter his second year and that means that when he graduates he can take over as Potions Master and Head of Slytherin House. He's damn good at Potions and I want to train him and teach him what I know. This will provide a way of proving that the Dursley's care nothing for him."

"So you're going to offer Harry the apprenticeship and see what happens," Remus concluded.

"Yes," Snape said, "However I need the backing of a sponsor since being a vampire I can't sponsor him."

"Well Sirius has handed over the position of godfather to me," Remus said, "I'll be more than happy to sponsor him."

"Thank you," Snape said, "So how are things going around here?"

"Being forced out by the Ministry," Remus said, sighing. "I've got to go to a werewolf community."

"Umbridge," Snape hissed, showing a bit of fang.

"That's what I figured," Remus said, "At least your protected by Dumbledore."

Snape snorted, "I'm a pawn in his little war game, once it's over then I'll be forced somewhere. That's why I'm going to Romania once I'm done with apprenticing Harry."

"Well I'm sure that Hogwarts will benefit from Harry's knowledge."

"I'm sure that they will."

"So any idea who the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is going to be this year?" Remus asked.

"No," Snape answered, "Though Dumbledore is hinting on someone famous. I wish that I could get the job but then I couldn't apprentice Harry."

"Any idea why the job is cursed," Remus asked him.

"No and the only person that knows that is Dumbledore," Snape said, "And he's not telling me."

"I wish he would," Remus said, "That would make everything a lot better."

"He doesn't trust me with that knowledge and he sure as hell don't trust Harry," Snape said, "To him Harry and me are nothing but a bunch of filthy snakes. Speaking of snakes do you have any idea what I should get Harry?"

Remus grinned, "Thinking about getting Harry a present."

"Yes and you can knock that stupid grin off your face," Snape hissed at him. "I'm just doing this because I don't think that Harry got much presents with those damn Dursley's."

"I think that you might be right there," Remus said, "I haven't seen Harry since he was a baby but I'm sure that your right in your assessment."

"You darn right I am," Snape said.

When Snape left Remus's house he went to Diagon Alley hoping that what they offered would give him some ideas. However most of them were either Quidditch base or dark. He ran into a couple of graduated Slytherin's but they all gave him dark looks, like they knew what he was. Finally he entered a creature shop called 'Tail and Feather.' He had been here, once, when he was a boy and it hadn't changed. Well maybe except the owner who Snape figured had died.

"Welcome to the Tail and Feather," the new owner said. "What can I do for you this fine evening?"

"Yes, I need a pet," Snape told him.

"Well that's what we're here for," the owner said, "Something for yourself."

"No, something for my apprentice," Snape answered, "Something fitted the Head of Slytherin House's taste."

The man grinned and then left the counter.

Snape watched as the man selected a box and came back around to the counter. He then pulled out another box and opened it. Snape could feel the dark magic coming from it but he said nothing. The owner pulled out a necklace and placed it inside another box.

"I think that you'll like this one," he told Snape, "Something fitted your personal taste my friend."

He opened the box and a feathered snake came out.

"Morgana LeFay loved this snake for its hard wear and the venom can be used for potion ingredients. It can learn English as well. I'm sure that your prized student will find this a very nice gift."

He grinned at Snape, showing very bad teeth.

"Yes, it will be perfect," Snape said to him, "What's the necklace for?"

"So that he can learn English," the man said, "I must warn you that having this creature is considered dark. I do hope that your prized student isn't a rotten Gryffindor, they have no taste at all."

"Don't insult my taste, sir," Snape hissed, "He's a damn fine Slytherin."

"Of course, didn't mean to insult you, sir," the man said.

"See that you don't," Snape said, allowing his fangs to extend.

The look on the man's face was pure horror but Snape threw the money on the counter and left with the snake and the necklace.

Snape dropped the snake off and then headed to visit more of his Slytherin's. At Crabbe Manor Mr. Crabbe complained that his son had been treated unfairly when he had been graded.

"I do hope that you're not including me in that sentence," Snape told him.

"Of course not," Mr. Crabbe said, "But my son is a damn fine student."

"He's a absolute failure," Snape told him, "He couldn't brew a potion if his life depended on it. Be thankful that I didn't have him expelled."

"But he's worked hard!" Mr. Crabbe said.

"Not hard enough," Snape told him, "I'm giving him time to improve and I'll be watching his essays."

"Is it true that Sirius Black will be taking over your classes?" Mrs. Crabbe asked.

She was sporting a black eye and the smell of forced sex was on her.

"Yes," Snape answered.

"I also heard from our son that damn Harry Potter was sorted into your house," Mr. Crabbe said. "Why didn't you have him removed?"

"Because I don't have control over where the hat places a person," Snape told him.

"Now why is it that your damn wife hasn't been cleaned up? I'm tempted in taking what she's offering."

"Susan, get cleaned up," Mr. Crabbe snarled and his wife left. "Keep your filthy hands off my wife, vampire."

That was the wrong thing to say. Snape rose up and before Crabbe could do anything he sank his fangs into his neck. Pain instantly hit him and that's when he cut the man's head off.

"Damn, I need muggle blood," Snape hissed, though he did lick his lips. "And I know where to get it."

He grinned, his fangs going further down. If the Dursley's didn't allow Harry to apprentice he was going to have a feast.

Note: I'm warning everyone that Chapter 25 has blood in it and death. See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 24: Meeting the Dursley's

It took feasting on two humans to get the poison of wizard blood out of Snape's body. Once he was finished he returned to Hogwarts and fed Harry's snake some mice and then turned in for the day. That night he headed for the Dursley house, hoping that Harry hadn't been beaten. When he approached he noticed bars on a window and wondered who stayed there.

The ringing of the doorbell brought Petunia, who screamed when she saw who it was. Snape was glad that he still had the power to instill fear. When her huge husband arrived he glared at him.

"It's that awful boy," Petunia told him.

"Hello, Tuney," Snape teased, "It has been a very long time."

"Get out of here, freak," her husband snarled and Snape grabbed him by the neck, lifting him up.

"I don't think so," Snape said, "I'm demanding your time and you shall give it to me."

He squealed and Snape threw him to the ground, and then entered.

"Where's Potter at?" Snape demanded.

"I don't know what your talking about," Petunia said.

Snape hissed at her and then said, "Oh but I know that your lying. Harry Potter, the boy that Dumbledore trusted you with. I know that he lives here now bring him down so that we can have a chat."

"Go to hell, you devil worshiper," her husband snarled.

Snape glared at him, he really hated being called that. "Get Potter...NOW!"

Petunia hurried upstairs and a few minutes later Harry appeared. He stared at the fallen form of Petunia's husband and then approached Snape.

"Now I think that we shall have a little chat," Snape told them, "And get that stupid muggle off the floor."

Petunia helped him up and soon they were all, minus Harry, forced to the couch.

"Now I'm here due to something very important," Snape told them. "Harry knows of my, um, condition and I've decided to honor Harry by making him my apprentice. Six years he'll have to do everything that I tell him and when he graduates he shall take over for me as Potions Master."

"Why you do you think that we would do this for this ungrateful child?" Mr. Dursley asked.

"Because if you cared for one moment about your charge then you would know that this is the best opportunity for him," Snape told him.

He laughed, "The best opportunity for him was to be born normal," he told Snape.

Snape growled at him and then rose up.

"Don't you dare accuse Harry of not being normal," Snape said, "He's normal only you don't think so."

"He's a freak," Mr. Dursley said, "He doesn't deserve anything special. He should be grateful for what we give him and be happy for what he doesn't get."

"Where's Severus at?" McGonagall asked Sirius.

"I don't know," Sirius said, "Remus told me that he had visited him but after that he left."

"I hope that he's not doing something stupid," McGonagall said, "Because the last thing that we need is to have Severus staked."

"I don't think that Snape would be that stupid," Sirius said.

"I didn't say that," McGonagall said. "But he tends to act irrational."

"That I'll agree with," Sirius said.

"It would be to your well-being if you allowed Harry to become my apprentice," Snape told them.

"So that he could learn to further harm us, I think not," Petunia said.

Snape looked at Harry.

"Did you harm them?" Snape asked him.

"They deserved it," Harry told him, "They wanted me to do chores when I had homework to do. I'm not earning a detention because the Dursley's don't understand anything."

"But still you had no right to harm them," Snape told him.

"I didn't harm them, much," Harry said.

"He burned my wife," Mr. Dursley said, "He changed into a lion and almost ate me."

"Is this true?" Snape asked.

"Yes," Harry answered, "and I'm not ashamed of what I did."

"Freak, just like my damn sister," Petunia said.

Snape turned on her, "Lily was a better witch than you're a person," he snarled, "How dare you spit on her memory."

"I'll do whatever I want, freak," Petunia said.

Now Snape was getting angry. He understood that Harry hated how he was being treated and that he wanted to prove that he wasn't the pushover that he had been and he was willing to make sure that it didn't happen. He was afraid that Harry would start attacking anyone because things weren't going well for him. However the idea that Petunia thought she was better than Lily was enough to make Snape have the sudden desire to drain her dry.

"Take that back, muggle," Snape snarled.

"I refuse," Petunia said, "It's the truth and you know it."

Snape felt his anger spike and his fangs extended. He was going to kill them all.

"I'm sure that you know that the job isn't all flash and glamour," Professor Dumbledore told Lockhart.

"Of course, Professor," Lockhart said, flashing his white smile.

"Also I've got a student in Gryffindor named Neville Longbottom," Dumbledore said, "He's the savior of our world and I want you to treat him with extra praise."

"Of course," Lockhart repeated.

"Now is there any other questions?" Dumbledore asked him.

"No, I think that I have everything in understanding," Lockhart said and then he got up and left.

When he was gone he summoned Professor Sprout to report his office. He turned and saw Fawks looking at him.

"Don't look at me like that," Dumbledore told him, "I know that he isn't the best person for the job but at least he's not working for Voldemort."

Fawks said nothing.

When Professor Sprout entered the room she took her seat and declined his offer for lemon drops.

"What do you need?" she asked.

"Well I was wondering if you got everything that you need for the term," he asked her.

"Yes," Sprout said, "Why do you ask?"

"I just need to make sure that the governors know that everything that we need for the term has been delivered so that they can pay the bill."

"Then tell them that I've got everything," Sprout said. "So how has your summer been?"

"Well," Dumbledore answered, "Though I've got a feeling that we're going to be out of a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher by the end of the year."

"It's the curse, Headmaster," Sprout said.

"That I agree with," Dumbledore said, "Oh Lucius Malfoy has been made school governor."

Sprout gave that bit of news a sour look.

"I think that Malfoy bought his way onto the board," Dumbledore went on.

"That I've got no doubt about, Albus," she said, and then asked, "Do you think that Potter will have trouble this term?"

"I have no doubt that he'll do his best," Dumbledore said, "Severus is considering him to be the next Potions Master but I make the final choice."

"Too bad what happened to Severus," Sprout said, "He was fine as a mortal and now he's a vampire."

Dumbledore sighed, "I know, I do feel bad for him," he said. "He's a good man."

"That I'll agree with," Sprout said, "Oh the Mandrakes are giving me trouble. I checked my bags of dragon dung and three of them are bad. I told the governors in the report that I make enough to cover the three that are bad."

"Any idea what caused them to go bad?" Dumbledore asked her.

"No clue."

"Well keep me posted on that, will you."

Sprout nodded and then left.

A few minutes later, as though someone was waiting for Sprout to leave, Professor McGonagall came in and she looked mad and sober.

"What right did you have to hire that dumb man?" she asked him.

Dumbledore looked at her, "What do you mean?"

"What do you mean, I'm talking about Lockhart," she hissed, "He's the worst Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher that you can even get. And I'm not going to put in my personal views of him."

"Minerva, what am I supposed to do?" Dumbledore asked, "It's getting hard to find someone to fill the post."

"Well I'm sure that someone out there would have been better," McGonagall told him.

"Okay, where are they?" Dumbledore asked.

"How about Mr. Weasley or even his wife," McGonagall suggested.

"And have you forgotten that both of them hate me because of what happened last term."

"Which was their son's fault," McGonagall added.

"I know that but I'm not having someone filling the post that won't do their job right without having some kind of comment."

And with those words he dismissed her, which caused her to rage out.

Note: The blood will flow in the next chapter. Also this story is going T, just so that I don't get a notice from the site.

Chapter 25: Decision

"So that's your choice," Snape said, "Your not allowing Harry to be an apprentice."

"That's right," Mr. Dursley said, "No need to have the freak be given nice things."

Snape turned to Harry, "Go and get your trunk I don't want you to be here."

"But it's in my cupboard under the stairs," Harry said.

Snape flicked his wand and the door opened. Harry left and that's when Snape's fangs came out.

Harry heard his Uncle Vernon scream and he didn't dare run down and see what Snape was doing. He went up and got his books and Hedwig and then returned. What he saw almost made him lose his lunch. Uncle Vernon had his head cut off and Snape was drinking from his Aunt.

He pulled away but left her, grinning at Harry and licking his lips.

"Now that's better," he said, "I can't ingest wizard blood, the magic is poison, but I can drink muggle blood."

"What's going to happen now?" Harry asked him.

"She'll turn and then feast on her son," Snape said, "Proper revenge and she'll finally have her deepest wish, to be magical. Come on before she turns and feasts on you."

Harry was led away and then the door was closed.

"Thanks for getting me away from them," Harry told Snape.

"It's the least that I could do, nasty muggles," Snape said, "Offer them a chance to be connected to a famous Potions Master and they turn it down. Made my vampire instincts crawl up to the surface."

"Will you get into trouble for doing that?" Harry asked him.

"I'll get a warning, that's all," Snape said, "Now I'm going to take you to Snape Manor where you can sleep in a proper bedroom and let Hedwig out. I'm sure that she hasn't stretched her wings in ages."

"Yeah and maybe I'll find out from my friends why they haven't written to me," Harry told Snape.

Snape used side-along Apparition to get them to Prince Manor. Harry felt like throwing up and it took a few minutes for his stomach to finally settle down. Prince Manor was huge with more windows than Harry had ever seen in one house. The grounds were well-kept and when they entered a strange creature appeared.

"Harry, this is a house elf," Snape told him, "They love to serve their masters and they'll do whatever you want, within reason. Her name is Butterscotch."

"Butterscotch will take your trunk and owl for you," the tiny creature said and she vanished.

"Warning: Don't give them clothes that sets them free," Snape told him, "I also don't beat my house elves unlike the Malfoy's."

"Or what's left of them," Harry pointed out.

"That would be correct," Snape said, "Now I'll take you to your room."

Harry looked around as they walked and took in the deep walnut paneling and the rich red carpet. Paintings of very old and cranky witches and wizards lined the walls and just like at Hogwarts they moved. Finally Snape opened a door and Harry saw his room for the first time. It had the same walnut paneling but it was bare except for a bed and dresser.

"Just tell the room what you want and it will appear," Snape told him, "You won't break wizard law by telling the room what you want."

"Thanks," Harry said and Snape left him alone.

Harry sent a letter to all his friends, asking why they hadn't written, and when Hedwig went off to deliver Ron's letter Harry told the room exactly what he wanted. In the end he had Slytherin green and silver and he felt like he was back at Hogwarts. Since Snape didn't eat meals like a normal person Harry had to ask Butterscotch for what he wanted. When she appeared with a turkey sandwich and a glass of milk he sat down to enjoy it.

However a crack told Harry that he was no longer alone in the room. He turned to see another house elf standing there but what he was wearing told Harry that he wasn't a Snape Manor elf.

"Hello, Harry Potter," said the elf.

"Um, hello," Harry said, "Um, who are you?"

"Dobby, sir, Dobby the house elf," the house elf said. "I'm most sorry to ruin your dinner."

"That's alright," Harry said, "Why are you here?"

"I've come to warn Harry Potter," Dobby said, "Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this year."

"Why not?" Harry asked.

"There's a plot, a plot to make most terrible things happen this year," Dobby said, "I'm begging of you don't go back to Hogwarts."

"But I have to go, term starts on September 1st," Harry told Dobby.

"Sir, you must not go back because if you do danger will strike."

"No, I'm not going to stay here and miss Hogwarts," Harry told Dobby, "I understand that your worried about me but shouldn't you be telling Neville all this. He's after all the

so-called chosen one."

"But he's not," Dobby said, "I know who the chosen one is and it's you. That's why

I'm warning you. Please Harry Potter don't go back to Hogwarts."

"I'm sorry, but I'm going back."

"Then you leave Dobby no choice," he said and that's when the door opened and Snape came in.

"Well look what we have here, Lucius Malfoy's house elf," he snarled.

"Sir, he warned me that I can't go back to Hogwarts," Harry told him.

"Is that right," Snape said and then Dobby did something that Harry never expected he blasted Snape against the wall and then ran out.

"Sir, are you-."

"Get that elf before he gets you expelled," Snape ordered and Harry bolted from the room.

However finding Dobby proved to be harder then it looked. Only after a bunch of house elves came running out of a side door did Harry and Snape see the damage to a once sparkling kitchen

"Damn, now your going to get a letter," Snape told Harry and sure enough a owl flew into the kitchen and landed.

The letter told Harry that he had been supposedly caught doing a Hover Charm and that anymore spell work would result in expulsion from Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Harry groaned, this wasn't his day and he sat down on a stool.

"I'll have this cleared up, Harry," Snape told him. "You don't have to worry about this going onto your record."

"Thanks," Harry said and Snape left him alone.

"Ah, Severus, what brings you here?" Fudge asked when Snape entered the office.

"Harry got an official warning for doing magic," Snape told him.

Fudge frowned, "Sorry about that," he said, "I know that-."

"He didn't do it," Snape cut in, showing his anger, "I saw the house elf myself and I tried to get to the thing before it used magic but it hid very well."

Fudge stared at him, "And whose elf is it?"

"Lucius Malfoy's house elf, Dobby," Snape answered. "He said that Harry's not to return to Hogwarts this year."

Fudge really stared at him, "And why would he say that?"

"He says that something's going to happen," Snape told him, "I don't know what he means that I think that we should take it seriously."

"Do you really think that Mr. Malfoy would send his house elf to warn Potter away from Hogwarts?"

"I don't know but we all know that Dobby is off his rocker," Snape told Fudge.

"Well if anyone can protect Potter now it will be you," Fudge said, "So have you chosen an apprentice?"

"I've chosen Harry," Snape said, "I'm going to get his name recorded and then I'm taking him to France to go to a Potions Convention. Dumbledore mentioned it and it sounds like a good opportunity."

"Glad to see you getting out and about and I heard that this year is going to be way different. They actually have a charm that you might like. I'll send a letter informing Mr. Malfoy of what his house elf has done."

"Good and I do hope that this will be off Harry record," Snape said, giving Fudge a look that made mortals cower.

"Of course," Fudge said, "The boy didn't do it and that's all that matters."

"Good, I'm glad we have that straightened out," Snape told him and then left Fudge's black walnut and expensive carpeted office.

Snape could never understand why people like Fudge and Malfoy had to want the fine things in life. Even before he had been doomed

to teach snot-nose little brats the wonders of Potions he still didn't understand it. He was a simple man, even as a vampire and he liked simple things. He didn't like having to be around all the stuff that his mum had left him but he figured that being in a Wizarding house Harry might actually take it over when he went away. It was large enough for a large family and still enough room to breath. He also hoped that Harry found out why his friends hadn't written to him though he had a nasty feeling that Dobby was involved as well.

He turned in his name for apprentice and Mr. Taffy told him that Harry would get a copy of the agreement and then Snape left. As he headed back to the Atrium he heard Lucius yelling for him. He turned to face his old friend.

"Did you hear the Dursley's got attacked," he said.

"Oh, yes, I did," Snape told him, grinning.

Lucius looked at him, "Did you have a hand in it?" he asked.

Snape looked at him, "Are you questioning me?" he asked.

"Of course I'm not, don't care for muggles myself," Lucius said, "Just wanted to know."

"I did and I don't regret it," Snape told him and then he vanished.

Note: I hope the warming about blood was properly used here. See you tomorrow.

Chapter 26: France

Harry was glad when he found out that he wasn't about to get expelled from Hogwarts and that Snape was now his Master. He wasn't exactly sure what that meant until Snape told him what his new responsibilities were.

"Mine, Harry, are to feed you, cloth you, and make sure that you have a roof over your head," Snape said, "That's the regular things. My Master duties are to make sure that you know everything about Potions and how they work with things like Transfiguration, Charms, and most importantly Defense Against the Dark arts, as well as how to relieve or prolong a life. Some of the potions do tend to get dark but their needed and I don't want you to shy away from the dark potions just because the savior of the Wizarding World is to defeat the Dark Lord."

"I told you that-."

"You don't want to be the savior, I've heard, but that's your fate," Snape cut in, "Despite what Dumbledore might think."

"And what are my duties?" Harry asked.

"Continue to do well in your classes, minus History of Magic, and also do anything that I need of you. That includes errands, delivering messages, stuff like that."

"Okay, I understand," Harry said.

"Also we're both going to France," Snape added, "There's a Potions convention coming up there and Dumbledore says that it will be good for me to get out. I personally think that he might want to get rid of me."

"Should I be warned to stay away from him?" Harry asked.

"That would be advisable," Snape said, "Though I'm sure that the old clogger will want to find out if I've been training you in what you need to be trained in and not in fighting against the Dark Lord."

"But how can he find out about what you, McGonagall, and Black are planning?" Harry asked him.

"He can look into your mind," Snape told him, "He's not really that good but he's good enough to know when he's being lied to. That's a reason that I'm most interested in going to France. They might have a charm that you can wear that will keep Dumbledore out of your mind. We don't need that fool to know what we're planning."

"I totally agree," Harry said, "Though I'm sure that certain people won't be happy about me not being expelled."

Snape was sure that he knew who Harry was talking about.

Snape booked an International Portkey and made sure that his coffin and other things were packed and shrunk. Finally they vanished and Harry thought that he was going to get lost or something. However they arrived on France without any problems.

"Better then apperating," Harry told Snape.

"I agree," Snape said to him, "Now let's find our hotel and then we can get settled in."

Harry was surprised at the small amount of time that it took for them to find their hotel. Harry figured that Snape had chosen a hotel that would cater to Snape's nocturnal habits. The sky was overcast and that meant that they didn't have to worry about Snape burning. The Twin Dragon Hotel was located near a large lake and when they entered a very large wizard was just leaving and so they were next.

"I have a reservation for Snape and Potter," Snape told the tall witch.

"Will that be regular or special?" the woman asked.

"Special," Snape answered.

She checked her parchment and then said, "Ah yes, well sign here and I'll have someone take your bags to your room."

Snape signed and the woman gave him his key.

"I rather have my apprentice bring my things up," Snape told her.

"Of course," the woman said, "Are you here for the Potions Convention?"

"That's our main reason for coming," Snape answered, "Come along, Harry, we have a long climb ahead of us."

Room 679 was located on the south end of the hotel which meant that light didn't come until the afternoon. When they closed the door to their room Snape resized his coffin and got things ready inside it. He then yawned and turned in. Harry ordered room service, paying for it with the money that he had.

"I see that Severus left for France," Sirius said to Dumbledore.

"Of course," Dumbledore said, "I told him about the Potions convention and he seemed interested in it."

"Is there another reason for sending him," Sirius asked him.

Dumbledore looked at him, "I don't know what you mean."

"Well I find it odd that you told Severus about this place," Sirius told him.

Dumbledore crossed his arms and glared at him, the twinkle gone. "Are you implying something?"

"No, not at all," Sirius lied, "Just wondering, that's all."

"Well you can quit implying on something that you don't know anything about,"

Dumbledore told him, "I suggested it and Severus thought it was a great idea."

And then Dumbledore left Sirius to wonder if the old man was even telling the truth.

When Snape woke up again it was nightfall and both he and Harry headed out so that his apprentice would know where everything was. A couple of people were talking about the Potions convention but on

the other side of the small resort town people were talking about the odd people that had just appeared. They encountered this talk when Harry asked if they could go and get some lunch (Snape didn't eat normal food but he could pretend).

"I'm going to tell you their all strange," one woman said.

"Do you think their going to spy on us or something," a man asked.

"Oh nonsense," said his wife, "No one is spying on anyone."

Snape snorted with laughter about that.

After dinner Snape encouraged Harry to write to Hermione, Ron, Nott, and Pansy.

Maybe he could finally get a message delivered.

"Do you think it will finally work," Harry asked.

"I'm sure it will," Snape said, "That is if that damn elf isn't spying on us right now."

"What is the deal with Dobby?" Harry asked him, "I mean, why he seemed so determined to keep me from returning to Hogwarts."

"If it has Lucius attached to it, it means that he's planning something," Snape said, "And trust me he's not letting the death of his wife keep him from plotting."

Harry wrote his letters and the hotel allowed the use of their owls to send it off. Harry also figured that he might as well buy something for his friends and so-called friends so that they wouldn't feel left out.

The next morning the sky was a brilliant blue and Snape had left Harry some money so that he could do some 'window shopping,' in other words: Find out what's for sale and write down what they have so that I can give you more money to buy it.

So he headed downstairs where a large group of witches and wizards were busy milling over what they had bought. When Harry entered the convention hall he found charms, necklaces for

transfiguration, even Animagi potions. There was a large selection of books and even hard-to-find potion ingredients. Harry walked up to one counter and a man with no teeth looked up.

"And what can I do for you, young man?" the man asked.

"I'm looking for a charm that will keep someone from entering my mind," Harry told him.

"Don't have anything like that but Madam Booth does have the more 'hard to find' charms. You might want to try her."

"Thank," Harry said and went to look for her booth.

Five minutes later he found her booth and the old witch had what Harry was looking for. He paid seven gold galleons for the charm and had it placed in a box. Harry then wrote more stuff down that the convention had and got a golden egg for Hermione.

Harry had some lunch in the dining room and then went down to the lake to enjoy the sun with the rest of those that were sick and tired of buying. As he was enjoying himself he heard someone calling out his name. He turned and was totally shocked to find Pansy standing there.

"Hay, Harry," she called out and ran over, "Fancy seeing you here?"

"I didn't know that you were coming to the Potions Convention?" Harry said and Pansy laughed.

"Dad likes to use this event to find some hard-to-find poisons," Pansy said, "So where's Snape at?"

"In his coffin," Harry answered.

"Well since your alone why don't you meet my mum and dad," Pansy said, "I've been telling them plenty about you and don't worry I left out the part of you defeating the Dark Lord."

"Thanks," Harry said and he went with her.

Mrs. Parkinson was busy sunning herself but stopped when she saw Harry. Of course that could be because he was in her sun. She lowered her sunglasses and smiled at him.

"A fellow Slytherin," she said, "Well welcome to France and all the stupidity that goes with it."

"Thanks, I'm really enjoying myself," Harry said, "So how long have you been here?"

"We just checked in today," Mrs. Parkinson said. "Now where is Fred at?"

She looked around and then suddenly everyone started to scream. "Oh great, he's transfigured himself into a shark again."

"This is embarrassing, mum," Pansy said.

"Don't look at me, this was all his idea," Mrs. Parkinson said. "Excuse me."

"I'm so sorry about this," Pansy told him.

"That's alright, at least I know my summer isn't going to be dull," Harry told her just as a loud BANG told them that someone had just gotten hex.

"STOP TRYING TO EAT THE LOCALS!" Mrs. Parkinson screamed and they both laughed.

Note: See you tomorrow.

Chapter 27: Diagon Alley

Harry and Snape stayed in France until the convention was over and then they returned to England. It had been a very wonderful week but Harry was looking forward to the new term and to see all of his old friends. Once back at the Manor Harry unloaded his things and then rested from the entire lag that he had suffered. It might not be jetlag (he didn't know what that was like since he had never been in a plane) but he was sure that this was what it was like.

After Snape was back in his coffin Harry headed up to his room and asked one of the house elves to bring him something to eat.

"Tune, will be more then happy to do it," the little elf said and vanished.

While he was waiting for his food Harry was allowed to think about what Dobby had told him. He said that someone was plotting something this coming term but who. Snape had told him that Dobby belonged to Lucius Malfoy but it could easily have been his son that had done it. He wondered if losing his mother hadn't made Malfoy Jr. a little unstable. When his food arrived there was a note and Harry figured that Snape must have had it timed to deliver at a certain time.

"I'll take care of the list once I'm done eating," Harry told the elf and the elf vanished.

The food that the elf had brought was a chicken sandwich and a bottle of coke. It had surprised Harry that elves knew what coke was. He popped open the top and took a long drink, glad for the caffeine that it would give him. He then started on his sandwich, the list playing on his mind.

"Snape is back!" Sirius said to Dumbledore.

"I know, I could sense him entering the country with Harry," Dumbledore said to him.

Sirius looked at him and then asked, "Do you know where Harry is at all times?"

"I know where the troubled kids are at all times," Dumbledore said, "The ones that have the ability to go dark."

"If you're talking about Harry as though he's already a Death Eater then I hate to rain on your parade. Harry will never take the dark mark."

"That's what they all say," Dumbledore said, "Oh I heard that Dobby visited Snape Manor or whatever Severus is calling it."

"So," Sirius said.

"I think that Dobby tried to warn Harry about not returning to Hogwarts, wish he had enough sense to warn Neville instead."

"And why?" Sirius asked him.

"Because Neville needs all the help that he can get this term," Dumbledore said, "With that idiot Lockhart that I was force to hire he's going to need someone to keep him informed of anything that might endanger Hogwarts."

"How about Harry, how about telling him as well," Sirius suggested.

Dumbledore smiled at him and Sirius found him hating that smile, "Sirius, Potter isn't the Chosen One and therefore not privy to any information. I want him to focus on taking over for Severus when he retires in about five years, that's what's most important."

Sirius wished that Dumbledore would just die.

Harry arrived in Diagon Alley with the list that Snape needed filled. He first went to get a new supply of ink, quill, and parchment that Snape said that he had ordered and then he needed to go into Flourish and Blotts to get a couple of books that Snape said had come in. When he entered he noticed a book on display called "How To Be A Animagi in Twelve Easy steps."

Harry picked it up and then went to the counter.

"Yes, I'm Professor Snape's apprentice and he said that some books were ready for pick-up," Harry said.

The Manager nodded and went into the back. Ten minutes later he returned and put the stack of books on the counter.

"Will your Master add this to the total?" the Manager asked.

"No, I'm paying for this myself," Harry said.

He wrote out the amount on a green piece of parchment and handed it to the manager.

"Glad to be doing business," he said and Harry left.

He then went to get some potion supplies that Snape was low on and then headed to Knockturn Alley. He had never been there but Snape had given him directions and soon he found himself in-front of the Fang Diner. It was a soot covered place that had no windows. When he walked in several people turned. Harry had a funny feeling that they were vampires, just like his Master.

"What can I do for you, tasty human?" the man behind the bar asked.

Harry produced the note and handed it to him. Once he had read it he nodded and went into the back. No sooner was he gone that two of the people there rose up. At once Harry prepared to defend himself but then the man returned.

"Stand back or I'm baring you from coming back," the man told him. "Here you go and tell your Master that we appreciate his business."

"I'll tell him that," Harry said and thankfully was able to leave.

When he arrived back home it was almost nightfall and so that meant that soon Snape would be up. He put everything that Snape had asked for, minus the animagi book, where Snape told him that all daytime deliveries had to be placed and then went up to his room. He was really looking forward to changing when not angry.

"I see that you got everything that I asked for," Snape told Potter when he had woken up.

He had been worried that Potter wouldn't be able to follow directions but with everything that he needed right here he figured that the boy could do a few small things.

"I almost got attacked at the Fang Diner," Potter told him.

"But you lived and that's what's important," Snape said to him, "Tomorrow morning I won't have you doing anything except taking stock of what cauldrons that I have that need to be thrown out or can be repaired. I'll teach you some basic repairing spells."

"But I thought that I couldn't do magic outside of school, I mean, I almost got expelled for it," Potter said.

"Down in the room that their needing to be sorted is warded to prevent the Ministry from detecting underage magic," Snape said, "However I don't want it to be used for any illegal activities."

"Yes, sir," Potter said.

"Good," Snape said and then took a bottle of whatever he had ordered from the Fang Diner and poured into a goblet. The metallic smell of blood hit Potter in the face from what Snape had seen.

"I think I'll leave," Potter said and he ran out.

Snape didn't grin at his retreat; he figured that he would have acted the same way.

"Dobby," Lucius Malfoy called out.

He was holding a letter from the Ministry, telling him that Dobby had been caught at the Snape residence. At once he wanted answers and he was going to get them. The elf appeared and was looking at the ground.

"Do you know what this is, Dobby?" Lucius asked.

"No, Master," Dobby answered.

"It's a notice from the Ministry of Magic, from my work, telling me that you have been at Snape's house. Now why were you there and I'm ordering you not to lie."

Lucius knew that Dobby couldn't go against a direct order and he grinned. He loved having full control over his house elves.

"Dobby was looking for other work, Master," Dobby answered.

"Are you lying to me, Dobby, are you going against your Master," Lucius asked.

"No," Dobby said, "Master ordered me to tell the truth and Dobby is a good house elf and will always tell the truth."

"Then why did you think that Snape would hire you?" Lucius said, "Do you wish to be free of me?"

"Yes," Dobby answered.

He took out his wand and muttered, "Crucio." And Dobby screamed in pain. He held the wand at the elf for five minutes before removing it.

"Don't ever think that you can outwit me," Lucius said, "I want you to go and hit yourself with every object's that's hard."

"Yes, Master," Dobby said and vanished.

The screams could still be heard late at night.

Harry's Hogwarts letter finally arrived and what he saw on the list of things that he needed he didn't think was even possible. He needed The Standard Book of Spells grade two and then every thing after that was by Lockhart. Harry knew that Lockhart was the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher but to have all his books was beyond ridiculous.

"I see their making you get all of Lockhart's books," Snape said.

"Yes, but why?" Harry asked. "I mean, isn't it sort of stupid."

"Yes and being stupid is what Lockhart is known for," Snape told him, "He wants everyone to believe that he did all these things. Personally I find it a little odd that he can do anything."

"I'm sure that Hermione will like him," Harry said.

"I'm sure that she will," Snape said, "Will you be okay going by yourself?"

"I'll be fine," Harry said.

Snape nodded and then went to read his paper.

"So anymore stupidity coming from Dumbledore," Remus asked Sirius.

"If you're talking about his continued delusional mind, then there's plenty of stupidity coming from him."

Remus sighed, "I wish I was the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

"I know but Dumbledore is watching out for anyone that might still believe that Harry is the Chosen One," Sirius said, "I doubt that he'll hire you just for the reason that you might believe Harry."

"Something has to be done about him," Remus said.

"Trust me; I've been thinking about deposing of that old coot but I've got this nasty feeling that someone would find out."

"Too bad, sounds like a fine idea to me," Remus said.

Note: See you tomorrow.

Chapter 28: Moving Forward

Harry headed to Diagon Alley to buy his school supplies. He was expecting not to have any problems as all he needed was his books, re-filled on potion ingredients, ink, quill, and parchment. He flooed to Diagon Alley and muttered a simple spell that got rid of all the soot.

"Mr. Potter welcome back," Tom said, smiling at him.

"Thank you, Tom, I'm glad to be back," Harry said to him.

"Getting anything for your Master this time?" Tom asked and Harry shook his head, "Well then it's just school supplies."

"Yes," Harry said and then he left before Tom could ask him anymore questions.

One of the things that Harry had learned from his first year is that people thought and thinking was never a good thing. Dumbledore thought what he wanted, Snape got over his false thoughts, Ron was being a git with his thoughts, and many others just didn't think at all. Naturally he didn't include Hermione in that but that might change this year. When he stepped foot in Diagon Alley he headed for Gringotts to get his money and hopefully see Hermione or someone else that he knew that was friendly.

"Harry," yelled Neville and Harry turned to see Neville Longbottom standing there.

Harry walked over and gave Neville a winning smile. He was with his gran; at least he thought she was Neville's gran.

"Hello, Harry," Neville's might be gran said, "I'm Neville's gran."

Okay, so now Harry knew that this was Neville's gran. "Hello, Mrs. Longbottom?"

"Such a polite young man," Mrs. Longbottom said, "My grandson was just telling me how he saved you from being hurt last term. I must say that I'm very proud of him."

"I didn't know that he had done this," Harry said, "All I knew was that someone had told the Headmaster and they were brought in."

"Yeah and I'm afraid that if the Gryffindors find out that they might hurt me, I'm not that good at magic," Neville said.

"Want me to help you," Harry suggested.

"Oh that's a fine idea," Mrs. Longbottom said, "Neville told me that you didn't do so well in Potions, at first, but you worked very hard and are very loyal to your friends. I do feel sorry for Theodora Nott, poor boys father got locked up in Azkaban."

"That's what he told me, doesn't feel sorry about it," Harry told her.

"Well we can still feel sorry for him," she said, "Well we got loads of shopping to do and this time he's going to remember to bring everything."

And both of them left.

In Gringotts Harry made a withdraw and then went to get something to eat. As he ate he thought about what Dumbledore was doing to poor Neville. It just wasn't right that he was being asked to save the entire Wizarding world. Of course Harry felt relieved. He could train and not be required to actually run out and save the world. He could live with that.

When he was done eating he headed for Flourish and Blotts where he ran into Nott. It seemed strange that he had just been talking about Nott and here he was.

"Hay, are you here to get your stupid Lockhart books?" he asked.

"Yeah, Snape says that he doesn't believe a word of what Lockhart did," Harry said to him.

"That's what I've been thinking but the women like him," Nott said. "But I think they like him because he's handsome."

"Great, we have to put up with an entire term of Mr. Handsome that might not even know what he's doing."

"At least its someone," Nott pointed out.

"Yeah, but I don't have to like it," Harry said.

After Harry had paid for his books he left and headed to get his ink, quill, and parchment. It surprised him how much parchment he had gone through the pervious year. He bought two bottles of ink and a new quill because his had snapped when he had gotten mad. In the Apothecary he told the manager what he needed and then he was asked if he was getting anything for his Master.

"No, just myself," Harry said and then he paid for them.

As Harry headed back to the Leaky Cauldron he noticed an article in the Daily Prophet. He paid for it and stared at it, shocked.

"What the-." Harry said and then hurried to the Leaky Cauldron.

"Can you believe what their doing," Professor McGonagall said, showing Hagrid the article.

"Yeah, sad day for vampires," Hagrid said.

"But this is completely insane," McGonagall said, "Their just using people's fear to put this law in place."

"Well people are more comfortable having a werewolf around then a vampire," Sirius said.

"So you agree with this," McGonagall asked him, daring him to disagree with her.

"Of course not," Sirius said, "But you have to admit that they do have a point."

"No, they don't," McGonagall said, "I hope that Dumbledore is planning on doing something about this."

"Why don't you ask him," Sirius suggested.

McGonagall got up quickly and said, "I will," and then left.

When McGonagall walked in she saw that Dumbledore was talking to someone and the fact that he wore a red cloak was enough to make her inside's freeze. Vampire hunters wore red cloaks.

"I know that you think that Snape is safe but he's a blood sucker," he said, "Look what he did to the Dursley's."

"Williams, I know what you're thinking but he hasn't attacked anyone inside this castle."

"But he could," Williams said.

"Mr. Potter is under contract that can't be terminated," Dumbledore said, "I'll put my reputation on the line by saying that Severus is safe."

"I don't know if that will go well with the others," Williams said, "But if I get one report that someone's been bitten by a vampire I will know that it's Snape."

And he left.

"Albus, this isn't right," McGonagall said.

"I know but there's nothing that I can do," he said, "I'm just hoping that Severus doesn't attack anyone."

"Well he won't," McGonagall said.

"So what did you want to talk to me about, Minerva, and it better not have your continuing belief that Potter is the Chosen One."

"No, I've dropped that," McGonagall said, "I wanted to tell you that I read the article the Daily Prophet has sent out. I think that what's going on with the vampires is wrong."

"And I agree but there's nothing that we can do," Dumbledore told her.

"I thought you had power?" McGonagall said to him, putting her hands on her hips.

"I do but not with this case," Dumbledore said, "The public believes that vampires are a danger that needs to be wiped out and I can't do anything to change their views."

"So you would let them take Severus away," McGonagall said.

"No, I won't," Dumbledore said, "That's why I worked hard to convince him that it would be unwise to stake Severus."

"Well I hope one isn't waiting on them when Severus reports for work."

"I was promised that there wouldn't be," Dumbledore told her.

"Well then you better live up to that promise," McGonagall said and left.

When she got back Sirius asked her what Dumbledore had said.

"He said that he was going to make sure that nothing happened to Severus,"

McGonagall said, "But I'll believe that when I see it."

Sirius looked at her, "You don't think that Dumbledore would allow them to stake him."

"I don't know," McGonagall said, "Half the time I don't know what's running through that brain of his. But it does get me worried that if Dumbledore discovers that we're doing something that he doesn't like that he'll throw Severus right to those damn vampire hunters."

"And then people would know that Dumbledore doesn't really care about people," Hagrid said.

"Yeah, that's what I'm thinking," Sirius said.

"And that's what I'm agreeing about," McGonagall said.

When Snape woke up Harry at once showed him the article that the Daily Prophet had written. The look on Snape's face told Harry that he didn't like where this was going.

"What are we going to do?" Harry asked him.

"You, Harry, have no power to stop this," Snape told him, "I just have to be careful."

"You don't think they'll stake you, do you?" Harry asked him and the tone told Snape that he hoped not.

"Not if Dumbledore doesn't want people to believe that he cares nothing for people," Snape said, "So that means that now Dumbledore is under pressure. He'll crack and then finally we'll get someone that cares."

"Well I care," Harry said.

"And if you make it to Headmaster, you'll be a fine one," Snape told him.

"Thanks," Harry said.

"So did you get your things for the term?" Snape asked him.

"Yes and I ran into Neville and his gran, along with Nott," Harry said, "I've told Neville that I'll help him with his spells."

"I hope that includes Potions," Snape told Harry, "He could learn a lot from you and keep myself from wanting to throw myself into the sun."

Harry laughed, "I was thinking along those lines," he said, "Though I heard that Sirius is going to be taking over Potions."

"There are a lot of things that Black is taking over," Snape said, "Though Potions is one of them. Despite the fact that I don't actually like him he's good in Potions, enough to ensure that none of you mess up."

"Nott also told me that his family doesn't believe that Lockhart did any of the things in his books," Harry said. "Also he said that women like him because he's handsome."

"That's what someone told me," Snape said, "Just be care of him. He might look like an idiot but he could cause real problems."

"Thanks for the warning," Harry said.

Note: I'll see you all tomorrow.

Chapter 29: Snape's Move

"I must admit that I didn't expect you to want to go against a man that saved you from Azkaban," said the man that visited a week after Harry had gotten his things.

"Times change," Snape said in a cold voice, "Dumbledore has proven to be a Master manipulator and I'm tired of being his puppet. He's putting my wards life in grave danger and has failed to even consider that his impressions are false."

"The deposal of Albus Dumbledore must be done with great care," he said, "Naturally I carry no love for any moral and Dumbledore had failed to provide my people with the protection that he promise during the first Wizarding war."

"Which is why I asked for you to come, I know that you hate Dumbledore as much as I hate him and the Dark Lord combined. Also I fear that if he should find out the depths of my deception that I shall see the pointed end of a stake."

"Which we can't allow," he said, "Very well, my kind will work on a way of getting rid of him but you must promise that your ward will work to give us the rights that we so need."

Snape grinned at him, "Oh I think that can be provided," he said, "Harry is very much for the vampire cause. He's already shown a great dislike for the law and with beliefs that I shall implant in his mind, valid beliefs, then we shall have a fine Headmaster soon."

"I hope that you live that long to see it," the man said.

"Vincent, I shall," Snape said.

Vincent stood up and then vanished into a puff of smoke.

Snape left the room and almost ran into Harry. He was carrying a small barrel that looked like eel tails. At once he asked how the meeting went.

"It went very well," Snape said, "Vincent has full belief in what you've shown to dislike."

"I'm glad," Harry said, "Doing this to vampires, werewolves, and any creature that's considered dark is wrong. I won't stand for it."

"Such a bold statement," Snape said.

"It's a statement that I believe in," Harry said, "Is there anything else that you want me to do?"

"I have some beetle eyes that I need for you to bring up from storage," Snape told him.

"Very well," Harry said and he was gone.

Dear Remus,

So far nothing has happened to Harry, unless you count Lucius Malfoy's House Elf arriving at the Severus house and almost getting Harry expelled. Anyway, there's a new vampire law that came out and we almost had one staked Potions Master. I'll keep you update on what's going on when I get the information.

Sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

"Oh just great," Remus muttered.

He took out a sheet of parchment and wrote:

Dear Minerva,

Glad to hear that Harry wasn't expelled. That idiot Dumbledore probably didn't even lift a hand to save him. Anyway, hope that you can convince him to let me be the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher next term. I don't think that Lockhart will survive.

Sincerely,

Remus

He gave it to the owl, which flew away. He then opened the box that Severus had delivered and saw a fresh batch of Wolfsbane.

"Thanks, Severus," Remus said.

Harry was busy gently pouring some armadillo bile into a tube when there was a tapping on the window. He placed it on the table and opened the window, letting the owl in. Tied to it was a letter and when Harry took it he saw that it was from Ron. Frowning he opened it and read:

Harry, you've got to help me. I'm staying at the Leaky Cauldron but I won't be able to stay there for long.

-Ron

Harry had a bad feeling about this and so he grabbed some floo and headed for the Leaky Cauldron. When he arrived he saw Ron setting at a table and he joined him.

"Ron, what's wrong?" Harry asked.

"My mother has been acting bad and told me that she planned on sending me to the States so that she wouldn't have to look at her failure," Ron said, "She said that she's ashamed that I was resorted into Slytherin and now I know their looking for me. I don't want to go to the States."

"Why don't you stay with me and Snape," Harry said, "Until we can get this matter sorted."

"Thanks," Ron said.

"Did you get your supplies?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I had enough to get them," Ron said, "My Aunt owled me some money to pay for a week as well."

"How many days do you have left?" Harry asked him.

"I'm supposed to check out tomorrow," Ron answered.

"Well then check out now and we'll floo there," Harry said.

"Thanks again," Ron said and he went upstairs to get his things and turn his key in.

When Harry returned to the manor with Ron Harry took him to one of the bedrooms that wasn't being used and then had one of the house elves get Ron something to eat.

"He's a guest here," Harry told the elf.

"Then I'll get it right away," the elf said and vanished.

"You didn't have to do that," Ron told him.

"Nonsense, I don't have anyone to talk to since Snape went all fang on me," Harry told him.

Ron gulped and went white, "He's not up, is he?"

"No but I better get back to the bile," Harry told him, "Just stay here and I'll tell Snape what happened."

And he left.

Harry got done well before Snape woke up and when Ron joined them for dinner Harry told Snape what had happened at the Burrow.

"Not surprised," Snape said, "And since you're here you can help Harry with his chores. I have an important meeting tomorrow night and I want Harry to pull some of the fine wine out, Number 321, their labeled so Harry won't make a mistake."

"Anything else," Harry asked him.

"I've got a crate arriving tomorrow morning, don't open it," Snape advised. "Also Remus Lupin is visiting tomorrow night as well, after the meeting. Take him to the Drawing Room."

Harry nodded.

"I'm also going to have a talk with Mr. Weasley about what's been going on. Sirius Black escaped from his home due to almost the

same thing. I'm going to find out what's been playing around in Molly Weasley's brain."

"I've got a bad feeling that it's not going to be good," Harry said.

"Most likely your right," Snape said, "Now remember while I'm gone I don't want you to be looking at my books on the Dark Arts. Dumbledore already thinks that you're going to become a Death Eater and I don't want that delusion to be proven true."

"What's a Death Eater and why does he think that I'm going to become one?"

"A Death Eater, Harry, is someone that worked for You-Know-Who," Ron said.

"And its all part of the whole Slytherin turns dark thing that Dumbledore and most Headmasters and Mistress thought. Of course what didn't help was the fact that most did join him."

"But not all of them," Harry said.

"No, their called the 'Gray families,' they believe in what the Dark Lord believes but they refuse to join him. They don't like the inside of Azkaban. Also the Dark Lord loves to preach how he's all for the equal rights of dark creatures but he's full of bull. He cares nothing for people like me and he never will."

"Then why believe him?"

"Because people are willing to believe anything if their fooled by charm and pretty words," Snape said. "Of course it's up to the person to decide if their going to turn dark. Just because a person is in Slytherin doesn't mean that their evil just like those in the other houses are not necessarily good. It's all about choices and what we do about them."

"So I won't turn dark," Harry said.

"Unless you want to," Snape said.

"Well I don't want to," Harry said.

"Good boy," Snape said, "And remember this. It's not our abilities that determine who we truly are, it's our choices."

And he left the boys at the table.

"Severus, what brings you here?" Dumbledore asked when Snape arrived.

"I've got a bone to pick with you," Snape told him.

"What do you mean, Severus?" Dumbledore asked.

"Did you tell Molly Weasley to basally disown her son?" Snape asked, "And I better not find out that your lying."

"Of course not," Dumbledore said, "Why, what happened?"

"Harry got a letter from Mr. Weasley and he found out that Molly wants to send her son to the States. What is going on here?"

"Well you know that she feels like her Gryffindor pride has been wounded," Dumbledore told him.

"To hell with Gryffindor pride, you placed him and Miss Granger in Slytherin after what they did to Harry."

"True but it was your idea," Dumbledore said.

"Because I wanted to teach them a lesson and you're the one that said that they would remain in Slytherin until they graduated."

Dumbledore nodded in agreement and then said, "I'll have a talk with Molly."

"You better," Snape said, "Because what she did was wrong. Mr. Weasley is only twelve, not twenty."

And he stormed out.

Note: Dumbledore should of told Molly how things were to be, since he likes to manipulate people. See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 30: A Second Talk with Remus

When Snape returned he told Harry and Ron what he had told the Headmaster. At once Harry wanted to know if Dumbledore would do anything about it.

"I highly doubt that he will," Snape said, "But if he wants to keep a good face he'll take care of it."

"Why is this all about what will make Dumbledore look good?" Ron asked him.

"Because he cares about appearances," Snape answered. "Now why don't you both go to bed?"

"We will," Harry said and they both headed upstairs.

Harry woke up the next morning to a hot breakfast for both him and Ron. As they ate Harry told him that he thought the crate might be heavy and that they couldn't use magic on it.

"Why not?"

"Well one: it might explode if we use magic and two: it's against the law to use magic outside of school."

"Point taken," Ron said.

When the crate arrived it was heavy but both he and Ron managed to get it where Harry told him Snape expected. The walk towards the large room was hard, as the paintings kept snickering at them.

"Oh shut up," Harry snapped.

Once it was loaded in a corner then they headed to get the bottles that Snape had asked for.

"Why did you summon me," Mrs. Weasley asked him.

"Because of what you did to your son, Ron," Dumbledore told her.

Mrs. Weasley went red and said, "I don't know why you're even bothering with him. Ron has tarnished our fine name by being in Slytherin."

"I put him in there because of what he did to Harry," Dumbledore said to her.

Mrs. Weasley went even redder, "And why should you care about some filthy Slytherin that will just end up being a Death Eater?"

"Because that's the point of pretending to care," Dumbledore said, "Severus believes that I'm wrong when I said that Harry isn't the Chosen One and I have to put up with even the air that he thinks that he's right all the time. By you doing that to your son you've placed me in a very bad position."

"And what bad position is that?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"Some people believe that I'm wrong, that I should protect Harry no matter what and those people are in power," Dumbledore told her. "That's why I'm asking you to allow your son to return home and not to place him in the States."

Mrs. Weasley looked at him and then said, "Fine."

"Good," Dumbledore said, "Now I have things to get ready for, you know the term is due to start soon."

Mrs. Weasley turned and left and Dumbledore allowed himself a small smile.

"You know that Dumbledore is going to play this to his advantage," Sirius told McGonagall.

"Of course he's going to," McGonagall said, "He should have been placed in Slytherin."

"And if he had then we would have two dark lords to worry about," Sirius said, "Oh I heard that Remus is going to be meeting Snape."

"Good, I'm glad that Severus is trying to be friends with him," McGonagall said. "Oh

Moody is once again causing trouble."

Sirius looked at her, "What did he do this time?" he asked.

"He attacked a cat covered in potato peelings," McGonagall answered, "If he continues like this then he'll be before the Ministry of Magic."

"Is he an old friend of Dumbledore?" Sirius asked her.

"Yeah," McGonagall answered.

Sirius snorted, "He'll try and get him off and win," Sirius predicted.

"You're probably right," McGonagall said.

"I know I'm right," Sirius said.

Snape allowed three vampires in, a woman and two men, and directed them into the parlor. He had sent both boys off to bed, early, since the next day would be Harry's birthday and he wanted the boy rested.

"This is Velma and Michel," said the third vampire, "I'm Horus."

"How long have you been a vampire?" Snape asked.

"Since before Cleopatra," Horus told him, "You're still new to our world, aren't you?"

"Correct but I'm very close to Dumbledore," Snape told Horus, "But I fear that I might not be for long."

"And the reason for our meeting," Velma asked him.

"Soon the Dark Lord will be defeated and I know that your clan is very anti-Voldemort," Snape told her, "I know that you wouldn't reveal to anyone this meeting or its contents. Also Harry, my apprentice, is showing signs of being the very kind of person that Voldemort would never become, the kind that can give us our rights and not lie about it."

"I'm most interested in that," Michel said, "Dumbledore has prohibited our children from attending Hogwarts."

Snape poured something out of the bottle. He was thankful that Harry hadn't opened it or he would have known that it wasn't wine. He handed it to Velma, who smiled as she accepted it.

"Thank you," Velma said, "I'm a high ranking member of the Red Clan and anyone that's honest about supporting our cause is to be admired and respected."

"That I agree with," Snape said, "He hasn't been raised in the Wizarding World and carry none of the beliefs. There's something about people being born away from our world that does have its uses."

"I totally agree," Horus said. "So is he willing to put those beliefs out there?"

"Of course," Snape said, "I've got a feeling that he's going to have problems but that's expected of people that want change."

"What about the biggest problem, Umbridge," Velma said.

Snape hissed, flashing fang. "Don't mention that horrible woman to me," he said, "I'm afraid that we might have to get rid of her. But it can't be in a way that will point to us."

Velma and the rest looked interested. "And how do you propose to do that?" Horus asked.

"Leave that up to my apprentice," Snape said, "He seems very gifted in the Dark Arts."

"And he can have her disposed of," Michel said.

"Of course," Snape said, grinning and offering them glasses.

"Well then let us begin," Velma said.

Snape grinned at her, "Oh yes, let's begin."

When the three of them had left Snape had a house elf get rid of the evidence and then he waited. A few minutes later Remus appeared and both men shook hands.

"Would you like to have some tea?" he asked.

"Yes, please," Remus said and the elf went to get it, "What I want to know is why you wanted to see me."

"Well I was wondering several things," Snape said.

"Like what?"

"Well I was wondering if you were interested in become the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher in some near future."

"Of course," Remus said, "I was hoping to be one next term as I don't think that Lockhart will survive."

Snape grinned at him and then elf returned with the tea. "Oh I've got a very good feeling that he won't. So has Sirius talked yet about what our dear demented Headmaster is doing?"

"Oh nothing much except that he believes that Lockhart will help Neville out."

"Don't we all know that to be the truth," Snape said, "It seems that Dumbledore is now investing his time on Longbottom instead on who he should be focusing it on."

"That's what I told him," Remus said, "But Sirius knows that Dumbledore won't listen."

"Until it's too late," Snape commented and Remus agreed.

"So how are you going to allow me to have the post," Remus asked him, "I know that you still want to be the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

"I'm not taking the post, though I'll keep on nagging him about it," Snape said, "Just to keep up appearances but I'm planning on leaving when Harry leaves and go away. I know that the other vampires will accept me."

"I'm glad to hear that," Remus said, "I'm sure that Harry will make a fine Potions Master."

"Yes, he will," Snape said, "Though I'm worried that Dumbledore will try something to keep him from getting that post."

"Like what?" Remus asked, drinking tea.

"I don't know yet but I'll find out," Snape said to him.

"Well, hope that you do find out before you leave England forever," Remus said to him.

Snape smiled at him, "Oh I will, don't you worry."

Note: See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 31: Discovery

Harry had never had a birthday party and Snape had never given one so they were the first in that area. Hermione arrived with her parents and a very large cake (sugar free since her parents were dentists) and Harry saw that Snape was able to hold a conversation with them. Remus appeared with a very young woman that looked like she was in her seventh year. What made it strange was the fact that her hair changed color. She had her parents with her and it looked as though the man had gone to seed.

"Oh me like parties," the girl said.

"Just as long as no one gets drunk then I'm fine," Remus said.

A black man that Snape introduced as Kingsley Shacklebolt shook Harry's hand and asked him if he was okay.

"I'm fine," Harry said.

"Glad to hear that though don't let the Department of Mysteries near you," he said.

"Why?" Harry asked who had never heard of the Department of Mysteries before.

"They'll want to interview you about death," Kingsley answered.

"Oh great what I need my name in the paper," Harry muttered.

He turned to Snape, "I heard that Lockhart was made the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

"Don't remind me," Snape said as Harry left them at it.

"Having fun?" Hermione asked just as Nott and Pansy walked in.

"Yeah, I'm really enjoying myself," Harry confessed, "A lot better than last year when Dudley couldn't count how many presents that he got."

Hermione laughed and Ron joined them.

"What's so funny?" Ron asked them.

"Nothing, just asking Harry if he was enjoying himself," Hermione said, "He mentioned about his cousin not being able to count his presents."

Ron snickered and then Nott and Pansy joined them. "So how are the newbie snakes doing?"

"Why are you calling us that?" Ron asked her.

"Because you've not been in Slytherin for a full year," Pansy said, "Oh I heard that your birthday is a few days after term starts so I got this off of dad. Don't tell him that I gave it to you."

She handed a book over to Hermione and Hermione looked at the title. "Thanks."

"What's it about?" Harry asked.

"Necromancy," Hermione said, "Tyler mentioned that I have a gift for it."

"Oh doing the dark arts, Granger, what will your parents think?"

"Personally the person that I don't care about thinking is Dumbledore," Hermione said,

"He came over and checked on me."

They all looked at her, "What do you mean, he checked on you?" Harry asked.

"I don't know, he just checked on me," Hermione said, "I had a bad feeling about him and told my mother that I wanted to be left alone to study."

"Did it work?" Ron asked.

"Well he didn't come up and check on me," Hermione said, "So I guess it worked."

"What is Dumbledore's problem?" Nott asked, "He came over and checked on me as well."

"And me too," Pansy said.

"Do you think that he thinks that I'm training to defeat the Dark Lord?" Harry asked them.

"I don't know but mum said that he gave her the creeps," Hermione said, "And mum never says that about anyone."

"Is your mum a good judge of character?" Nott asked.

"Yeah," Hermione answered.

"Then we'll trust her judgment," Nott said and then Remus came over.

"I hope you two aren't plotting a take over," he told them and they all laughed.

"No, talking about the fact that my mum said that Dumbledore gave her the creeps," Hermione said.

Remus looked at her, "What do you mean?" he asked her and then Hermione repeated what had happened. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Hermione said, "But she said that it felt as though he was prodding her mind."

Remus got mad, "Oh that's low, even for him."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Legitimacy (sorry if I misspelled that)," Remus said, "He was trying to enter Mrs. Granger's mind."

"That's what Snape wants to teach me," Harry said.

"I'm amazed that your mum was able to pick that up," Remus said.

"Well she does have a lot of talents," Hermione said.

"So why do you think he did that to her mum," Nott asked Remus.

"Most likely he was trying to find out some information, thought that Hermione might have told her something," Remus said, "I'll let Severus know about this."

"Thanks," Harry said and Remus left them alone.

Despite the news Harry had fun and then it was time to open the presents. Professor McGonagall arrived with a huge one and Harry opened that first. It turned out to be a cabinet that McGonagall said Snape could unshrink.

"Thanks," Harry said.

"No problem," McGonagall said and then Harry opened the present from Hermione.

It was a book that didn't have a title on it and Hermione told him that she had to go to Knockturn Alley to get it.

"It's not dark is it, Miss Granger?" McGonagall asked.

"I don't know, he just said that Harry would like it," Hermione said.

"Well I better check it," Snape said and he took out his wand.

He made several motions with it and it let out a horrible scream and then opened. Inside wasn't pages but they could see Dumbledore walking around.

"Wicked, it's a Seeing Mirror," Nott said, "He can't hear a dang word we're saying but we can watch him."

"I hope he doesn't do anything gross," Harry said.

They watched as Dumbledore let someone enter and they all saw that it was Mr. Weasley.

"I do hope that your plan works out, Albus," Mr. Weasley said.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure that Severus is locked away in Azkaban," Dumbledore told him, "Then I'll hand Potter over to the next Potions Master."

"Why that little-." McGonagall snarled.

"A one way trip to Azkaban," Dumbledore said, "And the idiot Kingsley Shacklebolt will do whatever I tell him."

"What about Tom Riddle?" Mr. Weasley asked, "Are you sure when he returns we'll be able to control him. He's been in Albania for far too long."

Dumbledore laughed, "Oh I've got that fool controlled really well," Dumbledore said,

"I'm the one that made him what he is. Can you imagine, a full fifty years under the Imperius Curse, doing exactly what I tell him and killing who I want dead. That Mudblood Lily Evens was as expendable as cheap wine and that James Potter, oh what a perfect plan that I had."

"Albus, anyone-."

"Arthur, no one can hear us," Dumbledore said. "This is the plan. Once the term begins I will ensure that, um, certain things happen and when the time is right I want you to bring our dear little victim in. I'll take Severus wand and use it to kill her. The Ministry will think that Severus has gone back to his Death Eater ways and he'll be kissed for the murder of Luna Lovegood."

"That's our neighbor," Ron said.

"What about Potter, the filthy half-blood," Mr. Weasley asked.

"I'll get him locked away for the murder of Ginny Weasley," Dumbledore said,

"Nothing is to keep Neville from killing our controlled puppet. Once he's murdered Riddle then I'll have him locked away for Riddle's death. Get rid of Riddle, the truth, and the icon."

"Oh I love how your mind works," Mr. Weasley said.

Dumbledore grinned evilly, "Oh and that's not the best part. Once Riddle's dead, Potter's been locked away, Severus has been kissed, and Neville is gone then I'll kill the entire Order and rise up as the new Dark Lord. I've been hiding under this blanket of being good for far too long."

"I hope that doesn't include me," Mr. Weasley said.

"Now why would I kill my partner," Dumbledore told him and to their horror they kissed.

"Dumbledore is gay!" Snape said.

"My father is gay," Ron said as Harry slammed the Seeing mirror shut.

"Then all of this has just been one big cover-up," Hermione said, "The pretending to be upset that Harry was bullied, being Harry's mum's friend, pretending to care about students, pretending to want those that attacked Harry in Azkaban."

"I can't believe that Dumbledore plans to put Severus in Azkaban," Kingsley said.

"We need to do something about this," Nott said.

"And who's Riddle?" Ron asked.

"Tom Riddle, the Heir of Slytherin," McGonagall told them. "He's also known as Lord Voldemort."

"So Dumbledore's been controlling him since-."

"Since he started Hogwarts," McGonagall said.

"So what are we going to do?" Hermione asked.

"Well there's not much that we can do, right now," McGonagall said, "Gods, we thought that we were fighting against the Dark Lord when in-fact Dumbledore had it all planned out."

"We need to remove that spell from him," Hermione said.

"The only way that we can do that is if he returns to physical form and that requires dark magic," McGonagall said.

"I'll do that," Snape said, "Once I do enough research to remove the spells as well as the ones that were placed on him. If it can be done then he'll return to normal."

"Can it be done?" Ron asked.

"Anything can be done," Snape told him.

"Then that's what we'll do," McGonagall said to them, "Riddle was a bright student, brighter than me, and he would be a great asset to the Hogwarts staff."

"What about what Dumbledore has done, his plotting," Remus asked.

"I can have him arrested," Kingsley said, "I'll show the other Aurors my memories and then I'll show it to Fudge. He'll be in Azkaban before you know it."

"Good and then we can move on," Snape said.

"And everyone will have their lives back," McGonagall said and they continued to open Harry's presents.

Note: Now the quest has changed, now they're going to save Tom Riddle from continuing to be a victim of Dumbledore. Also if no one likes what I had just written I thought that it would be interesting to have Tom as being controlled by Dumbledore and having Dumbledore being evil. See you tomorrow when I update.

Chapter 32: Trying To Capture Evil

Dumbledore looked surprised when seven Auror's came in along with Fudge, a look on disgust on his face. He smiled at Fudge but Fudge didn't smile back.

"What can I do for you, Cornelius," Dumbledore asked him.

"You are charged with creating the monster known as You-Know-Who, putting You-Know-Who under the Imperius Curse, the betrayal of the Potter family, deception on a massive scale, plotting the imprisonment of Professor Severus Snape, plotting the death of Miss Weasley and Miss Lovegood, and other crimes that have yet to be discovered."

"And what makes you think that I've been doing this?" Dumbledore asked.

"You were seen on a Seeing Mirror," Fudge answered, "And Kingsley was among those that saw it."

"Get up, Albus, or I'll be force to use magic against you," Kingsley said.

Dumbledore gave him one very evil look and then the entire office exploded, sending dust, very upset subjects, and glass everywhere. When it finally cleared both Dumbledore and his pet bird were gone.

"Damn that man," Fudge hissed, "Send out a warrant for his arrest and arrest Arthur Weasley."

"Yes, Minster," said one of the Auror's and hurried out.

"I can't believe that he would do this," Fudge said.

"I can," Kingsley said, "We all know that he had at one time been a dark wizard."

"Don't remind me of what I should have done," Fudge said and they all left the office.

News that Dumbledore was now wanted by the Ministry of Magic for a long list of crimes shocked the Wizarding World. McGonagall was

made Headmistress with Severus Snape as her Deputy Headmaster. She at once hired Remus Lupin to be the Transfiguration teacher and Head of Gryffindor House. The first thing that happened was that McGonagall called all the staff to a staff meeting.

"I can't believe that Dumbledore has put You-Know-Who under the Imperius Curse," Sprout said.

"I can believe anything when it comes to Dumbledore," McGonagall said, "Now Severus is going to be working on a cure for how Tom looks as well as removing the Imperius Curse. Tom might not believe that he's been under it but once it's been removed I'm sure that he'll be more than delighted to see the old man get what's coming to him."

"I'm sure he will," Flitwick said.

"Now Sirius you're taking over Potions while Severus is asleep," McGonagall said. "No joke potions."

"Of course not," Sirius said and McGonagall gave him the look.

Once the meeting had ended, very short one at that, Snape left to head back to the manor to start work on first locating where Tom was at and then finding a way of bringing him back that wouldn't damage his already fragile soul. He thanked McGonagall once again for making him Deputy Headmaster and then left them alone.

"Do you think people like Lucius Malfoy will be upset that his master was just a puppet to the actual master?"

"I don't know," Sirius said, "But he sure won't follow him."

"Let's hope that Lucius doesn't become another one of Dumbledore's victims," McGonagall remarked.

When Snape returned he headed for the library and started to pull out volume after volume of books. He sat down at his desk and started looking through them. Each one of them said that returning to corporal form was impossible and then when he thought that all hope was lost he found a book that he didn't think that he would

ever see. It had been banned at Hogwarts and how he had gotten it he had no clue.

He opened it and read:

The only known way for a soul fragment to return to corporal form is for a temporary form to be created. This is highly dangerous if the person attempting to create it doesn't understand. Also a potion of snake venom and unicorn blood must be mixed and fed to the person. This will give the person strength until the Blood Ritual can be done.

"So there's a way," Snape said.

A trip to Knockturn Alley was needed.

It had been a week since finding out that Dumbledore had done worse than any wizard that Harry had ever heard of and he too was working on something. When Snape appeared he called both Harry and Ron forth.

"I'm going to Albania and won't be back for several weeks," Snape told them, "I'm leaving you with the house elves and I expect you to be at Hogwarts when I return."

"Yes, sir," Harry said.

"Good," Snape said and then left, though he had no idea that his trip would be short.

Snape apparated to Albania, though it took several stops before he actually reached the place that he needed to be. In the pub a man talked about his neighbor's daughter disappearing and not coming back.

"So she disappeared in the woods," he said.

"Yes," the man said.

Snape decided against eating and left quickly.

The forest of Albania was beautiful but that was marred by the fact that people were disappearing. He entered the woods and used a very old spell to locate where Tom was at. It was something that Tom had created so that just in-case any of them went looking for him they would find him. Suddenly something came from behind and he turned to see a smokey person standing there.

"My lord," Snape said.

"At last one of my servant show up," Tom said, "Are you here to help me return to power?"

"Yes," Snape lied. "I'm here to take you back to England."

"Then help me with a temporary form," Tom ordered.

"I've thought ahead of you, my lord," Snape said.

"Smarter then most, aren't you," Tom said.

"That's why you keep me," Snape said, giving him a smile.

Working on a temporary form was a feat that Snape was able to do without any problems. Once the potion was ready Tom flew in and few minutes later he came out, reaching out for Snape's hand. He pulled him up and wrapped him in cloth. Tom hissed and a large snake appeared.

"Don't worry, she won't harm you," Tom told him.

"That's not what I'm worried about," Snape said, "How in the world are people not going to notice a huge snake?"

"Worry only about yourself, Severus," Tom hissed

Snape nodded and they vanished.

Snape took Tom to the manor where they prepared for the ritual that would bring Tom back to power. Once he was whole then Snape would remove the Imperius Curse and then work on healing his mind, body, and soul. He had already gone back to Riddle's village and got the bone from his father, located someone that hated Riddle

and got some of her blood (she still didn't know what had happened) and the flesh of a servant would require him losing a finger.

"Begin," Tom ordered and Snape got started.

"Bone of the father, you will resurrect your son," Snape said and dropped the bone inside. "Flesh of a servant, willfully given, and blood of an enemy you will resurrect your foe."

He then picked Tom up and carefully placed him inside.

The cauldron started to bubble and then it exploded and Tom emerged, fully formed. Snape pulled out his wand and muttered a spell under his breath. Tom screamed in pain and then passed out. Snape put his arm over his shoulder and carefully took him back to the manor.

"Harry," Snape called out as the door opened.

Harry appeared and stared at the unconscious form of Tom Riddle

"Stop staring, Harry, and help me get him to a bed," Snape told him.

"Alright, sir," Harry said and led him to one of the bedrooms and laid him on the bed.

He then covered him up and then had Harry leave.

"Good luck," Snape told the sleeping form and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"I hope that you didn't have any problems," McGonagall said two days after Snape had helped Tom return to physical form.

"No, Tom's still asleep," Snape said, "His body is going through fifty years of curses that shouldn't have been placed on him. I'm going to put him under a glamour charm so that no one freaks out when they see him."

"Will you tell him that I'll give him the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher next term," McGonagall said.

"I'm sure that he'll be happy about that," Snape said, "It will break the curse at least."

"Let's just hope he'll last longer than the others," McGonagall said, "It's getting harder to find anyone to fill the post."

A pair of scarlet eyes opened and looked around. At once he groaned as every bit of his muscles started to hurt. He also had one killer of a headache and he wondered where he was at. He slowly tried to get out of bed but he gave up as his leg started to burn with pain. The door opened and in walked a man that he knew.

"Severus, what-."

"Do you remember anything, Tom?" he asked.

"I remember coming out of a cauldron, though I don't know why I was even there," Tom said.

"Your mind will slowly start remembering," Severus told him, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes," Tom answered, "Gods, do you have something for my headache?"

Severus pulled out a vial and gave it to him. He drank it and then he noticed his hands. "What happened to my hands?"

"Dumbledore forced you through several very dangerous transformations," Severus told him.

Tom touched his face and groaned, covering his face, "I look like a monster! What happened to my face?"

"Same answer," Severus told him and placed a plate of food in front of him. "I'm going to put you under glamour so that you don't scare people."

"Thanks," Tom said and started to eat the sandwiches. "This is really good; I haven't had real food in what seems like ages. Is the man going to pay for what he did?"

"He's on the run," Severus told him.

"Don't underestimate him," Tom warned, "I did and look where it got me."

"He will pay, Tom, I promise," Severus told him.

"I know," Tom said and Severus left.

"Is Riddle up?" Harry asked when Snape left the room.

"Yes, but don't bother him," Snape told Harry, "He's been through a lot, had his personal rights violated, and I expect him to get some sleep."

"Yes, sir," Harry said.

"Harry, I want you to remember that he's a victim of Dumbledore, just like we all are," Snape said, "Don't go and think that this is the same person."

"I'll try," Harry said.

"That's all I ask for," Snape said. "Now where are those unicorn horns that I asked to be shelved?"

"Already done," Harry said.

"Good," Snape said, "Now I need some banshee blood and no, not for drinking."

"I know where it's at," Harry said, "I'll do it right away."

"Good," Snape repeated and Harry walked down the corridor and disappeared.

"Any more news about Dumbledore," McGonagall asked Sirius.

"None, they seem to not be able to find him," Sirius said, "though they did capture Arthur."

"Which means that he was planning on being discovered," McGonagall said, "I'm going to visit Severus home and see if Tom's awake?"

"I can't believe that monster is going to be allowed to walk around," Sirius said.

McGonagall looked at her and then said, "And have you forgotten that Dumbledore placed him under the Imperius Curse when he was probably eleven and fed him god knows what else. He needs time to recover and he doesn't need you to point out what he's done."

"I still don't like it," Sirius said.

"I know but don't blame him for something that wasn't his fault," McGonagall said, "We should know, in good time, how Dumbledore was able to control him."

"Is Snape going to put Riddle under a charm," Sirius asked.

"Yes, but he'll have to be very careful," McGonagall said, "What happened to him might lock his magic up. He might never be the same brilliant wizard that he was. Something like this could make him afraid of magic."

"Is that possible?" Remus asked.

"Like with anything, it's all part of the brain," McGonagall said, "Severus will be able to tell more and then report back."

It took Tom time to finally get out of bed but the potions were working and he could go to the bathroom without any problems. He had peed the bed twice before he was finally able to get to the toilet. When Severus arrived to see how he was doing he brought in a Healer that Tom had never met before.

"This is Madam Pomfrey," Severus told him.

"I see that Madam Toots has retired," Tom said.

"I took over after her death," Madam Pomfrey said.

"Sad, she was a good soul," Tom said.

"I'm here to check your magical core," Madam Pomfrey told him, "Don't worry; I'm just going to do that."

She took out her wand and at once Tom backed away a little. He saw the worried look on Severus face and he finally relaxed so that she could do her work. She muttered spells under her breath that cause panic to rise.

"Say the spell," Severus ordered, "He's freaking out."

"Oh, sorry," Madam Pomfrey said and then repeated the spell, this time speaking it so that Tom could hear.

The results appeared on a piece of parchment and she stared at it. She turned to Severus.

"His magic has locked up," Madam Pomfrey told him.

"What do you mean, it's locked up," Tom asked.

"You've developed a fear of magic," Madam Pomfrey told him.

Note: Oh I wonder why Tom Riddle is terrified of magic, might it have something to with how f up Dumbledore was and turned him into a killing machine for his own sick pleasure. Of course it wasn't due to what Snape had done, which was to remove the Imperius Curse from him. Also, I know that I promised that Harry was going to defeat Riddle and all that jazz but I like the idea of Riddle being a victim and not a criminal. See you tomorrow when I post.

Chapter 33: Therapy and Lessons

Summer soon came to an end and Harry was more than happy to leave the manor and go back to Hogwarts. He knew that Ron felt the same way as well. The start of his second year he hoped wasn't filled with problems though he did feel sorry with Snape being forced to be cooped up for a certain amount of time with a former Dark Lord. Remus took them to Kings Cross Station but at once there were problems, the barrier wouldn't let them through. Harry turned to Remus, looking upset.

"We'll take the Knight Bus," Remus told them.

As they rode in a bus that banged every few miles and had things jumping out of the way Remus told Harry that Tom was going to be getting help and that Snape was working hard to find a way to reverse the forced transformation that Dumbledore had inflicted on him.

"Makes me wonder why anyone would want another person to look like a monster," Harry said.

"I guess we don't have enough monsters so we need to invent them," Remus said.

"Well I don't like it," Harry said. "I'm sure he looked fine when he was younger."

"We all looked fine when we were younger," Remus pointed out.

"You know what I mean," Harry said.

When they finally arrived at the front gates Remus led Harry and Ron with their things up to the castle where McGonagall was waiting on them. When she asked why Harry and Ron didn't arrive on the school train he told her that the barrier wouldn't let them pass.

"It sounds fishy, Minerva," Remus told her.

"I can imagine," McGonagall said, "Well Potter and Weasley go down to your common room and wait for the rest of the school. I'll inform Severus of what happened."

"Thanks," Harry said and went down into the dungeons, Ron following.

"Severus coffin will be arriving on the Hogwarts Express," McGonagall told Lupin when the boys had disappeared.

"Who's taking care of Riddle?" Lupin asked her.

"According to Severus the house elves are going to watch him but I'm having one of my old friends talk to him about certain things. I'm hoping that we can have his magic unlocked within a few years."

"Any news on Dumbledore?"

"No, and I'm glad that Riddle is where he is," McGonagall said, "The last thing that we need is Dumbledore attacking him when he can't even fight back."

"Well we all know that Dumbledore's low," Lupin said, "Sometimes I find it hard to believe that now we're fighting against Dumbledore, a man that was supposed to be our friend and ally."

"I know but we can't overlook the fact that he's done Riddle great harm," McGonagall said, "The Dark Mark, hopefully, is removable but it will always burn black because he's back."

"Maybe we can use his supporters to help us fight against Dumbledore," Lupin said. "If his supporters know that Dumbledore is plotting to take over the Wizarding World then maybe they might join us."

"Maybe but I don't know if it will work," McGonagall said.

"It's worth a try," Lupin told her.

"You might be right but we'll have to see what happens," McGonagall said, "Let's hope that-."

Her words were drowned out by Madam Sprout coming running over to them. She looked shaky and scared.

"Did you hear?" she asked.

"Hear what?" McGonagall asked.

"Their dead! All the Death Eaters in Azkaban are dead," Sprout told them.

"What!" Lupin hissed, "What happened?"

"Dumbledore killed them all," Sprout told him, "At least that's what his Patronus just said to the Azkaban guards."

"It's started!" McGonagall said.

Severus awoke once his coffin had been in his new quarters and he headed up after he had fed for the night. Settling in his usual spot at the High Table he saw Harry, Ron, and Hermione over at the Slytherin table and then Professor Sprout came in with the line of First Year students.

"Had a pleasant trip?" Flitwick asked Snape.

"It was uneventful," Snape answered.

The sorting started and an excited by that went by the name of Colin Creevy jammed the hat on his head and the hat screamed, "GRYFFINDOR!" The Gryffindor table cheered as he joined their ranks. On and on it went, making Snape very glad that it didn't take hours to sort new students. Finally, "Weasley, Ginny." Snape watched as Miss Weasley went under the hat.

"SLYTHERIN!" the hat shouted.

"NO!" Ginny screamed. "No, I won't go to that evil house."

"You shall do as you're told, Miss Weasley," Sprout said but Ginny refused to move.

Snape stood up and went over to her and yanked her off the stool. "Do as you're told," he hissed, "Or I'll personally make your life a living hell."

And he pushed her away and watched as she finally joined her fellow Slytherin's.

"Now that's over," Sprout said and the sorting finished up.

When the food arrived Snape pretended to be hungry but mostly he listened on the conversations around him. He heard McGonagall talk about what had happened in Azkaban and this peaked his interest. What had happened in Azkaban? He knew that McGonagall wouldn't leave him out of the dark. Finally she stood up and silence fell.

"Welcome back to another year at Hogwarts," she told them, "I've got a few notices to hand out and one of them is very important. As most of you might not know Azkaban was attacked and the Death Eaters that had once served under You-Know-Who were murdered."

The school, minus the Slytherin's, all cheered.

"SILENCE!" McGonagall screamed; anger laced in every part of that word, "I'm absolutely disgusted that any of you would think this is a moment to celebrate. Despite the crimes that they committed they were murdered by Dumbledore who's already on the Ministry watch list for a number of murders that happened to certain family members. The brutality of the crimes I won't discuss here but rest assure to those in Slytherin House Dumbledore will pay for what has been done to your families you can take that to Gringotts. Now onto other more pleasant news.

"Professor Lockhart has been charged with taking up the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Remus Lupin will be the new Transfiguration teacher and Head of Gryffindor House, and Sirius Black shall be taking up the day time post of Potions Master, though Professor Snape will still be Potions Master here and Head of Slytherin House. If any of you have any questions about any potions that Professor Black had you do then you can go to Professor Snape. Once again no magic is to be done in the corridor between classes and Argus Filch has added twenty seven new items to his list and this includes-."

She cleared her throat.

"Flaming Hula-hoops, Disaster Seeking Darts, Fang Flipping Filipino, Exploding Bon Bons, and Screaming Pendants. A complete list of what isn't allowed is taped to Filch's door. Quidditch try-outs are taking place during the second week of term. Now everyone off to bed."

Harry was glad to reach the Slytherin common room where he spent most of his time asking Nott how his overall summer had been.

"It was great," Nott said, "No dad around to tell you that you're a failure and now I've just been told that I won't have a dad at all."

"I'm sorry about that," Ron said.

"I know and I'm hoping that McGonagall keeps her promise about making Dumbledore pay."

"Don't worry, she will," Harry said.

"Thanks," Nott said and changed, "So how was your summer, Ron?"

"I spent it with Harry," Ron answered, "My family made my life a living nightmare so I ran away."

Nott stared at him, shocked.

"I just couldn't take them anymore," Ron said, "Going on and on about how it was Harry's fault that Percy and the twins were in Azkaban. Like they didn't have enough sense to know that going after someone is wrong."

Nott shook his head.

"Well I'm going to bed," Harry said, "See you all in the morning."

The next day Harry, Ron, Nott, Pansy, and Hermione settled at the Slytherin table where Malfoy started on them. Well he started on Harry and Harry felt like he was being treated like a punching bag.

"Bet you loved hearing all those Death Eaters died," Malfoy said.

Harry turned and looked at him, "No, I'm not happy and I didn't love hearing it," Harry said, "I hope that Dumbledore's caught and sent away or kissed."

"Yeah right," Malfoy said, "Now you can be little Mr. Savior again."

Harry rose up but Pansy stopped him, "It's not worth it," she told him. "He just thinks what he wants and doesn't care if its lies."

Harry knew that she was right but it still hurt and it still made him mad.

The first lesson that they had was Charms and Professor Flitwick had them go over some of the charms that they had learned over the past year. It was hard work but Harry did it and even helped Ron out who was having trouble. In Transfiguration Professor Lupin wasn't there but a woman from the Ministry was. She had them working on changing a beetle into a button. Ron made his do a lot of exercise until he got tired of it and actually blew it up.

"Nice, Ron, do you feel better," Nott asked him.

"I sure do," Ron said, causing Hermione to roll her eyes.

Both Harry and Hermione got on Ron's bad side when they showed everyone the perfect coat buttons that they had made and then settled into lunch.

"I wonder why Lupin isn't here," Hermione asked.

"Well he was here when he dropped me and Ron off," Harry said and Hermione looked at him.

"And what about that," she asked, "I didn't see either of you on the train and yet you arrived."

"It's a long story," Harry said.

"Which I will get in due time," Hermione told him.

After lunch they headed out into the courtyard where Harry promptly opened his Herbology book and started to read. However he felt that he was being watched and he looked up to see a boy standing there.

It was the Creevy boy that he had seen the night before but he didn't look excited, he looked angry.

"Are you the one that people think stole Neville's thunder?" he asked.

"Um, what people are you talking about?" Harry asked.

"People in my house," Creevy said. "Well."

"If you're talking about me saving Neville last term, then I think they might have it-."

"Stay away from us Gryffindor, you slimy snake," Creevy said and marched off.

"Okay, what was that all about?" Nott asked.

"Honestly, I've got no idea," Harry answered.

Thankfully Creevy didn't come back and Harry and the others headed for Herbology. When they arrived they saw they were having these with the Ravenclaws, all of them not looking too happy that they were sharing it with Slytherin.

"Must be McGonagall's new idea," Hermione said.

"Must be," Harry said.

Herbology turned out to be the strangest lesson that they had. They were repotting Mandrakes and sure enough when the door opened one of them knocked someone out. When Harry turned he was surprised to see Snape lying there.

"Thank God he's already dead," Harry said.

Both Harry and Nott had to take Snape's body back to Hogwarts and McGonagall had to help to put his body back in the coffin.

"Why did he leave?" Harry asked.

"I have no idea," McGonagall answered, "But I'll ask him later."

"So want to talk about your childhood?" the woman that came to visit Riddle asked.

"No one wanted to adopt me, I was different," Riddle said.

"Did you like where you grew up," she asked.

"No, bombs always dropping," Riddle said, "I went out into the country once because the bombings got bad and I had fun there. But then it was back to the orphanage once it cleared."

"How did you feel about the Nazi's bombing Britain?"

"A bunch of cowards and that man they followed was a joke," Riddle said, "Always spewing about how people were subhuman and what really hurt, what I really didn't understand, was why people followed him. I now think I know from personal reason why people follow people."

"And why's that?"

"To be accepted," Riddle answered.

Note: Tom Riddle was a boy when the raids happened and so he would have a full view of life where a shell could end your life. Got to love those that survived. Also I planned on updating this morning but my brother was doing something with mother's computer and this is the only time that I was able to do it.

Chapter 34: Problems

Harry was very happy when he finally got back to the Potions classroom. Professor Black, as he was now called, took roll and then explained that they were entering a whole new level of potions.

"Normally second year potions is slightly more dangerous than first year potions," Black told them, "That's why it's important to understand what you're doing and draw on what you've learned. Now I don't doubt that Professor Snape isn't a good teacher but to me there's always a different way to do things. Now gather your supplies and let's work on the Fang Solution."

He waved his wand and the potion appeared.

It was hard work due to the fact that the potion wasn't in the book but Harry knew that he had to show that he could make any potion no matter if it wasn't in the textbook or not. Black came around to check on everyone's potion and he stopped at Malfoy's.

"Mr. Malfoy the potion is supposed to be black not there," Black told him.

"It's not there because I refuse to make it," Malfoy said.

"And pray tell why not?" Black asked.

"Because you're not a real Hogwarts teacher, you blood traitor."

Harry saw Black's eyes narrowing and then he said, "Five points from Slytherin." He told Malfoy, "And detention with Professor Snape. I'm sure that he'll be most interested as to why you refuse to follow directions."

He then moved on and Harry and Hermione glared at him.

"I can't believe that he did that," Hermione said, "I know the potion isn't in the book but he should have at least tried."

"Hermione, he's full of himself," Nott said, "He thinks that he's better than everyone."

else and he shows it in everything that he does."

"I wonder what Snape's detention is going to be like," Ron asked.

"Probably full of personal pain," Pansy concluded.

The rest of the day was filled with Slytherin's glaring at Malfoy over the five point loss. When Malfoy saw Harry staring at him he snapped back. Harry rolled his eyes and got as far away from him as possible. Later that night the whole group was busy reading their books and doing their homework. Black had given Malfoy a essay but he wasn't there and they wondered if he was even going to do it.

"Do you think he's serving detention," Ron wondered.

"Don't know but I'm sure we'll find out," Harry said.

"I'm absolutely disgusted with you, Mr. Malfoy," Snape said when he had awoken and found out what had happened in Potions, 'The Fang Solution is a required potion for graduation and you just had to make a idiot of yourself and not brew it.'

"Sir, he's a blood traitor," Malfoy said, "I don't know what McGonagall is playing at by hiring him."

"Professor McGonagall is a Hogwarts Headmistress and I'm the Deputy Headmaster," Snape told him, "There fore I'm giving you a months' worth of detention. Far wiser people have decided what shall be required to graduate and I expect you to follow them."

"Like hell I will, blood sucker," Malfoy hissed.

Snape used his vampire speed to grab him and force him into his personal quarters. He tired him to a chair and waved his wand, soap bubbles came out. Malfoy gagged and Snape enjoyed the show.

"Twenty points from Slytherin for calling me that and I think five minutes with soap coming out of your mouth will teach you a lesson. Also you will do that essay or I'll make it ten minutes having your soul cleansed and another twenty points will be removed from Slytherin. I'm sure that your fellow Slytherin's will be most pleased to hear why you lost them all those points.'

Malfoy glared at him and Snape glared back.

"Twenty points," Flint said, "You just had to lose us twenty points."

It was the next day and the Slytherin's had just noticed the twenty point loss. It was also listed who had lost them the points.

"How are we supposed to keep the House Cup if you keep on losing us points?" Flint asked.

"It's not my fault," Malfoy said.

"Like hell it isn't," Flint said, "Do that damn essay and brew whatever damn potions that Black wants brewed. Because if we find out that you've lost us even a point you'll find out how unpleasant Slytherin House can truly become."

And Flint marched off.

Later Harry and his friends were talking about something that had appeared in the Daily Prophet. It was strange to have his Aunt mentioned but she was mentioned and they were talking about it.

"A vampire, can you believe it," Nott said, "The Ministry is taking care of it but a lot of muggles saw her."

"What do you think will happen?" Hermione asked.

"She'll be handed over to the Department for the Deposal of Dangerous Creatures and finally buried," Nott said.

"I wonder who bit her," Ron said.

Harry was silent on that one.

The weekend came around and Harry didn't see Malfoy working on the essay. Harry feared that Malfoy had decided not to do that work not matter what happened to him. He pointed this out to Nott and Pansy.

"Stupid little fool," Pansy hissed. "He still thinks that he can do whatever he wants."

"Do you think he'll really lose us more points," Harry said to her.

"Oh I'm sure of it," Pansy said.

During the weekend Harry finally saw Lupin and he waved at Harry as he passed. He looked a mess but he was sure that if something was really wrong with him that Madam Pomfrey would be able to help him. On Sunday Flint cornered Harry, asking him if he wanted to try out for the Slytherin Quidditch team.

"I think not," Harry said, "This apprenticeship is really hard and I really need my focus on that."

"Are you sure, you would be great," Flint said.

"I'm sure," Harry said.

On Monday Harry and the rest of the Slytherin's finally got taught by Professor Lupin. He had them working on giving the beetles that they had transfigured a pattern. Hermione really liked this sort of thing as did Harry. When the bell rang Lupin held Harry back.

"Go on, I'll catch up with you later," Harry told them and Hermione left.

"How has your first week back been?" Lupin asked him.

"Hard," Harry answered, "I'm not really enjoying Defense Against the Dark Arts and I'm worried that Dumbledore will hex me."

"Don't worry no harm is going to come to you," Lupin told him, "I just wanted to also tell you that Riddle is still working hard on his therapy and everyone is making sure that none of the Auror's find out that he's back."

Harry stared at him, "You mean they would still take him to Azkaban."

"He did commit crimes against wizard kind," Lupin told him, "Not to mention killed your parents. It's taking a lot to prove to people that Dumbledore is the true Dark Lord."

"Do you think people will finally get it?" Harry asked him.

Lupin sighed, "I don't know," he said, "I'm hoping, I really am hoping."

"What about Lockhart," Harry asked, "Are they going to force him out because I really don't want to learn anything from him."

"I don't know," Lupin said, "They might and they might not. The curse is still in place so he might do something to cause him to leave."

"I hope so," Harry said.

Lupin smiled at him, "Well you better get going. I'm sure you don't want to be late for your next class."

Harry nodded and then left.

That afternoon Hermione wanted to know what Lupin had to say. He told her, in a very low voice, what Lupin had told her. She was shocked that the Ministry wanted to put Riddle in Azkaban if they knew that he was back.

"I think they would do it just to make themselves look good," Harry said, "On the plus side not Riddle supporter attacks."

"Well with most of the Death Eaters dead I don't think they'll be must of that."

"Well I hope we don't end up with a lot of problems," Hermione said, "Last term was bad enough."

Harry nodded and then looked over to see Ginny writing in something. She seemed focus on that and Harry wondered what she was writing about.

"Ron, did you mother buy her something?" Harry asked.

"Don't know," Ron said, "I'm sure that she did."

"Harry, what's wrong?" Hermione asked him.

"I don't know but I've just got a really bad feeling," Harry said.

Many months later he'll wonder why he didn't just snatch the book away.

Things moved forward and soon Slytherin had their Seeker but it wasn't Malfoy. He had really screwed up with the forth potion in a month not being brewed. He absolutely refused to learn anything by Black. Meanwhile Hermione was learning the finer points of Necromancy and someone from the Ministry had come to take her out into the field so that she could get a feel of it. She returned all bloody and at first Harry and the rest thought it was her blood.

"No, it's a chicken," Hermione told them. "I don't go to my own blood until much later."

"What is the point in learning this if your going to come back all bloody?" Ron asked.

"Because the Ministry uses dead testimony to prove cases," Hermione said, "It's a very important job."

"Whatever you say," Ron said.

Harry knew that despite being in Slytherin for several months he wasn't comfortable with dark magic.

"Well so far nothing bad has happened," McGonagall told Snape a few nights later.

"The term has only started, Minerva, anything can happen," Snape told her.

"True but I like to keep an open mind," she told him.

Snape didn't have that luxury.

Note: I'll update tomorrow.

Chapter 35: The Chamber of Secrets

The month of September slowly left Hogwarts to be replaced with October. Harry wasn't exactly a fan of the colder weather but at least it beat having to play in it. Harry was also kept busy with all the extra work that he had to do, like going into Hogsmead to pick this up or that up. He had to learn tons of healing potions, none of them taught at Hogwarts as well as some dark potions that could be used for defensive reasons. Harry didn't hear anymore about Riddle, to which he could be grateful.

However Snape invited Harry to spend Christmas at the Manor in hopes that this Christmas would be at least better than last. Not that Harry was complaining about last Christmas.

"I hope that I get to actually see a Quidditch Match," Harry told Nott and his friends.

"Yeah the last one had death included," Pansy said.

Harry shuttered, "Don't remind me," he said. "I don't want to have anymore memories of last time."

All of them respected Harry's wishes.

Naturally Snape was getting excited about the match between Gryffindor and Slytherin. Harry figured that this had something to do with the fact that he was Head of Slytherin House. Sirius shook his head, though he told Harry that he was rooting for Gryffindor.

"Despite what they did to me," Harry said to him.

"Harry, I have to be supportive of my old house," he said.

Harry glared at him.

Ginny Weasley was acting like a right idiot even though she had been in Slytherin House for a month. She was still writing in that book of hers and wouldn't even let Harry see it.

"I don't want you to be touching it," Ginny told him.

"Ginny, what's wrong with you?" Harry asked her.

But she didn't answer, she just took the book and left.

"Don't worry about her," Ron said, "She'll get over herself soon enough."

"God's I hope so," Harry said.

He hated the idea of anyone being mad at him.

On the other hand Halloween was coming and Harry hoped that this one didn't include trolls in them. Ginny wasn't at all excited about spending any holiday with Slytherin and asked Snape if she could be excused.

"And why?" Snape asked her.

"Because I'm supposed to be in Gryffindor not filthy Slytherin," Ginny told him.

"Appearance at the Halloween Feast is required," Snape informed her, showing some fang, "You're not excused."

She stormed out.

"I can't believe she did that," Ron said to Harry.

They had been in the same room when Ginny had demanded not to be allowed to attend the feast.

"Makes me wonder," Harry said.

In Transfiguration Professor Lupin was showing them how to turn shoes into slippers. It was very basic but Harry found that he could do it. However Ron was having trouble and he complained about the lesson after it was over.

"Can you believe that mum can do this without even trying," he said.

"Just practice, Ron, you'll do fine," Hermione said.

"Easy for you to say," Ron said, "You got top of the year and everything."

"Well so did Harry," Hermione informed him, "I'm sure that Harry will be more than happy to show you how to do it."

Ron sighed and opened his book to read.

Ron wasn't the only Slytherin second year that was having trouble. Nott, Pansy, and even Malfoy were struggling to do well and Harry figured that it was a lot more than just his mother's death. He sensed that something was wrong with his magic. He decided to tell Snape about it during one of his apprenticeship nights. Harry had apprenticeship nights three nights a week.

Right now he was just making sure that things were stocked or making sure that a cauldron hadn't exploded while Snape was hunting. Tonight he was making sure that the Boomslang Skin hadn't turned yellow or that the feline brains hadn't gone black. When he entered he noticed that Snape was brewing something. He could tell that it was an advance potion but he didn't know which one it was.

A note had been left for Harry, telling him that he was to check on the Wolfbane Potion, making sure that it hadn't watered down. Snape had told him what a water down potion looked like and Harry put on some safety glasses and checked it. Thankfully it hadn't watered down and he replaced the ladle. He was also told to check the feline brains for blackening and work on the potion that he was setting for the class on Thursday afternoon.

"The Manegrow Potion," Harry said as he looked at Snape's notes.

He checked the brains and had to properly dispose of three jars. He wrote them down so that Snape would know what happened (everything had to be done a certain way and while Harry had gotten use to it, it was still an odd way of doing things). He then took the notes and started working on the potion.

"I do hope that you've been keeping on-top of our Dumbledore mess," McGonagall told Kingsley.

"I'm still finding it hard to believe that he turned bad," Kingsley said, "But the Seeing Mirror doesn't lie."

"That I'll agree with," McGonagall said, "Thankfully I had the painting taken away. I don't want Dumbledore spying in our conversation."

"I shutter to think of what he would do with that information," Kingsley said, "Well to answer your statement we've been keeping a watch on him. So far he hasn't shown up which means that he's gone underground."

"What about the vampire that bit Narcissa," McGonagall said, "I'm sure that Dumbledore had a hand in it."

"Well we traced the bite, thank goodness the fire didn't destroy that, and we located the vampire. Guess who he answers to?"

"Oh Gods I'm afraid to find out," McGonagall said.

"Dumbledore," Kingsley answered. "He won't admit to anything but I think that he had it planned out with Dumbledore."

"To get rid of him," McGonagall said.

"That's what I'm thinking," Kingsley said to him, "That man has gone down to new levels of evil. Even You-Know-Who wouldn't of thought of doing this."

"That I will agree with," McGonagall said, "Anything else?"

"Nothing," Kingsley answered, "If we could just place a spy near Dumbledore, without him noticing, then we might have a chance."

McGonagall sighed, "I doubt that will work."

"Minerva, I would like to change the subject," Kingsley said.

"Sure, what," McGonagall said, nodding.

Kingsley looked at her, "I'm worried about Potter."

"Aren't we all," McGonagall said.

"True, but with all these things happening do you think that him going to the Manor this Christmas will be such a hot idea."

McGonagall looked at him, "What do you mean?"

"Well I'm sorry that Snape was bitten but he's a vampire now. He could bite Potter."

"I fully understand but Harry trusts Severus and so do I," McGonagall said, "He's been working on something that I believe will take care of our problem."

"And what's that?" Kingsley asked.

"I'm afraid that I can't tell you," she said, "But you'll find out soon enough."

Kingsley looked at her, "I hope that this doesn't mean that you're breaking the law."

"Of course not," McGonagall said, "What type of person do you think I am?"

"You would be surprised," Kingsley snorted.

"So have you finished the potion?" Snape asked when he had come back from hunting.

"Yes, sir," Harry said, showing him the completed potion.

Snape inspected it and then bottled it.

"Sir, can I ask you something?" Harry said.

Snape looked at him and said, "What is it?"

"Well Malfoy is doing really badly in class and I was thinking that maybe something is wrong with his magic."

Snape looked at him, "And why do you believe that?" he asked.

"Because he's worst this year then last," Harry told him, "And Lucius probably gave him a hard time about not doing well."

"Well you would be correct about that," Snape said to him, "Lucius did give Draco a hard time, though I told him that I would work on what Draco was having a hard time with. Of course he hasn't made it any easier on himself."

"Why, what's wrong?" Harry asked.

"A different time," Snape answered, "Right now you don't need to worry about Draco."

"Alright," Harry said and he left.

Halloween came around and everyone headed down to the Great Hall for the feast. Harry saw Snape dragging Ginny along, Ginny fighting, and finally the food appeared. As they ate Hermione told Harry about something that she was working on that was really important.

"Are you going to tell me," Harry asked her.

"No," Hermione answered.

"And why not," Harry asked her, trying to push her to tell him.

Hermione frowned at him. "If I told you then you would tell Professor Snape."

Harry pretended to look hurt, "Now why would you say that?"

Hermione snorted, "Because I can," she said.

Harry shook his head and went back eating, though he did look over at the Staff table from time to time and he saw Lockhart talking to Lupin, smiling at him. Harry wondered what was going on with him. Nott tapped him on the arm and he turned to him.

"What's wrong?" Nott asked him.

"I don't know, just something doesn't feel right," Harry told him.

"Is your scar hurting you or something?" Nott asked.

"No, it's not been hurting for months," Harry said, "It's more of feeling."

"And what feeling are you getting from the staff table?" Nott asked.

"Trouble," Harry answered.

After the feast had ended the students made their way back to their dormitories. Harry laughed at something that Pansy had said and then they all stopped. The floor was covered in water and hanging by a bracket was Mrs. Norris.

"Oh my God," Hermione said, pointing to the words, "What does it mean; the Chamber of Secrets has been opened."

"It means that you'll be next, Mudblood," Malfoy said.

"Shut up, Malfoy," Ron said to him.

Harry looked around and noticed at once that one person wasn't there. That person was Ginny.

"I don't like this, Severus," McGonagall said. "The Chamber has been opened. I was at Hogwarts when it was opened the first time."

"Did anyone find out who opened it?" Snape asked.

"Yes, Hagrid," McGonagall answered, "But Dumbledore didn't believe that he had and gave him the job of gamekeeper. Gods, Severus, I don't want to think that maybe Dumbledore had been wrong."

"I'm sure that he wasn't," Snape said.

McGonagall sat down behind her desk and looked at him, "How can we know about anything."

"Want me to watch Hagrid?" Snape asked her.

McGonagall sighed, "I hate to ask you to do something that you use to do for Dumbledore."

"I know but if he did open the Chamber of Secrets again then he needs to be stopped. Of course I don't believe that he did."

"Then who did it," McGonagall asked.

"That I wouldn't know," Snape said, "But I'm determined to find out."

"I must admit that I'm surprised that you're here, Albus," said Slughorn.

Dumbledore smiled at his old friend, "Well I'm certain that you'll understand the need for me to come. I'm hoping that you're still loyal to the old ways."

"Of course," Slughorn said, "What do you need me to do?"

Dumbledore gave him a wicked grin. "I think that it's time to bring back Lily Potter," he said. "And with her, I shall get power back from McGonagall and then I'll once again be Headmaster."

Note: Oh boy, not looking good. Of course nothing is good about this plan. See you tomorrow.

Chapter 36: Forcing Harry's Hand

"Are you sure that Ginny wasn't there," Ron said the next day.

"I'm positive," Harry said, "But she was there during the feast."

"Do you think she could of left," Hermione said to him. "I mean, none of us would of noticed."

"I'm sure that she did but I can't just go to the Headmistress and tell her that I believe that Ginny had some hand in it."

Hermione was in deep thought while several Hufflepuff's talked about what had happened.

"Is there a plan or great and wise Hermione," Nott asked and Hermione stuck her tongue out. "Nice, real nice."

"Oh shut up," Hermione snapped, "Well we know that Ginny won't admit to where she was but I think that it's safe to say that there's only one way to find out."

"How?"

"A truth potion," Hermione said, "Have Professor Snape give you a truth potion."

Harry crossed his arms, "And how do you think that I'm going to explain the reason for wanting it?"

"I'm sure that you'll think of something," Hermione said and she walked off.

"Great, that leaves us with no clue on how to get it," Ron said.

Harry sighed, nothing was going right here.

The match between Gryffindor and Slytherin took place a few days after the attack on Mrs. Norris. The Slytherin's were upset about the attack but Harry was. He sat next to Snape, since he was the apprentice, and at once he asked how Snape was managing to stay awake.

"I found a potion," Snape told him, "I've been working on it for awhile and I've managed it."

"I'm glad to hear that," Harry said, "Oh where's Lupin at?"

"Sick," Snape answered shortly.

The match started with Slytherin taking the lead. Harry was all excited about it and then something strange happened two minutes into the game. A bludger came at him and Snape had to use his wand to keep it from hitting them.

"What's wrong with that damn ball," Snape hissed.

"I have no idea," Harry answered as it came at him again.

Once again Snape used his magic to stop it.

The match ended up become a battle of wills. The bludger just decided to go after Harry. Finally McGonagall destroyed it and the game was allowed to continue.

"We have everything that we need," Dumbledore said to Slughorn.

They had broken open the Potter's grave and pulled out what was remaining of Lily's body. It was almost to the bone but her wand was still with her.

"Place her body on the slab?" Dumbledore ordered and Slughorn gently placed it on the slab that had writing so old that not even Dumbledore knew what it meant.

Dumbledore started working on the potion, Slughorn making sure that no one got near the body. All the ingredients were dark in nature and they would release her soul from the Underworld. Finally after three hours the potion was complete and Dumbledore forced open her dead mouth and poured the potion down her throat.

"Come forth, from the Underworld, Lily Evens," Dumbledore chanted, "Elnore tempus trollmine tempira."

Black smoke came out of her mouth and her body started to repair itself.

"Come out of the bowls of the Underworld and live," Dumbledore yelled and just as the body had finished repairing itself a black hound appeared and threw itself against the circle. "You have no power here, Anubis."

"You dare take a soul from my world so that you can have the means to destroy your enemies," the dog said, "Death shall follow you wherever you go."

He took out the Elder Wand and hit the dog with it, it laughed.

"You can't kill Death assistant," it said, "The Elder Wand has no power over me."

A ball of light came out of nowhere and went into Lily's body. She opened her eyes and gasped for breath. Before Dumbledore could move she pointed her wand at him and knocked the Elder Wand out of his hand and grabbed it.

"Thanks for bringing me back, Dumbledore," Lily said, smiling, "But I'm afraid that you won't ever get me to turn."

She bolted from the circle while in the distance a rider looked on. It was Death and he grinned.

"NOW WERE TALKING," he said.

Death always talks in uppercase.

McGonagall thought the match had gone very well and even though her house didn't win...again, she felt that maybe they still had a chance. She drank a cup of hot coffee and thought over what had happened. The Chamber of Secrets had been opened and she feared that Hagrid had been the one that had done it.

"YOU KNOW YOU WITCHES ALWAYS THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX," said a voice.

She turned to see Death setting there, reading a book. She gasped.

"DON'T WORRY; I'M NOT HERE TO SEND YOU TO WHERE YOU NEED TO GO, NOT YET ANYWAY. I'M HERE TO INFORM YOU THAT DUMBLEDORE HAS BROUGHT LILY EVENS BACK."

"What!" she gasped and Death laughed.

"HE ACTUALLY THOUGHT THAT SHE WOULD HELP HIM, GOOD SOUL THAT ONE."

"Can't you take her back," McGonagall asked.

"NO!" Death answered, "SHE HAS ANOTHER LEASE ON LIFE."

"Until you take her again," McGonagall said and Death nodded.

"I FIND ALL THIS DUMBLEDORE BUSINESS CAUSING ME TO TAKE A VACATION. I'M SURE THAT YOU CAN HANDLE HIM YOURSELF."

"Of course," McGonagall said.

"GOOD GIRL!" Death said and then vanished.

McGonagall was shaken from her visit with Death and she hoped that Lily found a way back to Hogwarts.

Lily appeared outside the gates and looked up at the castle. True she loved being with her husband but she missed her son and Severus. She had learned a lot from being dead and she was happy that she might have a second chance at being with the people that really cared about her. Suddenly she heard movements and bolted for the gates, sending up a warding spell as she went. Good things she did because Dumbledore and Slughorn had just appeared. They couldn't get past the ward so they knew they had to wait.

She entered the castle and the first thing that she saw was Snape. He stared at her and then said, "No, this isn't-."

"Dumbledore brought me back," Lily said, "Please I need to see the Headmistress."

"I-"

"Please," Lily begged.

"Fine but I don't believe for once that you're really Lily," Snape said to her.

Lily fully understood and she hoped that he would believe her.

When they entered the Headmistress office McGonagall stood up and went over to her, hugging her.

"Where you followed?" McGonagall asked her.

"Yes, Dumbledore and Slughorn," Lily said, "Gods I was in the Underworld and now I'm here. What's Dumbledore planning?"

"He wants to take over the entire Wizarding World," McGonagall said, "And right now he's forcing Harry's hand."

She saw Snape looking at her. "Why?"

"Because, Severus, he wants war," McGonagall said, "At least that's what I'm getting."

"I saw the Death Eaters get judged," Lily said, "They were really scared."

"I know and I promised the children that their deaths would be avenged," McGonagall told her.

"I'm glad," Lily said.

"So what are we going to do now?" Snape asked.

"We'll have to tell Harry that his mum is back due to Dumbledore," McGonagall told him.

"He won't believe it," Snape told her.

"I know he won't but he'll believe that Dumbledore would do something like this,"

McGonagall said. "No spell that can be used to bring back the dead, no wonder. Dumbledore had created it so that he could bring back all the pawns that he wanted."

"True," Lily said.

The next morning Lily was there when Harry was summoned to the Headmistress office. She knew that he had no idea why and when she told him what had happened he stared at her.

"Are you telling me that my mum is back," Harry said.

"Yes, I am," Lily said and she revealed herself.

Let's just say there were a lot of tears.

"So where did Harry go?" Hermione asked.

"No clue," Nott said, "He just said that the Headmistress wanted to see him."

"I hope he's not in trouble," Hermione said, frowning.

"I highly doubt that," Nott said, though he wasn't sure if he believed his own words.

Note: Well Lily is back and she's going to kick Dumbledore's butt. I'll post tomorrow.

Chapter 37: One More Then the Marauders

McGonagall summoned Pansy, Nott, Hermione, and Ron to her office. She knew that this was very important and that they needed to understand what was happening. When they entered she had Pansy close the door and then she cleared her throat.

"Dumbledore has struck again," McGonagall told them.

"What!" Hermione said.

"What has he done?" Nott demanded.

"He's brought back Harry's mother to force Harry's hand," McGonagall said, "This is now about proving that he's more powerful then the Dark Lord and he's doing a fine job."

"So that's what killing all those Death Eaters about, proving that he's more powerful then You-Know-Who?"

"But I thought that there was no way to bring the dead back," Hermione said to her.

"There is but it's very dark," McGonagall said, "We also believed that he had help and from what Lily's told me it was Slughorn."

"My dad's old Potions Master," Nott said, shocked. "But he always came about being good, maybe a little odd but good."

"A cover," McGonagall told him, "And a very good one at that."

"How's Harry taking this?" Hermione asked.

"He's happy that his mum's back but I'm afraid that it's all just another pawn to control things. Also I'm most worried about Neville."

"Why," Pansy said, sounding snappish.

McGonagall gave her a look and she looked down at her feet. Finally she said, "Because he was originally the lamb to go to slaughter. I'm most afraid that Dumbledore will attack Neville's gran."

"Is there anything that we can do?" Ron asked.

"I'm having the Order working on protecting her," McGonagall said, "The most that we can hope is that Dumbledore hasn't started to gather a army to fight against us."

"Can he do that?" Hermione asked, worry in her voice.

"If he can still convince people that he's still good, yes," McGonagall said, "I would hate to see good people go to Azkaban for following him."

"Where's Harry now?" Hermione asked.

"He's staying with his mum and Professor Snape," McGonagall said, "I'm having

Auror's from the Ministry patrolling the gates. If Dumbledore is still out there then they can keep him away."

"Let's hope that he still not out there," Nott said.

- "So how are things in Slytherin House?" Lily asked her son.

"Well," Harry answered, "People around here don't like me because I'm in Slytherin but Professor Snape has been great."

"I'm glad to hear that," she said, "I was most worried with how much Severus hated James that he would transfer that hate to you."

"He did, at first, but then he got better," Harry said, "I really look up to him and he got me away from the Dursley's forever."

"I heard what happened at Privet Drive and I can't say that I'm sorry that Petunia was bitten. She wanted to be apart of the magical world so much and now she is."

"They say that their going to kill her," Harry said.

"I highly doubt that," Lily said, "But if it happens would you be upset?"

"I don't know," Harry said, "They abused me and didn't feed me when I needed it. I don't know if I would care if she was staked, or whatever they do here."

Lily sighed and put a hand on his shoulder. "I know that I left you so young but I'm here now and if you want to talk to me or anyone else then let me know."

"Thanks, I will," Harry said.

Lily smiled at her son, "I'm happy about that."

When Snape awoke he got out of his coffin and went looking for his bottle of blood. He found it and took a long drink of it. That's when he heard chuckling and turned to see Dumbledore standing there, his eyes pure white.

"Like the look, Snape, because this look is what's going to haunt people's dreams," Dumbledore said, "How dare you think that you can overcome me?"

"And how dare you think that you can return people to the land of the living without consequences," Snape said, baring his fangs.

"Nothing is of consequence to me," Dumbledore told him, "And what you've just drunk is going to prove it."

And his words a horrible pain shot through him and Snape knew that his blood had been drugged.

"Your going to die a very slow and painful death, traitor," Dumbledore said, "Nothing can save you...nothing."

And he was gone.

Snape screamed out in pain and then he knew nothing.

Harry knew something wasn't right about the Professor and he told his mum that he felt something odd.

"Come on," Lily said, "We'll find him and find out what's going on."

Both of them raced inside the castle and headed down to where Snape slept. When Harry opened the door he found Snape shaking and Lily ran over to the bottle and sniffed it.

"It's been drugged with garlic," she said.

"Can we save him?" Harry asked her.

"I'm afraid not," Lily said, "Once the garlic is inside his body it acts like a poison."

Harry felt tears welling up, his friend was going to die and he knew who had done it. Hate coursed through him. Dumbledore would pay for Professor Snape's death. He placed his head on his chest and listened as Snape tried to fight the poison but wasn't winning.

"You're like the father I never had," Harry told him, "Please, I don't want you to die...again."

And then he felt something come out of him and into Snape. It was a brilliant white light and Harry and Lily watched as it covered every inch of him like a cocoon. And then it shattered and Snape gasped for breath. Harry stared at him for a moment and then, "Potter, get off of me," he said.

"Sev, your back," Lily said, hugging him.

"What happened?" Snape asked.

"Dumbledore poisoned you," Harry told him, "Filled your bottle of blood with garlic."

"Great, just great," Snape said and both of them helped him up. "When I get done with that old man he's going to wish that he had died years ago."

Harry knew that he was as good as his word.

"Dumbledore was here...at Hogwarts," McGonagall said when Lily told her what Dumbledore had tried to do.

"It was awful and then Harry saved him," Lily said.

"It must have been the love that Dumbledore talked about," McGonagall said, "Apparently it can save lives as well."

"Minerva, Harry called Sev the father that he never had," Lily said, "They've got a deep connection."

"That's what I figured," McGonagall said to her, "Severus has been very helpful and beneficial to Harry's growth as a strong wizard. I'm very proud that they have that connection, it's very rare."

"Do you think that he'll attack Sev again?" Lily asked.

"God's I hope not," McGonagall said, "So how's Harry doing?"

"Well, considering all things," she said, "Let's just hope that Dumbledore thinks that Sev is dead long enough to defeat him."

"Me too," McGonagall said.

"He tried to kill you," Riddle said to Snape.

"Yes, but Harry was able to save me," Snape said. "So how are things fairing with your therapy."

"Better then expected," Riddle said, "We talked a lot about the World War and stuff about why I was never adopted. It's strange to have someone that cares about me and not have something in it for themselves."

"Well McGonagall seems to know the right people," Snape told him, "I've got your first potion."

He handed Riddle the vial and he drank it. At once his skin started to turn a tad shade off of white.

"It will take at least a month to return your skin color to normal but that's the most that I can do for now."

"Thanks," Riddle said, "Have you found the diary yet?"

"No, though I saw it when Malfoy's house burned down," Snape said, "No telling where its now."

"Well let me know when it's destroyed," Riddle said, "I want to know that I'll be fully mortal."

Snape nodded and then left.

"Dumbledore tried to kill Professor Snape," Pansy said.

"Yes and I was able to save him," Harry told her. "It was a great feeling."

"I'm glad that he didn't die," Ron said, "I mean, he took me in and didn't remind me of what my mother and the family thought. It was great."

Harry smiled at him, "I'm glad that you liked your stay."

"Do you think I can stay next summer?" Ron asked.

"I don't see why not," Harry said, "But I'll have a talk with him."

"Thanks," Ron said.

"You know since we're all friends here," Nott said, "I think that we should have a little group."

"What like what Peter Pettigrew was apart of," Ron said.

They all looked at him and he told them that in the Daily Prophet Peter had talked about the group that he had been apart of.

"What were they called?" Hermione asked.

"The Marauders," Ron asked.

"Well I think that dad won't mind if we call ourselves the Slytherin Marauders," Harry said.

And so that's the name they settled on. Of course if Snape heard he would have totally freaked out.

Note: I totally agree.

Chapter 38: Things Aren't Right

"Things aren't right," Snape told Sirius a few days later.

The Christmas holidays were coming up in a few weeks and most were looking forward to the time away from the students and the students from the Professors.

"What do you mean?" Sirius asked.

"So far the second year that Harry's at Hogwarts has turned almost like the first,"

Snape told him, "But without the Defense Professor trying to kill anyone or getting a stone."

"Maybe it's just your imagination," Sirius suggested.

Snape looked at him, "Are you even believing that," he asked him.

"Well one can be hopeful," Sirius said and then Professor Flitwick came running in. "What's wrong, man?"

"There's been another attack," he said, "The Heir of Slytherin has attacked again."

Snape groaned and then asked, "Who is it?"

"Creevey," Flitwick answered and Snape hit his head on the table.

"Great, just great," he said, "A Gryffindor got it."

"Is he dead?" Sirius asked.

"No petrified," Flitwick answered and Snape was able to take a breath of relief that wasn't needed.

"Does any one have any idea who did it?" Sirius asked.

"No one and with Dumbledore attacking people the school thinks that he might be the Heir of Slytherin."

"I highly doubt that," Snape said, "He might be evil but he isn't the Heir of Slytherin."

"So what's going to happen now?" Sirius asked.

"McGonagall wants to see the staff at once," Flitwick said.

"Now this should be interesting," Snape told him and they both left.

When they arrived they knew that McGonagall looked worried and Snape didn't blame her. The fact that Mrs. Norris, owned by squib Argus Filch, and Colin Creevy, a Muggleborn wizard, had been attacked was enough to send anyone into worryland. Add Dumbledore trying to kill off people that had once been his ally and he was certain that she wouldn't last the year.

"Are we going to tell his father," Sprout asked.

"No," McGonagall said, "Now let's get this meeting started."

Everyone sat down and she took a deep breath. "As you know Colin Creevy was attacked. Now we have no idea how he got attacked but at least we can say that he's not dead."

"He's as good as dead," Sinatra said.

"I agree but I'm going to take Petrified over dead any day," McGonagall said, "Now I've talked to Fudge about this and he said that he will hold back the Daily Prophet so that we can take a crack at finding the Heir. I don't think that I need to remind you that Slytherin House is full of prime suspects but I'm not going to subject them to what happened last term."

Snape knew that she was talking about the truth potion incident.

"What do you think Fudge will do if we don't find out who's doing this?" Hagrid asked.

"I don't think I want to know," McGonagall said.

"Do you need me to continue to investigate?" Snape asked her.

They all looked at him and then McGonagall explained that she wanted Snape to find out who's causing these attacks.

"I think that you'll be good enough...for now," McGonagall said, "The most important thing is that no one must think that it's Harry. Last year was too much for me."

When the meeting was over McGonagall kept Snape behind.

"Severus, do you think that it's Hagrid," McGonagall asked, "I know that I asked this before but I want to know if you think it might be, if you have any evidence."

"If it is then he has guts to come here," Snape said, "But I still don't believe that it is."

However Miss Weasley wasn't present during the end of the feast."

McGonagall stared at him, "Surely-."

"I'm not saying that it's proof I'm just pointing something out," Snape said, "Now I'm thinking that she left because she didn't want to be seen. Both her and Malfoy have been giving me problems this term."

"With Malfoy not wanting to be taught by Sirius," McGonagall said.

"Correct and the detentions that the entire school was to do haven't been done at all."

"I was thinking about that," McGonagall said. "What should we do about the detention?"

"I was thinking about having the Hufflepuff's do their's first," Snape said, "Washing all the windows will be a good punishment."

"I agree," McGonagall said, "I'll have Professor Sprout send them out."

Snape nodded and then left.

"I can't believe that Colin was attacked," Hermione said.

"Why aren't you surprised," Nott told her, "I mean, I know that there might be a chance that Slytherin's not doing it but he got what was coming to him. I mean, he treated Harry like he was nothing."

"That I'll agree with but the Heir is making our house look bad."

"I'll agree with the Mudblood," Malfoy said.

Nott and Pansy turned on him, "Did anyone include you in the conversation?" Nott asked him.

"So does anyone want to put bets on who the Heir might be?" Harry asked them.

"No bets there, I don't know who it is," Nott said, "Oh, Ron, I think that you need to have Ginny go to the hospital wing. She hasn't been looking good."

Harry and Ron turned to see Ginny staring out into space.

"I wonder what's wrong with her," Hermione asked them.

"Who cares," Pansy said, "She's been nothing but nasty to us."

"Go figure on who her father is," Nott said, "Going on and on about Muggle rights when he hated them just as much as a Death Eater."

"And gay to add to that," Pansy said, "I think that Pureblood wizards should have children with Pureblood witches."

Nott groaned, "Don't bring up all this Pureblood stuff."

"Why, I have a point," Pansy said.

"No, you don't," Nott told her, "Look, can we just change the subject."

"Sure, on what?" Pansy asked.

"Christmas, I'm staying at Hogwarts for Christmas."

"I was myself but I'm spending Christmas at Snape Manor," Harry said. "Ron's coming too."

"Glad to hear that," Hermione said, "My parents have finally forgiven me and so I'm spending Christmas with them."

"I'm glad that you've patched things up with them," Nott said. "It's bad when people fight over things."

Harry and Ron both nodded in agreement.

Of course everyone in the other houses thought it was Harry that was attacking people but they were very careful in talking about it just in-case Harry was listening.

"He's rotten to the core," said a Hufflepuff, "Look at who he has for a mentor."

"Yeah, blood-sucking Snape," said a Ravenclaw. "But I wonder what he's been doing while he's not been attacking people."

"Probably learning more of the Dark Arts," said a Gryffindor.

It was true that Harry was spending more time with Snape but that was only due to the extra stuff that Snape was making him do. The weather wasn't getting any better but he was still found going to Hogsmead to pick things up. Also he was doing things in his dorm that even his housemates wondered about. Of course Pansy and the rest of Harry's friends joked that he was thinking of an escape plan just in-case the rest of the school came at him with torches and pitch forks.

What none of them knew was that Harry was working on becoming an Animagi. The book had helped him avoid some of the things the Ministry looked for and so far he was able to change his hand into a claw and back again. He was working on the feathers.

"I wonder what Harry's doing," Ron said to Hermione and the rest. "We can't continue with the torches and pitchfork thing."

"Well it's a lot better then having to put up with some of the school believing that Harry's attacking people."

"Do you think Harry knows that he's being talked about?" Pansy said.

"Um, due to the fact that he's not coming out hardly at all I think that it would be a good assessment to think that Harry does know that he's being talked about."

"I wish they would stop," Pansy said. "It does get annoying."

"They won't stop until the real Heir is caught," Hermione said to her.

"Which I hope is soon," Pansy said.

"I can't believe their doing this to Harry," Sirius said to Snape.

"They want a scape goat and they've picked Harry," Snape told him, "I'm been trying to get him to come to dinner in my quarters but he's doing something."

Sirius looked at him, "You don't think he's cutting himself."

Snape stared at him, "I don't think so," Snape said, "If he was then the castle would alert me."

Sirius looked at him, "Why you?" he asked.

"Because he trusts me," Snape said, "Now I think that we need to look for something, something that's controlling someone."

"Like what?"

"The only thing that can control someone is a soul fragment," Snape said, "I believe that Riddle's diary is here."

Sirius looked at him, "And how do you know that it's the diary doing it?"

"Because the last time the Chamber was open it was fifty years ago," Snape said, "And Riddle is the Heir of Slytherin. There's no way that Riddle could be doing it because his magic is locked up, including his ability to talk to snakes."

"So someone has the diary and is using it to open the chamber."

"Correct," Snape said, "And when we find it then I can destroy it."

"Let's hope we find it," Sirius said.

"Me too or Hogwarts is finish."

Note: Now only if Snape was as smart in this story as he was in Rowling. Of course she dumbled him down. I'll post tomorrow.

Chapter 39: Neville's Attacked

As the month of November continued Harry and the rest of the Slytherin's were worried. Most believed that Colin got what was coming to him, wanting to come to Hogwarts when he didn't have Pureblood, but Harry and his friends were worried that the Ministry might take them all to Azkaban.

"We need to find out whose attacking people," Pansy said as they headed to Herbology.

"But how," Ron asked.

"What we need is some Veritaserum," Harry said to them.

"Veritaserum, what's that?" Ron asked.

"It makes someone tell the truth," Harry said, "Professor Snape was talking about it last week."

"Great and how are we suppose to brew this potion," Ron asked him.

"Well I can get permission from Professor Snape to take the book out," Harry said, "He always wants me to read advance work."

"That sounds like a great idea," Hermione said, "But won't he get suspicious if he finds out that you're actually brewing it."

"Nah," Harry said, "Professor Snape is in his coffin all day."

"So we just go to Sirius," Nott said.

"I rather go to Professor Snape," Harry told him. "Anyway, I have to if I'm going to check the book out."

"So where are we going to brew it," Pansy asked, "I don't think that the Professors won't notice us brewing a truth potion."

"I think I've got the perfect place for that," Hermione said.

When Hermione told them about Moaning Myrtles bathroom Pansy put her foot down, telling her that the ghost would most likely drown

them all and the potion. But Hermione pointed out that it was the only place that no one would look.

"And do you think that a Prefect won't catch us," Pansy told her.

"Well that's why there are two girls in the group," Hermione told her, "We're both look outs so that the three boys won't get into trouble."

Ron turned to Harry, "Have you ever done a plan where so many things can go wrong?"

"No," Harry answered.

When the sun came down Harry helped Snape out of his coffin and gave him a glass of blood, which he drank after Harry told him that there was no garlic in it. After three glasses Harry told him that he wanted to check out a book called Potions of the Past and Present.

"And why?" Snape asked.

"Well you want me to read advance work and so I feel that it's a good place to start."

Snape nodded and told him that the book was in his library. "Just return it when you're done."

"I will," Harry promised and went up to his quarters.

He quickly found the book and signed for it and then left. Once he was back in the Slytherin Common Room the five friends crowded around to catch a look at the book. Harry fingered the recipe and noted that a solid gold cauldron was needed.

"Sirius will so not let you have a solid gold cauldron," Hermione told Harry.

"I'll tell him that I'm working on a potions project," Harry said.

Hermione groaned and Harry pointed out that they were trying to clear Slytherin House's name.

"I know but I don't like it," Hermione said.

"Well I think it will work and most, except the Banshee blood and the Mandrake, we have access to."

"Do you think that Sirius will give you the ingredients?" Nott asked.

"I'm sure of it," Harry said, "After all, I'm his Godson."

Neville had a very bad day. He had been harassed by Malfoy and his two Slytherin bullies and he knew that Potter and his friends were up to something. True they didn't make fun of him but he knew that if they did anything that it might not look good for them.

"I hope that you're not worried about those freaks," Lavender Brown said.

"Of course not," Neville lied.

"So what are you doing now?" Lavender asked.

"Just walking, got a problem with that," Neville hissed.

"No, just thought you were helping stinking Potter out," Lavender said.

"Yeah, like he'll accept help from a Gryffindor," Neville said and that got Lavender off his back.

Neville went to the spot that Mrs. Norris was attacked and noticed something odd. There were marks on the floor, like something was crawling on its stomach. Neville mentally noted this and then wrote it down just in-case he forgot about it. He put his book away when he heard footsteps and turned to see Ginny standing there.

"What are you doing here?" Neville asked.

Ginny just stood there and then looked up, her eyes were different. She then opened her mouth and a loud hissing sound filled the hall. Suddenly the door opened and a large something came out. Neville ran for it and the thing came at him. He turned the corner and ran right through Nearly Headless Nick.

"What's wrong, Neville," Nick asked.

He turned and saw a pair of large yellow eyes looking through the ghost. He felt his whole body seize up and then he knew no more.

"I can't believe it, Neville was attacked," McGonagall said.

A Slytherin seventh year found his body and it seemed that both he and Nearly Headless Nick was attacked at the same time.

"Now they'll really think that Harry did it," McGonagall said.

"Is there anyway to keep people from attacking Harry?" Sirius asked.

"I don't think so," McGonagall said, "I can tell them that if they do they'll get suspended but Neville comes from a very popular family and the fact that Death Eaters made his parents mentally insane will not give Harry anymore rest."

"Well I don't believe for one moment that Harry attacked anyone," Sirius said.

"I know that he didn't but people will believe anything," McGonagall said.

The door opened and Remus came in, he looked worried. "I heard that Neville got attacked."

"That's what's been going around," McGonagall said, "Though we're not even close to finding out what attacked him or the others."

"Lockhart wants to start a Dueling Club," Remus told her and McGonagall groaned.

"Just what we need more of him flaunting around," Sirius said.

"What should I tell him?" Remus asked.

"Tell him that he can have his stupid Dueling Club," McGonagall said, "Though leave out the stupid."

Remus nodded and then asked, "Is Harry okay?"

"He'll be okay once the damn Heir of Slytherin is caught," McGonagall said. "So how are you feeling?"

"Well," Remus said and then left.

Due to the potion Harry had to get the banshee blood and mandrake from Sirius before he could even start brewing. Ever since Neville had gotten attacked he had to run away from mad Gryffindors and Ravenclaws. He had no idea why they thought he had attacked anyone, let alone Neville, and by time he arrived at the office he was out of breath. He knocked on the door and the door opened.

"Let me in," Harry said and slammed the door just as a hex came his way.

"What's going on?" Sirius asked.

"The Gryffindor and Ravenclaws have decided to hex me every chance they get," Harry told him. "Sirius I need banshee blood and mandrake."

"Why?" Sirius asked.

"I'm working on a potions project," Harry lied.

"Very well," Sirius said and went to get them.

Suddenly there was a banging on the door and Harry asked who was there, "It's Hermione."

He opened the door and Hermione filed in, her hair burnt.

"What happened to you?" Harry asked.

"Cho Chang, bitch, sent a Burning Hex my way," Hermione told him, "Nott and Pansy sent some hexes her way. Caused her to grow a tail."

"Good," Harry said and Sirius showed up.

"Where did you appear from?" Sirius asked, handing Harry the blood and mandrake.

"Harry let me in," Hermione said. "Chang attacked me."

"Great," Sirius said, "I'll escort you both back to the Slytherin common room."

"Thanks," Hermione said and after checking that no mad students were hanging around they left.

Once they were safely back in the Slytherin Common Room Harry told Nott, Pansy, and Ron that he had the blood and Mandrake.

"Great," Nott said, "Let's just hope that no one attacks us while we're trying to make the potion."

"Do you think that Neville will be alright?" Hermione asked.

"I'm sure he will," Harry said, "Once we find out who's attacking people then my name will be cleared."

Harry saw Hermione giving him a worried look. "I wish there was a way of getting them off your back," Pansy asked.

"I wish as well," Harry said, "I hate being the target of people wanting to attack me."

"There might be a way but I don't truly know if I'm thinking there's a way or if there is," Hermione said.

"If there is will it work?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Harry, it will," Hermione answered.

Note: Poor Neville, wonder what Hermione's up too. I would also like to note that I'm happy with the over 400 reviews that I've gotten. You make me happy. I'll post tomorrow.

Chapter 40: A Talk With Tyler

The group worked on a way to get the Moaning Myrtles bathroom without gaining any attention from revenge prone students. It was important for Harry to start on the Veritaserum as quickly as possible. This year was turning out to be almost as bad as last and he wanted it to be over. Once they were inside they got to work at once.

"Do you think that anyone will come in?" Nott asked.

"As long as Moaning Myrtle is around...no."

"Who's this Moaning Myrtle anyway?" Pansy asked.

"I'm Moaning Myrtle," said a voice and everyone jumped. "Of course you wouldn't know anything about me. Why would anyone care about measurable, moping, moaning Myrtle."

She let out a horrible scream and dived into the nearest toilet. "She's a little sensitive."

"You think," Harry said.

After they had worked on the potion as much as they could for the day Hermione poked her head out and told them the coast was clear. The four followed suit and hurried down the stairs. They had just turned a corner when they were all blasted by a spell and landed in a heap. Harry groaned and saw seven Ravenclaw's coming at them.

"Oh great," Harry said.

He made for his wand and that's when Remus appeared, "Leave them alone," he told them.

"Shove off, Lupin," one of them said, "Stop protecting the Heir of Slytherin."

"He's not the Heir of Slytherin," Remus told them, "Get out before I give you so much

detention your grandchildren will be serving them."

They all glared at him but thankfully left.

"Are all of you alright?" Remus asked, helping them up.

"Bruised but fine," Hermione told him.

"Glad to hear that," Remus said, 'I'll take you all back to your common room."

Once they were back Hermione hurried off somewhere else, making Harry wonder what she was doing.

"I can't believe they wanted to harm you," Nott said.

"Well they think that I'm a big bad Heir of Slytherin," Harry said to him, frowning, "I wish they would leave me alone."

"Fat chance of that happening," Nott said.

"Yeah, I think they would be happy if I finally died," Harry told him, "But I'm not going to give them that satisfaction."

"Glad to hear that," Ron said, "But I'm kind of worried about Hermione. She just walked off like that."

"Maybe she's doing something top secret," Pansy suggested.

"Maybe, but sometimes I wonder about her," Harry said.

"Your serious aren't you," Tyler said when Hermione told him what she wanted to do.

"Yes, but is it possible?" Hermione asked.

"Yes," Tyler said, "But it's very dark and it can't be reversed. Are you willing to make them think that you're the Heir of Slytherin?"

Hermione sighed, "Yes, I am."

"And you willing to put up with the abuse that goes along with it," Tyler said, "Do you know that there are times that I wish, this term, that I hadn't been sorted into Slytherin? It's hard enough that my

own parents are worried that someone will attack me but I've got to put up with it from the others."

"I'm sorry about that," Hermione said, "But I know that Harry isn't attacking those people and with Neville being attacked I-."

"Alright, I get why you want to do this but I'm going to tell you that once it's done there's no going back. You'll have that gift until you die."

"I understand," Hermione said.

"Let me get the book and I'll let you know when to come," Tyler said.

"Thank you," Hermione said and then left.

Tyler shook his head.

"Potter was attacked...again," McGonagall said, "And his friends as well."

"This is getting out of control," Sirius said, "I can't stand the fact that my godson is being attacked like this. Can't we change houses for him?"

"It won't work," McGonagall said, "He's been in Slytherin for a full year and the students view him as a Slytherin."

"I wish the hat hadn't placed him in Slytherin," Sirius said, glaring at the hat.

"Don't look at me," the hat said, "I sorted Potter into the right house."

"What about his apprenticeship?"

"I'll make sure that he gets to Snape's office in one piece," Sirius said.

"Thank Merlin that the other students don't know where the Slytherin common room is."

Harry used his invisibility cloak to go to Moaning Myrtles bathroom to check on the potion. It was almost time to add the next ingredient and then he would have to wait a week before adding the next ingredient. He sat there, sighing. His life was pure hell now and the only thing that he had looking up for him was his apprenticeship. He knew that Snape believed in him and that's all that mattered.

"Feeling like killing yourself," Myrtle asked.

Harry turned to see the ghost standing there, "Well."

"Sometimes," Harry said, "But I have some friends and a caring Head of House."

"I'm glad about that," Myrtle said. "I died here."

"How?" Harry asked her.

"I don't really know," Myrtle said, "This person came in and suddenly the person started to speak in this sort of mad-up language. I could tell that it was a boy and when I opened the stall to tell him to go and use his own I just saw this big pair of yellow eyes. I seized up and then started to float away."

Harry stared at her and then he said, "Myrtle, thanks." And he slipped the cloak on and hurried out.

When he got back to the Slytherin Common Room he told Hermione and his friends what Myrtle had told him. They were all shocked and then Ron asked, "Could the Chamber be in the bathroom?"

"It has to be and that means that Neville was there when the thing came out. Wish I knew what it was."

"Do you think we should visit him?" Pansy asked.

"I don't think that's a good idea but I think that we should tell Professor Snape what we've discovered."

"You discovered," Hermione corrected.

"Yes, but I don't want to take all the credit," Harry told her.

"Don't worry, we don't mind," Pansy said and so Harry left.

Thankfully no one knew that he was out in the corridors and so he made it to Snape's office without running into any trouble. When he knocked Snape told him to enter when he entered he saw Snape grading essays. He looked up and gave Harry a rare smile.

"What is it, Harry?" Snape asked.

"I think there's something that you need to know," Harry told him and then he told him that he believed that he had found the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets.

"In Myrtle's bathroom and what were you doing there?" Snape asked him

"Working on something that I didn't want the students to know about," Harry told him.

"I'll inform the Headmistress but knowing the entrance is different from knowing who's opening the damn thing," Snape said.

"I know but at least it's a start," Harry pointed out and Snape had to agree.

"The Chamber of Secrets is in Myrtle's bathroom," McGonagall said.

"That's what Harry told me," Snape said.

"What are we going to do?" Remus asked them.

"We can't just go in there and see what's down there, that would be crazy,"

McGonagall said, "What we need to do is find out exactly what is happening that might be clues to what creature is attacking the students and then we need to find out how to get rid of it."

"So we're just going to wait until it attacks another student," Sirius said.

McGonagall sighed, "I'm afraid that's all we can do."

For the next few days Harry used his cloak to hid from the students while working on becoming an Animagi. He needed to find a way to make sure that none of the students could harm him while the staff located the Heir of Slytherin and got his name cleared. So far the cloak was working but it was always a hassle to close it up where no one could see it. Of course what scared Harry was the fact that Neville might of caught the Heir but the Heir had attacked him. Why? Harry just didn't have that answer.

Meanwhile Hermione had finally been summoned by Tyler to do the ritual that would take the blame off of Harry. Tyler once again asked her if she really wanted to do this.

"I have to," Hermione said, "I'm tired of Harry being blamed."

"You know this is going to change you," Tyler told her.

Hermione sighed, "I know," she said. "Let's get this over with."

Tyler cast the dark circle and then called upon the ones that had protected him. They were old and they were nether good or evil, Hermione was in middle and he started to chant in African. As the words flowed out the room grew darker and darker until he couldn't tell where Hermione was. And then something happened that he wasn't expecting. He didn't know what was going on and then he heard a horrible screaming sound.

"Hermione," he yelled but she couldn't hear him.

Finally the room cleared and Tyler saw Hermione lying on her back. He ran over and checked on her.

"Hermione, are you okay?" Tyler asked.

"I think so," Hermione said and then she started to speak Parseltongue.

"It worked," Tyler told her and Hermione smiled, showing small fangs that were thin like a snake.

Note: We'll find out what happens in the next chapter with that spell. Also Hermione will start diving deeper into the Dark Arts now that her soul has had a taste for it. What Hermione does to help her friends. Note as well: I've noticed that sometimes I fail to change the rating from K to T. I'm correcting this so from now on all the chapters will have the T rating.

Chapter 41: Dueling Club

"I can't believe that you're allowing Lockhart to do this," Snape told McGonagall.

"Well if I don't then he'll complain to the governors," McGonagall said, "And the last thing we need is to hear is stupid voice going on and on. Personally I can't wait until he leaves at the end of term."

"Won't we all be glad about that," Snape said. "Well I'll be back."

And he was gone before McGonagall could say anything else.

Snape entered the Slytherin common room an hour later holding a wicker basket. The snake was now old enough where he knew that Harry wouldn't crush it. He personally thanked anyone that had cared for it for its remarkable health. Naturally he knew one of them hadn't been Riddle.

"Harry," he called and his apprentice stood up and walked over to him, "I got something for you. I had to wait until he was old enough to be taken care of by you but I'm hoping that you'll like him."

Harry opened the lid and the snake popped its head out. "Thanks, he's great," Harry said and ran over to show his friends.

"Now that's normal," Snape said and then left.

"Wow, he got you that," Hermione said when Snape had left the common room.

The snake was now out and looking around.

"I can't believe that he did this," Nott said, "Though I don't blame him for holding out. He must think that you're responsible."

"Or that he feel sorry for you," said Malfoy.

They all rolled their eyes and turned on him, "And what are you meaning by that?" Pansy asked.

"Isn't it clear that Snape only gave that to you because he feels sorry for you," Malfoy said, "The moment that you start not acting like his favorite little child he'll throw you out?"

"I don't think so," Harry said.

Malfoy gave him a cold smile, "Keep thinking that way and maybe one day you'll believe it."

He then laughed and finally left.

"Don't listen to him, Harry," Hermione said and the rest nodded, "He knows that you were abused and took you away."

"I know but Malfoy doesn't," Harry told her.

"And thank the Gods that he doesn't," Pansy said, "Imagine what he would be like if he knew."

Harry didn't want to imagine it.

"And why did you give my godson a damn snake?" Sirius Black asked.

Snape had no idea how he had found out but he was furious.

"There's nothing wrong with giving Harry a familiar," Snape told him.

"He already has one," Sirius said, "He doesn't need something like that as a familiar."

"Well he likes it," Snape told Sirius, "And that's all that's important."

Sirius glared at him but Snape gave himself a satisfied smile.

"Take that smirk off your face, Snape," Sirius said, "Wait until Lily hears about this. She hates snakes."

Snape glared at him and Sirius marched out.

However Lily told Sirius that if Harry liked the snake that he should be able to keep it. This got Sirius mad but Snape was glad that Lily was on his side. A few days later December started and everyone

was talking about how much they were looking forward in returning home. It had been a freaky few months and Snape was looking forward to spending it at Snape Manor with Harry. He had invited Remus and anyone else that wanted to spend Christmas with him.

He wasn't a fan of Sirius wanting to come as Riddle probably wouldn't want to be around a ton of people. He kept getting reports back saying that Riddle was doing well talking about his feelings and he zipped back to the manor a few times to give him his potion. So far Riddle's face had finally returned to normal but his nose was taking time to reconstruct. Going through Dumbledore's spells was tiring in itself.

Professor Snape came around with a list so that students could sign up if they planned on staying at Hogwarts for Christmas. Since Harry, Ron, and Hermione had an open invitation to spend Christmas at Snape Manor they didn't bother signing the list, though Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle had. Harry managed to keep out of sight and add another ingredient to the potion and finally, after months of hard work, Harry was finally able to transform.

However the end product was different then he had expected. He transformed into a phoenix and for the next couple of days he flew around, getting use to be able to fly and then changed back. The form was great, as he could fly to Moaning Myrtles bathroom without getting attacked by anyone. He allowed himself a small smile. A week after all of this had happen the notice went up for people to sign up for the Dueling Club.

Harry was interested in learning how to duel and so he and everyone else went

down to the Great Hall for their first meeting. Lockhart was overseeing it and Harry was delighted to see that Snape was demonstrating.

"Now the Headmistress has given me permission to start this little Dueling Club, to train you all up-."

Harry's brain turned off but he noticed that Remus and Snape were both rolling their eyes.

The rest of the whole thing was one public disaster. Lockhart had gotten Hermione to pair with Malfoy. Harry wasn't sure if this was a good idea but Malfoy seemed delighted in being up against Hermione.

"I wonder how long it will take before something happens?" Nott asked.

"I don't think I want to know," Pansy said.

Malfoy sent a spell at Hermione who dodged it without any problems and then it was the second spell that Malfoy sent that made everyone gasp. It was a snake, black with long, thin, fangs. It rose up and turned to a Hufflepuff that Harry didn't know who he was.

"Stand back, Granger, and I'll get it away from-."

He stopped talking and Harry and the others saw why as Hermione opened her mouth and a loud hissing sound came out. The snake looked at her and then at the boy and then backed away.

"Freak," he snarled and ran out of the hall.

Harry saw a smirk come across Hermione's face.

"What the hell happened in there?" McGonagall demanded the next morning.

She had summoned the staff as soon as she knew that they were awake. The only person that wasn't there was Snape.

"We had no idea that she could talk to snakes," Sirius said.

"Minerva, Severus doesn't think that she can," Remus said.

"And how do you account for what happened?" McGonagall said to him.

"He believes that she did a spell to gain that ability," Remus told her.

"And why would she want to do that?" McGonagall asked.

"Well Harry's being harassed," Sprout said, "I think that she might of wanted to direct attention away from him."

McGonagall looked at Remus, "Is this what Severus believes."

"Yes," Remus answered.

"Well I want her watched," McGonagall said, "The students won't understand this and will attack her."

"Maybe that's what she wants," Sirius said.

"Are you nuts?" Harry asked Hermione after she told them what she had done. "You could have been killed."

"I know but I was tired of people thinking that you had attacked people. I rather take the abuse."

"Well I don't want that to happen to you," Harry said, "And everyone here will agree."

"Except Malfoy," Nott said.

"I don't care what that git thinks," Harry told him and then turned to Hermione, "Please don't tell me that you're planning on doing anything else that's dark."

Hermione put a hand on his shoulder, "I can't promise anything but I will try and not do anything else that's dark."

And then she left.

"I can't believe that she did it, I mean using dark magic to gain the ability to talk to snakes," Pansy said, "Even I wouldn't want that gift."

"I know and people are going to think that she's a natural at it," Harry said. "And they'll attack her."

"We need to get that potion finished...soon," Nott said.

"It's almost done," Harry told him, "It will be done before Christmas."

"Do you think the Heir is going to go home for Christmas?" Ron wondered.

"Gods, I hope not," Harry said and then Ginny walked into the common room and marched up to them.

"Is this your idea of a joke because its not funny," Ginny said to them.

"Gin, I have-."

"No one's talking to you, traitor," Ginny snarled.

"Ginny, what's your problem," Harry asked her.

Ginny put her hand on her shoulder, "I've got to stay at Hogwarts this Christmas."

"So, how does this affect us," Pansy said.

Ginny glared at her and then said, "Did you put a hex on mum and make her tell me to stay at Hogwarts?"

"No," Harry said.

"Well you did or your stupid Parslemouth girlfriend," Ginny snarled.

"Hermione's not my girlfriend and leave her alone," Harry said.

"Ha, like I believe you," Ginny said, "I can't believe that I had a crush on you."

And she stormed off.

"What's going on here?" Pansy asked, "She thinks that we had some hand in this."

"No, she thinks that I did," Harry clarified, "Though I've got no clue what she's talking about."

"I think she's a little insane," Nott suggested, "I think that she needs to go in for therapy or something."

"That I'll agree with," Harry said.

"So looking forward to Christmas," Remus asked Snape when he woke up.

"As long as Dumbledore doesn't come to visit then I'll be looking forward to it," Snape told him.

"Is he still out there, waiting," Remus asked.

"I don't know," Snape answered, "Though I'm flooing Harry and Ron to Snape Manor so that Dumbledore and Slughorn can't get to them."

"Let's hope that Dumbledore and Slughorn doesn't attack any of the carriages," Remus said.

"I hope not either," Snape said.

However both Remus and Snape's wish didn't come true. As it got near the day that the students were to return home the carriages exploded in a shower of wood and metal. The staff raced to the turrets and saw five wizards coming through.

"Looks like Dumbledore got supporters," McGonagall said, "Inform the Ministry that we're being attacked."

Flitwick and Hagrid hurried out and McGonagall turned to Snape.

"Do what you need to do," she told him, "We have to protect the students."

Snape changed into mist and it went up to a large bell that had been there since the Founders founded Hogwarts. He rang it and that's when all hell broke loose as a large silver dragon appeared almost by magic, sending fire at the five wizards.

"What's going on?" Harry asked Sirius.

"We're being attacked, Harry," Sirius said, "It's Dumbledore, Slughorn, and three other wizards."

"I've got to stop him," Harry said.

"No," Sirius said, "This isn't your fight."

"But he's going to kill everyone," Harry said as Hermione raced past them. "Hermione!"

"I'll stop her," Sirius said and ran after her.

Hermione vanished from sight and appeared on the Astronomy tower. She raised her hands, her eyes turning silver.

"I call upon the dark magicks, come forth and sever your mistress," Hermione intoned.

"Come forth, magic that Dumbledore knows not."

There was a horrible scream and Hermione changed into a large black dragon. She flew up and joined the silver one.

If McGonagall thought that it was just five wizards then she was sadly mistaken. It seemed that Dumbledore had recruited the giants because they rose up from wherever they had been and started to charge as soon as the Aurors arrived. Suddenly a large phoenix appeared, spreading fire where it flew. Black mist appeared and four vampires appeared, and shot spells at the giant.

"Severus, summoned us," one of them said.

"We'll talk later," McGonagall said, as she went after the man that had once been her friend.

"Kill them all," Dumbledore snarled, "Leave not one student alive, Potter is mine."

His plan had worked better than he could imagine. The giants would lay waste to Hogwarts and then he would have full control over everyone. Suddenly a black dragon appeared and landed in-front of him and then changed.

"Well Miss Granger, I'm surprised," he said.

"Traitor," Hermione snarled, "You pretended to be our friend."

Dumbledore pulled out the Elder Wand but Hermione knocked it out of his hands. He hissed in rage, his jagged teeth showing.

"I'll kill you," he snarled and went to pick it up.

Hermione used her wand to slam him against the a invisible wall and she picked up the

Elder Wand.

"No I'll kill yo-."

She stopped as giant came out of nowhere and she had to change into a dragon. But she still had the wand and flew away with it.

"Pull back," Dumbledore said, cursing losing the Elder Wand, "We'll attack another day."

And it was over...for now.

Everyone cheered as the group left but McGonagall knew that they could attack

again and this time nothing would prevent Dumbledore from regaining Hogwarts. She turned to see the black dragon disappearing and wondered who it had been. Of course she had a funny feeling that she would be seeing that dragon again. The next day everyone was cleaning up from the attack and worry was spreading.

First it had been the Heir of Slytherin and now Dumbledore and his beginning army was attacking Hogwarts right before the holidays. The holiday's couldn't come soon enough for many of them.

"Sev, I'm worried about Harry," Lily said.

"I know," Snape said, "But he'll be safe at Snape Manor. You can come, if you want."

Lily sighed and put a hand on his arm. "I know and I'll think about it."

She could see that he wanted to kiss her but she knew that it would be impossible. Already she was falling for someone else and his name was Remus Lupin.

Note: Now that was unexpected and shocking.

Chapter 42: Christmas At Snape Manor

Everyone was glad when the holiday's came around and they could leave. The students that had chosen to stay at Hogwarts for Christmas could be seen regretting their choice. Harry and Ron were flooded to Snape Manor and was met with a very upset set of House Elves.

"We thought that you had died...again," said one of them.

"Don't worry, I'm still here," Snape told them.

Harry could tell that they weren't convinced.

Snape Manor was decorated for the holidays, with a large tree with candles on them. Harry was worried that they would cause the tree to catch on fire but Snape told him that the candles were enchanted not to cause the tree to catch on fire.

"But they don't use them at Hogwarts," Harry said.

"I know but each to his own," Snape said.

While Harry got settled into his room, Ron was sharing once again, Snape went to check on Riddle. He found him eating dinner and he looked up when Snape entered.

"I heard what happened," Riddle said.

"It was bad," Snape told him as he sat down, "The giants were there and they almost killed people."

"You must destroy that diary," Riddle told him.

"I know but I'm finding it hard to locate it," Snape told him.

Riddle sighed, "It will show up."

"I have no doubt about that."

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"So did you finish the potion," Ron asked Harry.

He pulled out a vial of completed potion and grinned, "I grabbed it before I left."

"Thank Merlin that no one discovered it," Ron said, "It would be very hard to explain."

"Don't I know," Harry said.

Harry hid the potion so that Snape wouldn't find it and then they talked about how creepy the term had been.

"I swear nothing has gone right," Harry said, "I mean, these attacks and then the school being attacked by evil Dumbledore."

"Add Ginny thinking that you had a hand in her not being able to return home," Ron added.

"I'm adding that mentally," Harry said. "So I wonder what Christmas will be like here?"

"I hope a lot better than the beginning of my summer was," Ron said, groaning.

"What happened?"

"Mum yelled at me almost all the time," Ron said, "Telling me that if I had used my head then I wouldn't of been in Slytherin."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her that she was right but that I had to face the facts that I had done wrong," Ron answered. "She didn't like that and that's when she told me that she was going to send me to the States. If you hadn't come and got me I would of ended up there."

Harry sighed and then there was a knock on the door.

"Enter."

The door opened to reveal Hawk, another House Elf, came in.

"Headmistress McGonagall wants to talk to you," Hawk told him.

Harry got up from his seat, "I'll see you later." And he left with Hawk.

When Harry entered the Drawing Room to see Professor McGonagall sitting, a glass of brandy in her hand, she stood up and set it down.

"Harry, I hope that your settled," she said to him.

"Of course," Harry said.

"Good, I'm glad to hear that," McGonagall said, "As you know, with Dumbledore attacking the school I've decided that we should train you for what you will need to do."

"Defeating Dumbledore," Harry said and McGonagall nodded, "I'm sure that you don't know about a Prophecy that was made upon your birth."

"No," Harry said.

"We believe the prophecy wasn't talking about Riddle but Dumbledore," McGonagall said, "Dumbledore worked very hard in making us believe that Riddle was the enemy."

Dumbledore is a half-blood and we believe that he used his magic to filter through to Riddle. It wasn't Riddle that actually marked you but Dumbledore."

"How's this possible?"

"Dark magic," McGonagall answered, "With it, almost anything is possible. That's why when you return to Hogwarts I want you to allow us to train you for what shall lie ahead."

"I'll be waiting," Harry said.

"Good, I'll see you when term begins," McGonagall and Harry left.

When he got back to his room he told Ron what McGonagall had told him. Ron was surprised but not shocked.

"So are you okay with this?" Ron asked.

"I have to be," Harry said, "Dumbledore attacked the school and I can't allow that to happen again."

"I wonder what Hermione's doing," Ron wondered.

"Having a lot more fun than we are," Harry said.

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At the moment that Ron wondered what Hermione was doing; Hermione was flying towards Snape Manor. Her parents had decided to go on a Honeymoon and that meant that she had no need to be at home for Christmas. She just hoped that Snape didn't attack her for showing up unannounced. She also had brought presents with her which she figured would sweeten up anyone.

Harry had told her where Snape Manor was and so all she had to do was follow the directions. She landed a few yards away from the massive stone building and then headed for the door, a smile on her face.

To say that Snape was surprised that Hermione was at his front door was an understatement. He had thought that Remus would be the one on the other side but when he saw a mass of bushy brown hair and buck teeth he knew it was Hermione.

"Miss Granger, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"And Happy Christmas to you as well," Hermione said, "Can I come in or will I freeze to death?"

"Heaven knows we don't need that," Snape said and he moved aside to let her pass. "So how long are you staying?"

"Until term begins," Hermione answered, "My parents have gone off for a second Honeymoon and I didn't want to be alone for Christmas."

"I'm sure that you would have managed," he said.

Hermione laughed and then asked, "Where are the boys?"

"Up in Harry's room and you can't just go into a boy's room," Snape told her, "Since your staying then I'll give you your own room. But don't think that your living here."

"Wouldn't dream of it," Hermione said and a House Elf led her away.

"God's why me," he said, though he knew that he was the one that had invited her.

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"Hermione," Harry called out when he and Ron had come down to dinner and see Hermione decked in green and silver.

"Hay, guys," Hermione said, hugging each one of them, "How has your Christmas been so far?"

Harry laughed, "Just got here."

"Well can't blame a girl from asking," Hermione said and then there was a clearing of the throat.

"I think that Snape doesn't want any girl hugging us," Ron said and Hermione went pink.

"Granger sets next to me and you two can set at the other end of the table," Snape told them.

"And why's that?" Ron asked.

"Because I've got my hormones under control," Snape told them, "You, don't."

"Hay, we can control our hormones," Ron said, "What are hormones?"

Harry groaned, "they're inside your body," Harry told him.

"I've noticed there is no magical mistletoe," Hermione said.

"Miss Granger, magical mistletoe was the worst thing that was invented," Snape told her, "If you get caught under it then you have to kiss that person and no kissing will happen under this roof."

"Oh come on, Professor, its fun," Hermione said.

"Not to me, it isn't," Snape said.

"Oh someone has had experience in that department," Hermione teased and that earned a glare from Snape.

The doorbell rang and Hawk went to answer it. A few minutes later Kingsley arrived with Tonks, the girl that had hair that changed colors.

"Shacklebolt, what brings you here?" Snape asked him.

"Just wanted to spread some cheer around," he said, "And check on Harry."

"Happy Christmas everyone," Tonks said. " I've got magical mistletoe."

Harry could hear Snape groan.

"She's going to be training to be an Auror," Kingsley told him.

"I know, I've got her in my N.E.W.T level class," Snape told him.

Tonks waved the mistletoe around, "Want to smooch, smooch?"

"Are you drunk Miss Tonks?" Snape asked.

"Absolutely," Tonks said and she threw herself at Snape.

Harry and Ron both laughed as she tried to kiss him.

"Hay, get off of me," Snape told her.

"Not until you kiss me tall, dark, and fanged," Tonks said.

"Get-off-of-me," Snape hissed and Harry saw his fangs extending.

"You better kiss her, Severus, that's magical mistletoe," Kingsley said.

He kissed her and Tonks squealed in delight, and then got up. "I told you vamps were good kissers and he's hot too."

Hermione laughed while Harry and Ron stuck their fingers down their throats.

After Tonks and Kingsley had left, much to Snape's delight, Harry and Ron teased him about kissing his seventh year student. Harry had to go further and sing

"Snape and Tonks kissing in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G. First comes love, then comes marriage, then comes a vampire in a baby carriage."

"Oh extremely funny," Snape said.

Hermione and the boys laughed.

"Women," Snape muttered.

"Well you have to admit that she's fun to be around," Hermione said.

"And she's going to tell everyone that she kissed me," Snape said.

"I'm sure she won't remember anything," Hermione told him, "Anyway, she seems like a really nice person."

"Only to you," Snape said.

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Note: I thought bring Tonks back would be really neat and of course a drunk Tonks is even better. If anyone wants to send me a drawing of Tonks kissing Snape while under magical mistletoe with Harry and Ron sticking their fingers down their throats and Hermione laughing then please do. I could use a good laugh. I'll add points if you put Kingsley in it. Sorry about not updating yesterday I got a headache due to the heat. Stupid heat.

Chapter 43: Seeing Remus Again

As the Christmas Holiday's continued everyone was looking forward to the party that Snape had promised would take place this year. That meant that Harry and Ron needed dress robes. Snape decided to take them to get them, though Harry insisted on using his own money for both of them. Ron went red at that.

"I don't mind," Harry told him.

"Let him do this, Weasley, or you'll kick yourself," Snape said.

Snape knew that Harry liked sharing with people what he had, something that Malfoy could use a lesson about. Malfoy kept Snape awake at night with his snobbish behavior and the belief that he was better than everyone else. They went to Madam Malkin for the robes and she fitted them nicely with them.

"Trust me, they'll come in handy later on," Snape told Ron.

Ron had no idea when they would be.

Once they had returned Snape reviewed the list that had been made and then sent the elves off to fill the order. On Christmas those that had been invited arrived and Harry was happy to see Remus again. Thankfully the girl named Tonks didn't show up, though Harry was sure that it would have made it even more horrible for Snape. McGonagall came back around and so did Kingsley and a couple of other people. Harry had already opened his presents and he had gotten another notebook from Snape, a quill from Ron, a box of advance potion ingredients from Hermione, and a death threat from Dumbledore. The last one he had taken to Snape.

"Remind me to screen your mail," Snape said.

"Do you really think he'll try and kill me," Harry asked.

"Oh I have no doubt," Snape said.

Another person arrived that hadn't been invited by Snape, though the look of her certainly made his mouth drop. Sirius introduced her as Luna Lovegood. She smiled at Snape, flashing a set of very thin fangs. She wore a blood red gown and matching cape.

"Isn't she in Ravenclaw," Harry said.

"Um, yes," Snape said, sounding distracted.

"Ooh someone's got a crush on a three hundred year old vampire," Sirius joked and then moved Harry and the rest away, "Let them have some fun."

"I can't believe you invited her," Remus said.

"Well old Snape's probably lonely," Sirius said, "I think that Luna can take care of him."

"Or handle him," Remus joked.

Harry groaned, "Please, don't say anything that has Snape having sex with anyone."

Everyone laughed but Harry did notice that Snape and Luna had vanished.

The rest of the party was a smashing success even with the absence of the host. McGonagall talked about the new security measure that had been placed by the Ministry and about not catching the Heir of Slytherin. Riddle was hiding behind a glamour charm and talking to a pretty healer. From the look on her face she knew exactly who he was but was charmed by him.

"Riddle's planning on writing a book about the war," Remus told Harry. "Nice use of his time."

"But there are tons of books about the war," Hermione said.

"Not told from a Wizing point of view," Remus said.

"Well I'm glad that he still has plans," Harry said, "Being forced to do those things as part of a sick wizard's plan isn't the best use of anyone's time."

"You know what gets me," Sirius said, "Is why no one suspected that Dumbledore hadn't given up his evil ways. He was dark wizard for a number of years with his lover boy."

"Grindwald," Hermione said, shocked.

"Yep, that's what Hopkirk said (sorry if I misspelled her name),"
Sirius said.

"Speaking of dark wizards, I hope that you're not planning to take over the Wizarding world, Hermione," Remus said.

Hermione looked at him, "And why would I do that?"

"Just a statement, that's all," he told her and Hermione glared at him.

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked.

"That dragon was dark, very dark," Remus said, "Though I'm not sorry that it saved our lives. I just know it was you."

"And what are you going to do about it?" Hermione asked him.

"Can't do anything about it since you used your powers to save us,"
Remus said,

"Anyway, I'm a werewolf and no one listens to me."

Harry and Hermione stared at him, "You're a werewolf."

"Yep," Remus said, "Surely Snape told you."

"If he did, I forgot," Harry said.

"Well we know that Hermione's got a little of each house in her,"
Sirius said, "At least no harm was done."

"True, but a lot of harm can be done if people suspect that they think they know that you happen to be a Parslemouth by birth."

"Oh so helping Harry is suddenly against the law," Hermione said, "I did what I did so that he would be okay. Sorry if no one likes it."

Riddle came over and smiled at them, "Be warned, Hermione, the dark can change you."

"And you would know that personally," Hermione snapped and walked off.

"Was it something that I said?" he asked.

"Don't worry about Hermione," Harry told him, "She just gets sensitive about these things."

Riddle nodded and Harry went to see if he could locate Snape.

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"I never thought I would meet another vampire that wanted me," Snape told Luna.

They were in his chambers and she smiled at him.

"I know, it's hard to find someone that you're compatible with," Luna said, "I was just surprised that it was you."

"And why?" Snape asked.

"Because I've had to pretend to be human for three hundred years," Luna told him, "I've missed being around other vampires."

She kissed him and then got dressed.

"Are you leaving?" Snape asked her.

"I'll enjoy the party for a while and then I'll leave," Luna told him.

"Will I see you again?" he asked.

"When term starts," Luna answered and then giving him another kiss, she left.

Snape didn't talk much with everyone else when Luna had left and when he finally retired when the sun came up it was clear to those that were left that he was pining for Luna.

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"I feel bad for him," Harry said, "It's clear that he really likes her."

"So what are you going to do?" Ron asked, "I mean, I don't know anything about vampires but it seems that they want to be left alone in the romance department."

"I know but when he feels bad somehow I feel bad," Harry said, "Sometimes I wish that Sirius hadn't brought her."

"Well I think that it's sweet that he's smitten with someone," Hermione said, "Though it's sad that she just stayed around and then left."

"Do you think they'll start dating or something?" Ron asked.

"Don't know," Harry said.

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"So how did the party go?" Lily asked Remus.

"It was great," Remus said, "Though he brought this three hundred year old vampire to the party and Severus got smitten with her."

Lily stared at him and then smiled, "I'm glad."

"Yeah, but she left," Remus said, "I think he's got it bad for her."

"Well then I think we should work on bringing them together," Lily said.

Remus gave her a look and she said, "What."

"I would be careful about that," Remus said to her.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because vampire romance is something that I don't have a very good feeling about," Remus told her.

"Well I think that Severus should have someone and he seems to really like this Luna woman. So how old does she look like on the outside."

"Like a first year, though she did transform into her true form," Remus said, "And I have to admit that she was hot looking."

Lily hit him on the shoulder, "What."

"Talking about someone's might be girlfriend like that," Lily said, "Though I didn't know that a vampire could altar their appearance."

"Apparently, according to Sirius, she wanted to go to a magic school," Remus said, "Dumbledore had no idea that Luna was a vampire."

"I'm glad that he didn't," Lily said. "So how old does Luna look when you see her as she really is?"

"Around thirty," Remus answered.

"Then she's the perfect age for Severus," Lily said, "I'll work out the fine details and you get them together."

"Oh I think they've been together once," Remus said and then backed away at the look on Lily's face. "Sorry."

"More like it," Lily said.

Remus wondered what he had done to deserve this.

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"Well I think that's it," Hermione said as she got ready to leave, "I'll see you both in a week."

"Be good and no dark magic," Harry told her.

Hermione stuck her tongue out at him and then left. Soon silence fell upon Snape Manor.

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Note: Luna can, as a three hundred year old vampire, change her age at will. Oh Remus and Tonks will get together but it will be slow for Lily to realize that she has feelings for Severus. But don't worry

about Luna; I'll get her with someone, can't let the poor girl think that she's not loved.

Chapter 44: Returning Once Again

The Christmas Break ended and it was time for Harry and Ron to return to Hogwarts. They placed their trunks near the fireplace and then waited for Snape to come up to Floo them. Harry checked his watch that he had gotten from Kingsley and just when Harry thought that Snape wasn't going to show up he appeared.

"Let's get back," Snape told them and a few minutes later they were back in the Slytherin Common Room.

Hermione returned the next day, with stories about her parent's trip to the islands and showed them what her mum had gotten for her.

"I'm glad they had a good time," Harry said.

"Well its back to hard work," Ron told them as Nott and Pansy came in.

Classes started the next morning and Hermione returned to the no-nonsense student that believed in taking notes on anything. In Transfiguration Professor Lupin had those changes wires into flowers and Professor Black was having them working on slow acting potions. When they sat down at the Slytherin table Hermione told them all about next year.

"I heard that you get to pick new classes," she said.

"And how did you hear about this?" Nott asked.

"I asked Professor Flitwick about it," Hermione answered.

"I hope we can drop Defense Against the Dark Arts," Harry said.

"And why, that's very important," Hermione said.

"Not how Lockhart is teaching it," Harry told her, "And I still believe that he's a fat fake."

"Well I like him," Hermione said.

"You only like him because he's handsome," Ron told her.

Hermione glared at him and Harry decided to change the subject, "Do you think the coming years are going to be hard?"

"I heard that it will," Pansy said, "She said that fifth year is hell."

"Well I know I won't have any problems," Hermione said, her voice filled with confidence.

"Yeah, why would a Mudblood have problems?" Malfoy asked who was passing and had heard Hermione talk.

They all glared at him but Pansy spoke, "You know that's getting really old."

"Not to me it isn't," Malfoy said, "Anyway, why does Potter have anything to worry about. He's nearly acing all his classes."

"Unlike some," Harry pointed out and Malfoy went red.

"Why don't you leave us alone, Malfoy," Ron said, "No one here really cares what you think."

"Only if you knew," Malfoy said but thankfully he did leave.

Harry was in a bad mood the rest of the day. In Charms he had work on a waterproof charm and in Herbology he had a plant that was giving him problems. All and all it hadn't been a good first day back and he picked a corner so that he didn't have to look at Malfoy's face.

"Is it my imagination or has Malfoy got worse," McGonagall asked Snape.

"What do you mean?" Snape asked.

"He almost caused a fight at the Slytherin table," she told him.

Snape's face turned dark, when would he learn?"

"I hope that someone gave him at least detention," Snape said.

"No, I don't think anyone did," McGonagall said and then, "Severus, I know that he's

your godson but you need to have another talk with him."

"Like he'll listen to anything that I have to say," Snape told her. "He didn't listen at the beginning of term and he's not going to listen now."

"Well try," McGonagall said.

"I can try but I can't promise anything," Snape told her.

"I know but you at least tried," she said to him and then left him alone.

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"Luna," Harry yelled.

He had been looking for Luna for the past two days and finally he caught up with her.

She turned to study him and then asked, "What do you need?"

"Can we talk somewhere private?" Harry asked her.

"For what purpose," Luna asked.

"So that no one knows that you're a ...vampire," he said under his breath.

"Very well but only ten minutes," Luna said as a couple of Hufflepuffs giggled at them.

When they were alone Luna changed into her actual form.

"Luna, I know that you left my Master a very broken-hearted man and he really misses you."

"And I miss him as well," Luna said, "But I signed up, and my father pulled strings, to get me into Hogwarts. I wanted to learn more about the magic the courses through my veins and I was able to get in right under that evil wizard's nose. Now you're asking me to give that all up for someone."

"What are you giving up?" Harry asked, "Professor Snape deserves to be happy and you make him happy."

"And he makes me happy but-."

"But what?" Harry cut in, "It's not like your really eleven and no one has to know that you're with him."

Luna gave him an odd look and then said, "Do you really believe that I can make him happy."

"Yes," Harry said.

"He has to let go of the past," Luna said, "Even as a vampire he's holding onto something. Once he gives that up then I can be with him."

Harry looked at her, "What do you mean, he's holding onto something?"

"He's holding onto the past," Luna said, "Tell him that if he wants to be with me that he must let Lily go."

And then she left.

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"You did what," Snape hissed when Harry was present when he woke up.

"I know that you don't like people going into your personal life but Luna makes you happy and you've not had a lot of that."

"And why does Lovegood think that I'm holding onto Lily," Snape told him.

"I don't know, I guess it's something that she senses," Harry said, "Look, I didn't mean to cause you any harm but-."

"You wanted to see me happy," Snape finished and Harry nodded, "Harry, I don't deserve anyone and being a vampire has proven that. If Lovegood thinks that I'm holding onto something then fine. I'll let it go when I have a good reason."

"Like what reason?" Harry asked, "I know that you loved mum, I can tell that just by looking at you, but you do have to let the past go."

Snape glared at him and Harry looked down at his shoes.

"I'm sorry, I thought that I could help," Harry told him.

Snape sneered at him, "Next time, don't," he said and he ordered Harry to leave.

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"I could of told you that he wasn't going to like it," Hermione said when Harry returned to the Slytherin common room, "You got involved in something that was personal."

"I know that," Harry said, "But he seemed so heartbroken and I wanted to let him have a chance to be happy."

"So he's in-love with your mum," Nott said, "Weird."

Hermione looked at him, "And how's it weird?"

"Well Snape was a Death Eater," Nott said, "They usually hate muggleborns."

"Well Snape doesn't," Harry said, "Though I wish that he hadn't snapped at me."

Ron, who was doing his work, looked up, "If the old goat wants to be miserable then let him be. No need to get involved with his life."

Harry looked at him, "And your suddenly an expert in this," Harry said.

"No, just putting out there what I think," Ron said.

"Harry, I think that you should let it go," Hermione said, "If Professor Snape wants to be with Luna then he'll be with Luna."

Harry nodded and then got up and left.

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"Well at least he tried," Riddle told Snape when he came to give him his medication.

"Oh so it's okay for him to get involved in my persona life," Snape told him.

"Tom does have a point," the Healer that Riddle had struck up a friendship with pointed out.

Snape looked at her, "Are you getting paid to heal or have a point?"

"Severus, don't snap at people," Riddle ordered.

Snape grunted and hand him the potion. He drank it and then handed the empty vial back.

"I personally think its sweet," she said as she had him close his eyes so that he wouldn't freak out when he saw her wand.

"Sweet, whatever you say," Snape said, "Gods, helping you out has proves to be more trouble then its worth."

The Healer returned the wand and Riddle opened his eyes. The red slits were gone and had gone back to a normal eye color.

"And what's that supposed to mean?" Riddle asked.

"Only this, get a girlfriend," Snape said.

The Healer giggled and said, "Oh he already has one."

Snape moaned and then asked, "Is this against some rule?"

"Only if someone finds out," the Healer said, "Now if you don't mind me and Tom have some, personal, things to take care of."

Riddle lifted her in his arms and they went upstairs.

"Ooh, some people," Snape said and left the Manor.

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Note: Tom has a girlfriend, now that's something. Also Snape does have a point; Harry should not get involved in Snape's personal business. Vampire business is nasty business.

Chapter 45: Hermione's Pain

"So when are we going to use the potion?" Nott asked Harry.

"Soon," Harry said.

The first week back from Christmas break had been hard. The Slytherin team was practicing for their next match and a letter had arrived for Hermione, telling her that she was needed. She had left last night and was due to return next Wednesday.

"I wonder what the letter was all about," Pansy asked. "She seemed upset about it."

"I know, I hope it's not bad," Ron said.

"I hope not either," Harry said.

Harry glanced over at Ginny but she wasn't writing in her book, which made

Harry wonder what had happened to it. He pulled that out of his mind and returned to his work.

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"So why did someone not screen Granger's letter?" Snape asked McGonagall.

"I don't know," McGonagall said, "I don't even know the contents of the letter. She just told me that she needed to see her parents and that it was very important. I told her that she had until Wednesday and she left."

"Let's just hope that nothing bad has happened to her," Snape said to her.

"I hope not either," McGonagall said.

Upon returning to his quarters he summoned Harry with a new set of chores. When he arrived Snape had him go down to dungeon thirteen and pick up the box that had the small golden cauldrons.

"Are you sure that I'm responsible enough for this," Harry asked and Snape looked at him, "Sorry, I just never handled them."

"I trust that you can handle these," Snape told him, "You've been under me for a year and I think that you can handle a few boxes."

Harry nodded and then left.

An hour later Harry finally returned with the boxes that he had told Harry to get. He knew enough not to use magic on them and he knew that it must of taken a lot out of him to get them here. Snape conjured something cool to drink and handed it to Harry.

"Thanks," Harry said, drinking it quickly and then slowly. "Merlin, why do they have to be so heavy?"

Snape wanted to point out that they were gold, so they were heavy, but he didn't think that insulting Harry was in order.

He then had Harry go and see Professor Sprout about the Mandrakes, leaving Snape time for himself.

Harry arrived at Professor Sprout's greenhouse and knocked on the door. It opened and the Herbology teacher looked at him. She smiled at him and he returned it.

"You're here to reports about the Mandrakes," she said.

"Yes," Harry answered, "Professor Snape wants to know what's going on with them."

"Come on it and I'll tell you in the office," she said and let him pass.

Harry had never been inside Professor Sprout's office and it looked bad enough to make Aunt Petunia faint. She told him that they were not ready yet but said that they would be growing even more with warmer weather coming around in a few months.

"I've made sure that no cold gets in here," Sprout said, as Harry wrote this down.

"Thanks, Professor Snape will be happy to hear that," Harry said.

"Mr. Potter, can I ask you a question," she said and Harry nodded, "Where's Miss Granger at?"

"She had to see her parents," Harry said and Sprout frowned. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know, I've just got a very bad feeling about this."

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"Your evil!" Hermione stated.

She had gotten back home to find her parents bounded, cuts all over their bodies. She knew they were alive but what made her mad was the fact that Dumbledore, Slughorn, and four other wizards were there.

"Oh I'm evil," Dumbledore said, "You use to look up to me, what changed."

"Do I really have to answer that," Hermione spat, "Let them go or I'll make you wish you were never born."

Dumbledore laughed a cold laugh, "Oh and you think that Hogwarts is going to send someone to rescue you. I bet even Potter's glad your not around."

Hermione knew this wasn't true but she wasn't going to tell him that.

"What should we do about her filthy parents?" Slughorn asked.

"Kill them, leave them as proof that no one goes against me," Dumbledore said.

Slughorn grinned and left.

"Please, don't kill them," Hermione begged.

"Oh little Miss Dark Arts dabbler is worried about her parents," Dumbledore taunted, "Oh how sweet."

She saw a flash of green light and then another, "Oops, I guess their dead."

That's when Hermione screamed and changed into the large black dragon.

Hermione charged at them, all the rage she felt at the death of her parents flooding into her. How dare they kill them, how dare they think they had that power.

"Stun her," Dumbledore yelled, "Makes sure that she can't walk."

She shot fire at them, burning one and then roaring once more she broke threw the wall and picked up her parents bodies in her talons and flew back to Hogwarts.

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"I sense something, Nott," Harry said to him.

Nott was doing his Defense Against the Dark Arts work, pointless as it was, but he looked up.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Harry tried to focus on the feeling but it was fleeting.

"I don't know, like a sinking feeling," Harry said, "Like something's coming that we're not going be able to handle."

It was near Wednesday, the time that Hermione was to come back, and the feeling had grown from the moment that Hermione had left and now it was very strong.

"Should you go to Snape?" Nott asked.

"I don't know," Harry said, "I want to but I don't know if he'll believe me."

"Go and tell him," Nott suggested and so Harry left.

When he arrived at Snape's office he knocked on the door and waited. For ten minutes it didn't open and then, just as he was about to head back, the door finally opened and Snape poked his head out.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I need to talk to you," Harry said, trying not to sound blunt but he was afraid that it had come out like that."

"About what?" he asked.

"Something doesn't feel right," Harry said, "I think-."

He stopped at the sound of sobbing and they both turned to see Hermione, wand raised, magicking the bodies of her parents.

"Hermione," Harry called out.

"Slughorn killed them," Hermione told them, "He killed my parents. I want to make them pay, them all pay damn it."

Her eyes glowed with such a bright light that Harry had to shield his eyes.

"Hermione, calm down," Snape begged.

"They will pay, they will burn, they will feel what it's like to die," Hermione said, her voice sounding different.

Snape muttered something and Hermione fainted, her parents bodies dropping.

"Get her inside," Snape told Harry.

Harry helped to bring Hermione in while Snape went to inform McGonagall.

"What's wrong with her?" Harry asked.

"She's got a spirit inside her," Snape told him, "It's controlling her but it doesn't help that she heard her parents being murdered. It's going to feed it until she becomes a monster."

"Is there anything that we can do to save her?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Snape said, "I really don't know."

Harry watched over Hermione until Professor McGonagall showed up with a very worn out Lupin. Snape told them what had happened and McGonagall gasped.

"What they did is giving life to the evil that's inside her," Snape said, "This is why the dark arts of this kind is so dangerous."

"Can we save her?" Remus asked.

"I hope so," Snape said, "Because if nothing is done she'll become a Dark Lady."

"Can Riddle help us," Remus asked.

"His magic is still locked up," Snape said, "I doubt that he can help us, though his knowledge of the Dark Arts might be able to help us."

"Then go and seek his advice," McGonagall ordered, "Maybe he can help us even if he can't use his magic."

"I'll get right on it," Snape said and he ran out.

"Is Hermione going to be alright?" Harry asked.

"I don't know but I hope so," McGonagall said.

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Riddle was surprised when Snape showed up and when he heard what happened he gasped in shock. He then told Riddle what Hermione had done and asked for his advice.

"It sounds like that she used a spell to draw in a lot of power and might of ended up becoming an avatar," Riddle said.

"And avatar of what and why haven't I heard of them?" Snape answered.

"I know that there are ancient spells, far more ancient then even Hogwarts, that talk about them. I advise that you go to Egypt. Avatars were the Egyptian counterpart to demigods. If the priests which to seek the aid of a god then they would bring that god into them. It usually killed them."

"Can it be removed?" Snape asked.

"The only way that you'll find the answer to that is if you go to Egypt," Riddle said and Snape hurried out.

Riddle wished him luck.

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It took a couple of days for Snape to reach Egypt and when he arrived at the home of Horus he told him of what had happened and that Hermione would die if something wasn't done about the spirit inside her.

"It sounds like Isis," Horus said, "She was called upon many times."

"Can we get rid of her?" Snape asked.

"We can ask her to leave but we can't get rid of her," Horus told him, "Let me find the scroll and I'll bring it to England."

"Thank you," Snape said, grateful for the help.

It was going to be another few days before he was back where he belonged.

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Note: I hope that you all liked this chapter, I took me sometime to write but I think that I got it.

Chapter 46: Hermione Saves Snape

Harry waited for Snape for a week and when he finally returned Harry breathed a sigh of relief. Hermione still hadn't woken up from the spell that Snape had cast on her and he told Harry that they needed to see the Headmistress.

"Have you found a cure?" Harry asked him.

"I won't say anything until we get to the Headmistress office."

When they arrived McGonagall stood up and looked at him intently. At once he told them what he had been told by Riddle and his trip to Egypt. Harry was very interested in all this and so, it appeared, McGonagall. He then told them about what Horus had said.

"He was around when these things were common," Snape said to them, "He promises to deliver the scroll."

"Which entity does he believe is in control of her?" McGonagall asked.

"He believes Isis but he's not sure," Snape answered.

"Gods, why are these things happening?" McGonagall said, "We've been attacked,

Miss Granger's parents murdered, the Heir of Slytherin business, and now we might lose one of our students."

"I understand how you feel, Minerva," Snape said, frowning, "And I personally can't wait for it to be over."

"That I'll agree with," McGonagall said.

When they had left, after McGonagall had told them that Hermione's parents had been buried, Harry told Snape what he thought about all this business. He at once voiced that he didn't like any of this.

"I agree," Snape said, "Dumbledore is using our trust against us and he's enjoying every minute of it. Though I don't believe that he opened the Chamber."

"Well I wouldn't put anything past him," Harry said, "I bet he loves the fact that all these people are being attacked."

"I think that you might be right," Snape said.

The next morning Harry tried to focus in History of Magic. It was hard with him worrying about Hermione and of course whatever Dumbledore and his sick band of small evil wizards were planning. When the lesson finally ended they headed for lunch.

"So is Hermione waking up?" Pansy asked.

"I don't know," Harry answered, "Snape is getting something from a friend that might help but anything can happen from now until then."

"God's I can't believe that she was so determined to pull people away from you that she endangered her soul."

"Trust Hermione to be reckless," Nott said and Ron nodded in agreement.

"Hay, why the long faces?" Malfoy asked, though Harry was sure that he didn't care one bit about Hermione.

"Nothing that concerns you," Nott said and Malfoy grinned.

"I heard the Mudblood got herself hurt," Malfoy said, "Did she cry?"

Harry stood up so fast that he knocked Ron's bowl of food off his plate, "Say that again."

"Just pointing out, that's all," Malfoy said, "Though I'm happy that I don't have to put up with her. I hope she stays as far away from us as possible."

"What was that, Mr. Malfoy?" Sirius asked.

Harry grinned at the perfect timing.

"Nothing," Malfoy lied, though the look on Sirius face told Harry that he didn't believe it.

"I believe that you've lost Slytherin twenty points," Sirius said, "My, Severus is going to be really mad when he finds out. I'm also giving you detention with him, scrubbing out cauldrons."

Harry grinned at the look of horror on Malfoy's face at the thought of manual labor.

"Get going, Mr. Malfoy, and shut that trap of yours."

Malfoy glared at them all and left, with Sirius following.

"That was the best thing that ever happened," Pansy said, grinning, "Don't have to listen to Malfoy's stupid mouth."

"Harry, next time that you get mad could you leave my food alone," Ron asked.

Harry looked down at the floor and said, "Sorry."

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"Here you go," Horus said when he arrived after sundown, "I had to work hard to keep this from falling into the wrong hands."

Snape had just woken up as well and was drinking some blood that a Ravenclaw had donated. He looked at the scroll, careful not to spill anything on it. It was very old, judging from what he was seeing of the age of the script.

"How did this survive?" Snape asked him.

"I managed to collect many of them when Egypt was a grand empire," Horus told him, "This was one of them."

"I'm glad," Snape said, "Though I'm afraid that I don't read the ancient language."

Horus laughed, "Your lucky, I do."

"So you'll help me," Snape said and Horus nodded.

They went into the room where Hermione was at and Horus set everything up. Snape had gotten the impression that there was more

to this man then met the eye. He knew how everything had to be and didn't mess up. When everything was finished He started the chanting and Snape watched as Hermione eyes opened.

"Identify who you are," Horus spoke in Hieroglyphs.

"I'm the Goddess of Ten Thousand Names, I'm Isis, the greatest Sorceress in the world, the first sorceress in the world."

"Why have you inhabited this girl's," Horus asked.

"To protect but I've felt the need for vengeance. You shall not get me to leave her body, with her mind so ripe for wanting revenge."

"You must leave her body, your killing her," Horus said.

"Why should you care, vampire?" Isis asked.

"Because someone must," Horus answered.

"I don't want to kill her," Isis told him, "The child has lost too much and she shall not lose her life."

"She can't stand something as powerful as you are in her," Horus told her, and Snape heard from his words more of a feeling than actual meaning.

Snape didn't hear the rest but then Hermione passed out.

"What happened?" Snape asked.

"Isis has agreed not to interfere with the health of Hermione but there's no way that we can get her out," Horus told him, "She'll live with the Goddess inside her until she dies."

"Great," Snape muttered.

"It's the only thing that I can do," Horus told him, "Be well in knowing that at least Hermione will recover."

Snape gave him a smile, "Thanks for at least trying."

Horus nodded and then left. Snape walked over and saw Hermione slowly coming around.

"Are you alright, Miss Granger?" Snape asked her.

"I think I am," Hermione said and then the tears welled up, "My parents are dead!"

"I know, I'm sorry," Snape told her, "But I've got something that I must tell you. Meet me in my office when you have your wits."

"Yes, sir," Hermione said and then Snape left.

Snape waited for a long time and finally Hermione showed up. She looked as though she had been crying and her body shook. He offered her something to calm her nerves, which she accepted.

"Thanks for caring," Hermione said, drinking it.

"I'm your Head of House, I'm supposed to care," Snape said, "Though I'm angered at what happened."

"Why did he do it?" Hermione asked, her voice calmer due to the draught.

"He wanted to make sure that you knew he had all the power," Snape answered, "Like I said before, I'm sorry."

"It's not like you were there," Hermione said, "You have nothing to be sorry about."

"I know, but I feel responsible," Snape told her, "We buried them on the Hogwarts grounds. The governors don't need to know."

"And I shall not tell," Hermione promised. "Now what did you want to talk to me about."

"Miss Granger, I know that you did something to gain more power," Snape told her, "The ritual that you did have a unforeseen side-effect."

"Like what?"

"You have a Goddess inside you, Isis."

Hermione looked at him and then laughed. Snape glared at her and she stopped.

"I don't see how this is funny?" Snape said, "Isis was the original parsletongue and that means that you'll have the gift until you die. Was it worth it?"

"Everything is worth it for your friends," Hermione said.

"True, but what you did was foolish," Snape said, "And you'll pay for it everyday of your life."

Hermione looked at him, "Would you do it, gain a dark gift to save your friends?"

Snape wasn't sure what to say to that and then the door opened and something flew in.

"Duck," Hermione said and tossed the package back through the door.

There was a loud bang and then the entire wall caved in, blocking their way out.

"That was the stupidest thing that you've ever done, Miss Granger," Snape told him.

"True, but at least you didn't blow up into millions of pieces," Hermione pointed out.

Snape wanted to say that she was wrong but the most important thing was to get out.

"We'll talk about what you did later."

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Note: Boy Hermione's in trouble, though she did save his life.

Chapter 47: Doubts

February started and with it rain and lots of it. Harry hated the rain because it meant that something bad would happen. He had no idea when he started to believe in such things but he believed it. Hermione seemed fine on the outside but when she thought no one was looking her eyes took on a strange color. When he told Snape this he told him that it was the by-product of what she had inside her. Harry was thankful that Snape didn't tell him that it was all in his mind.

"So looking forward to the extra classes next year," Nott asked.

"Only if their challenging," Harry answered.

Most of the second year Slytherin's talked about the different classes that would be offered to them next year. A girl that was in her fourth year told them that they had to be very careful.

"Just because it seems like a great class doesn't mean that you'll get a good job in it."

The only thing that Harry wanted to go into was Potions so he decided to ask Snape what it took to be a Potions Master besides the apprenticeship.

"Well you need to be good at Defense Against the Dark Arts and Charms," Snape answered.

"So I shouldn't take extra classes?"

"Only if you want to," Snape answered, "I advise the soft opinion of Muggle Studies. Easy O from what I've been told."

"Did you take it?" Harry asked.

"No," Snape answered, "I knew everything about muggles already. I didn't need to take a class in it."

"Well I know everything about muggles," Harry said.

"True, but you also need to have more time for your potions. Taking one extra class means that you'll have more time."

Harry knew that Snape was trying to be helpful and so he excepted it.

When he got back he told Nott and his friends that he had already decided to take Muggle Studies. Ron pointed out that he already knew everything about them.

"True, but Professor Snape thinks that I need the soft class so that I'll have more time with my work," Harry said, "I'm already handling gold cauldrons."

"Which is real work," Pansy pointed out, "I'm surprised that you've earned that level of trust."

"I'm surprised that they were so heavy," Harry said.

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"Why is my husband in Azkaban," Mrs. Weasley asked.

She had arrived at Professor McGonagall's office and demanded answers. She once again explained that Arthur had plotted with Dumbledore to take over the Wizarding World.

"Nonsense," Mrs. Weasley said, "I bet it was that filthy half-blood's plan to have my husband removed."

Professor McGonagall stood up, "Don't you dare accuse Harry of this. We all know the truth and you need to live with it."

"Never," Mrs. Weasley hissed, "I'll get you back for this, all of you for this."

And she stormed out.

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"Why do I have a bad feeling that this is going to blow up in our faces," Sirius said after McGonagall told him what had happened.

"We need to watch her," McGonagall said, "I've told Kingsley about it but I need someone that can watch her without attracting attention."

"I'll do that," Sirius said.

"And does she know that you happen to be an animagi?" Remus asked him.

"No," Sirius answered, "At least I don't think she does."

"I think that Sirius will be a good person for the job," McGonagall said, "I know that

Molly doesn't have half the brains to check the registry. So there's a very good chance that she has no clue that Sirius is an animagi."

"Just be careful," Remus warned, "She's nasty when she gets mad."

"I'll be careful," Sirius said and then left.

When he was gone Remus turned to McGonagall and asked, "Why does she think that Harry lied?"

"I don't know," McGonagall said, "She might be pretending so that she will look better

or she might not of had any idea what kind of wizard she married."

"How could she not of known," Remus asked.

McGonagall looked at him, "Not all husband's tell their wives everything."

"So you honestly don't think that she knew," Remus said.

"No, I don't," McGonagall said, "Though she might be a good pretender."

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"So anymore attacks from Dumbledore?" Horus asked Snape.

"Not since the attack on Miss Granger's parents," Snape said.

"Who's going to take care of her?" Horus asked.

"Minerva has asked for guardianship," Snape answered, "It will also allow us to track her condition."

"So she'll still be around to give you a headache," Horus joked and Snape scowled at him.

"What, what did I say?" he asked.

"Don't try and act cute," Snape told him, "It doesn't become of you."

"Just making a point, that's all," Horus said.

"Well you've made it," Snape said and took another long drink of blood.

That night Snape watched as Harry came in to work more on his potions. Snape wanted Harry to set up Black's plans for the next couple of days and to check to make sure that the ingredients were still fresh.

"You'll be able to tell, like always," Snape told Harry, like Harry didn't know.

"Okay, which ones do you think might be bad," Harry asked.

"The ones on the tray," Snape answered. "If their bad, write them off."

Harry nodded and Snape watched him work.

When he was done Snape noticed that his dragonhide gloves looked warndown. He knew that it was due to all the extra work that he was doing since dragonhide usually was worn only during Herbology. He checked them and said, "I'll have you go to Diagon Alley tomorrow and pick up a new pair."

"But I have work in Charms tomorrow," Harry protested.

"Would you rather suffer from a ingredient that aborbes through the skin?" Snape asked him. "A Potions Master always keeps his things in good order."

"No, sir," Harry said.

"Good, then you'll go tomorrow," Snape said, "And when I wake up I better see new dragonhide gloves."

"Yes, sir," Harry said and Snape released him.

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Harry knew, the next morning, that if Snape woke up that night and found that Harry hadn't gotten the dragonhide gloves he would be forced to use the ones that he did have and then he would feel some real pain. So he went to the Headmistress office to tell her that Snape wanted him to go to Diagon Alley and get some new gloves.

"A wise move," McGonagall said, "You've been working hard during the summer and so far this year. It's no wonder your gloves are worn down."

He flooed to the Leaky Cauldron and went to the shop where he had gotten his gloves when he had visited with Hagrid last year. Harry had a note from Snape, telling the manager that he was here to buy new gloves.

"And I thought that you would properly take care of them," the manager said.

"Well I've been-."

"Don't want to hear it," the Manager cut in, "Fine, I'll let you have the gloves but don't think that you can come back here next year and demand more."

Harry bought three pairs.

Harry was rattled when he got back and at once told Pansy and Nott what had happened. Pansy frowned at what the manager had done and Nott shook his head.

"I can't believe that he's even in business," Pansy said.

"Well no one can account for good taste," Harry said, "If people want to go somewhere where the manager treats them like an idiot go ahead. I'm not stopping them. One thing is for sure I'm shopping somewhere else."

"There's a place in Hogsmead that you can go," Pansy said, "It's run by a woman."

Nott look at her, "And how does that make it better?"

"Because women are far more sensitive," Pansy said.

"Or the fact that there are so few that are running apothecary business," Nott countered.

"But she does have a point. Go there from now on."

"I think I might," Harry said.

When Harry arrived at Snape's office to show him that he had been able to follow directions he found a note telling him that he was needed in Azkaban. Harry had no idea why they would need him but he put a note below it, telling Snape that he had gotten the gloves and then he hurried back to the Slytherin Common Room.

"So you don't have to work today," Hermione said.

"Apparently not," Harry answered.

"So are you going to the match next week?" Ron asked.

"I don't know," Harry said, "The last time that I went I almost got my face split open."

"I wonder who did it," Hermione wondered.

"I think we all want to know that," Harry said.

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Note: The next chapter we'll find out exactly who almost caused Harry's face to split open.

Chapter 48: Surprise Parchment

"So what did you get for Valentines day?" Nott asked Harry the day after the most horrible holiday, in Harry's opinion, had ended.

"Nothing," Harry answered.

"I would of thought that you would of gotten one of those singing Valentines," Nott told him and Harry made a face, he laughed.

"What's so funny?" Harry demanded.

"Nothing, just the face you made," Nott said.

"Well I'm glad that I didn't," Harry told him, "Do you know how much trouble they caused the teachers. I thought, for sure, that McGonagall was going to throw something

at the one that came into her office."

Nott laughed even harder, tears rolling down his face.

"Well I thought they were sweet," Pansy said and Harry rolled his eyes, "What, what's wrong with thinking that something's sweet."

"Nothing, just that you're a girl and girls think that everything's sweet," Harry said.

This got Pansy mad for some unknown reason and she marched out.

"What did I say?" Harry asked.

"Don't worry, girl's won't get it," Ron said.

"Don't let Hermione hear you," Nott said, "She's bound to get mad at you."

"Yeah and then that thing that we're trying to get rid of will come out," Harry said.

They had been talking a lot about what had happened to Hermione and Nott thought it had been stupid for Tyler to do that spell without knowing what it would do. Harry was thankful that it was under some

control and that it wouldn't kill her. Also about the singing Valentines, it had turned into Lockhart's idea and while most people thought it had been a good idea Snape had pointed out that it had been a complete waste of time.

"Snape said that he's glad it's over," Harry said.

"Well I think he was hoping for one from Luna," Ron said, "I still can't believe how old she really is."

"Ron, can you stop talking about how old Luna really is," Harry begged, "We don't want those vampire hunters after her."

"Fine," Ron said.

"So looking forward to your Defense Against the Dark Arts test?" Nott asked him.

"No," Harry answered, "I only read the books because their required but I don't believe that Lockhart did any of that stuff. Of course if I duck out of it then I'll get a zero for it."

"I bet Snape can get you out," Nott said.

"I don't think so," Harry said, "Though I'll ask him about it."

"So do you think we should slip that potion you made-."

Ron stopped as Ginny walked over to them. "Are you guys talking about me?" she asked them, her face red.

"No," Harry answered.

"Likely story," Ginny snarled, "Stop talking about me or I'll hex you."

"Ginny, we're not talking about you," Nott said.

"Shut up," Ginny snapped, and then she stormed off.

"What's wrong with her?" Harry asked Nott and Ron, "We're not talking about her."

Nott sighed and Ron rolled his eyes.

"I'm going to talk to Snape about this," Harry said, "And Sirius as well."

"I hope that they can get through her thick skull that we're not talking about her," Ron said.

"I hope so," Harry said and then looked at his watch, "I need to get going."

And he left the common room.

The first place that Harry went was Snape's office. He was awake now and he had to check a delivery of ingredients that would be needed for the Mandrake Restorative Draught. It was something that Snape didn't make hardly any of and so he didn't have the ingredients. He knocked on the door and then waited. Twenty minutes later the door opened and Sirius came out.

"Harry, what are you doing here?" Sirius asked.

"I wanted to talk to Snape," Harry said, "And I need to make sure that the delivery is in."

"He just left," Sirius said, "He's going to be out for a few nights and so he asked me to make sure that you did everything that he wrote down."

Harry nodded and walked in.

The delivery was in and he checked to make sure that everything was useable and then he started working on cleaning out the cauldrons. Sirius gave Harry a look that told him that he didn't like this part.

"It's no problem," Harry said, "I've done this before."

"It looks like muggle work," Sirius told him.

"I don't mind," Harry said, "Anyway, things like this have to be done."

"So how's Snape treating you?" Sirius asked, "I know that I haven't been able to take care of you due to the contract so I'm wondering if he's treating you alright."

Harry frowned at him, "He's treating me good," he said.

"Are you sure?" Sirius asked.

"Sirius, are you jealous?" Harry asked him.

Sirius looked a little insulted and said, "No."

Harry knew he was lying but decided not to point that out.

"I'm just worried about you, that's all," Sirius said, "You know that Snape was a Death Eater."

Harry groaned, "No, I didn't," Harry said, "And if I was told I probably forgot."

"How can you forget something like that?" Sirius asked.

"Well when the so-called Death Eater rescues me from the Dursley's and helps to uncover that Dumbledore is evil then it's easy to forget."

"Your strange, just like him," Sirius said.

Harry slammed the damp rag on the floor, his temper flaring, "Sorry if I'm turning out just like him," Harry hissed. "I'll take care of this later."

And he stormed out.

When Harry got back to the Slytherin common room he told Ron, Nott, and Hermione what Sirius had said. Ron and Nott shook their heads but Hermione spoke up.

"How dare he treat Professor Snape like that," she said, "It was Professor Snape that got him out of Azkaban and got him cleared. So what your doing all this stuff. He sounds like his just jealous."

"That's what I told him," Harry said.

"Well then your telling the truth," Hermione said, "He needs to get a life and stop ruining your happiness."

"What are you going to do?" Ron asked him.

"Stay away from him until Snape returns," Harry said, "If he wants to yell at me for not doing the work I'll tell him what Sirius did."

"Good idea," Ron said, "Snape and Sirius went to school together if anyone knows what kind of idiot Sirius is it would be Snape."

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"I swear Snape has turned Harry into a carbon copy of himself," Sirius told Remus.

"Sirius, I know that you hate the idea that you haven't been able to see Harry as much

as you want but you have to admit that Severus does a fine job raising him," Remus said,

"And don't forget that it was Severus that got you out of Azkaban at great personal risk. He could of gotten caught and sent away as well."

"Okay, I'll admit that I'm grateful but does he have to spend all this time with Harry?"

Remus sighed, "Yes, he does," he said, "Being a Potions Master is very hard work."

"And why would he, sounds too much like more work and less fun," Sirius said.

"Because Severus intends to retire," Remus said, "He needs to train someone up."

"Well-."

He stopped as the door opened and Lily walked in, she glared right at Sirius.

"I heard everything," Lily said, "How dare you treat Severus like this."

"Because I can," Sirius answered.

"Oh well, sorry if you don't want Harry to act more like James," Lily snarled, "You have no right to control what Harry goes into. If Harry wants to be a Potions Master and not, say, an Auror then that's his right. Severus has done nothing to make me believe that he wishes Harry any harm."

"That's what you think," Sirius said.

"Why are you suddenly acting like this?" Lily asked, "I thought you were happy that

Harry was away from the Dursley's."

"I am but I don't like Harry spending all this time with Snape."

Lily walked over and slapped Sirius across the face, "Sev, is a good friend of mine and I won't stand for you insulting him. Be hopeful if Harry even wants anything to do with you."

And she stormed out.

"What did I do?" Sirius asked as the door closed.

"Think, Sirius, really hard," Remus said and left as well.

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Harry stayed away from Sirius for the next couple of days, except in Potions. The look that Sirius gave him told Harry that he still remembered what had happened between them. Harry was very grateful when Snape walked in, demanding to see Harry.

"I'll catch up with you later," he told his friends and left with Snape.

When they arrived at his office Harry at once told Snape what had happened the first night that he was gone.

"He acts all jealous," Harry said, "Like he thinks that he can't come over and see me. I just couldn't stand being in the same room that he was in."

"Harry, you can't let Black get to you," Snape said, "Though I'll admit that he's acting like the worlds biggest prat."

Harry smiled and then Snape pulled something out and handed it to Harry.

"What's this?" Harry asked.

"Remus managed to get it from the Weasley twins trunks before it was destroyed," Snape told him, "He thought that you should have it. According to Remus just tap it with

your wand and say 'I solumly swear I'm up to no good' and the whole parchment will show you the whole of Hogwarts. Then tap it again and say 'mischief managed,' and it will go blank."

"Thanks," Harry said, taking it.

"Just make sure that you don't use it to break the rules," Snape said.

"I promise that I won't," Harry vowed and even years later he still kept that promise.

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Note: Boy Black is acting stupid. I'll update when I'm feeling better.

Chapter 49: A Clue Dropped Into Harry's Pocket

The Easter holidays came around and the second years were giving the very thing that they had been talking about...the new extra classes. Everyone piled over the long lists of subjects and Pansy frowned at Muggle Studies.

"What's wrong with Muggle Studies?" Harry asked.

"It has Muggle in it," Pansy answered.

Even Malfoy commented that he would rather be killed than take up Muggle Studies and that just proved to Harry that Malfoy was a git. Harry followed Snape's advice and signed up only for Muggle Studies though Ron chose Divination and Care of Magical Creatures. Hermione took no one's advice and signed up for everything. Harry pointed out that this meant more work and also "Who's going to allow you to take three different classes at the same time."

"Oh don't be silly," Hermione said, shaking her head as Professor Snape gathered them up.

No new attacks had happened outside or inside the castle and students were starting to breathe a sigh of relief. On the plus side this meant that no one was attacking them as they headed to class and so Harry was actually able to focus on getting to class. During the next Defense Against the Dark Arts class Professor Lockhart was telling them all about some Banshee that he had gotten rid of when Harry raised his hand.

"Yes, Mr. Potter," Lockhart said.

"Does this affect our future," Harry asked him and several of the Slytherins snickered.

"Well, no," Lockhart answered.

"Well then I think that we should be learning out of the Dark Forces, a Guide to Self-Protection. I mean, we all bought them last year so why aren't we using them."

Lockhart crossed his arms and looked at Harry, "Mr. Potter, I believe that I'm the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher and not you. If I

believe the book isn't needed in this class then that's the choice that I've made."

"Well then we should have a new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher," Harry said, "Someone that actually knows-."

"I'm a member of the Dark Force Defense League," Lockhart cut in, "We know what we're doing."

"Good then I'll take someone from there," Harry said.

Lockhart looked mad and then he said, "Ten points from Slytherin for your tone and your mouth. Sit down."

"No, not until you teach us something from the book we bought last term," Harry said.

Lockhart looked like he was on the verge of exploding and Harry grinned, relishing it. Finally he pulled out the book, flipped through to a spot and said, "Fine, Mr. Potter, we'll talk about the Basilisk since you want this lesson to end your way."

A couple of girl's shook their heads and Lockhart read: "Of the many fearsome beasts and monsters that roam our land, there is none more curious or more deadly than the Basilisk, known also as the King of Serpents. This snake, which may reach gigantic size and live many hundreds of years, is born from a chicken's egg, hatched beneath a toad. Its methods of killing are most wondrous, for aside from its deadly and venomous fangs, the Basilisk has a murderous stare, and all who are fixed with the beam of its eye shall suffer instant death. Spiders flee before the Basilisk, for it is their mortal enemy, and the Basilisk flees only from the crowing of the rooster, which is fatal to it."

Everyone stared at what he had just said and then Lockhart closed the book.

"Personally I don't see the point of reading that to you," Lockhart said to them but Hermione raised her hand, "Yes Miss Granger."

"What would happen if someone didn't look at the Basilisk directly?"

"I'm sure they would only just be petrified," Lockhart said, "Now back to the Banshee."

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"I can't believe Lockhart is too stupid to realize what he just said," Harry said, "The creature inside the Chamber of Secrets has to be a giant snake. The answer to all of this was on our school robes."

"The serpent," Hermione said, "But how do we know for certain that the monster inside the chamber is a Basilisk?"

"Well it looks like we're going to pay a visit to Hagrid," Harry said.

"But he won't talk to us," Pansy pointed out.

"Only if we ask something that will perk his interest," Harry told her.

When they arrived at Hagrid's hut Harry knocked on the door. When it opened Hagrid stood there and said, "Yes, what do you want?"

"We want to know if anything strange has happened around here," Harry asked, "Like animal deaths?"

Hagrid thought about this and then said, "Yeah, me roosters were killed."

"All of them."

"Yeah," Hagrid answered.

"As anything else, odd, happened as of late?" Harry asked, "Like didn't happen before or hasn't happened in lets say, several decades."

He was just taking an educated guess on that one but he felt in his gut that it was a good call.

"Yeah, my friend Aragog has been acting oddly, won't even leave the hallow. He says that its back in this scared tone," Hagrid said, "Hasn't happened in fifty year not since-."

He trailed off and then slammed the door in their face.

"Now that was unexpected," Ron said.

"This proves it, the creature is a Basilisk," Harry said, "And I need to tell Sirius."

"Why don't you tell Snape, he'll take you seriously," Nott pointed out.

"True, but I want Sirius to actually think that he's apart of this," Harry said, "Don't want him to think that he's left out."

"I would," Ron said.

"We all know you would," Hermione said.

That night Harry knocked on Snape's door and waited. A few minutes later the door opened and Snape motioned Harry to enter.

"So what do you want to talk to me about?" Snape asked.

"Well during Defense Against the Dark Arts I-."

"I heard what happened," Snape cut in, "Harry, you know that Lockhart is the Defense Against the-."

"The Monster is a Basilisk," Harry cut in and Snape stared at him.

"What!"

"Lockhart read about them when I pressured him to give a proper defense lesson and he read about them. I talk to Hagrid and he said that his rosters had all been killed and that Aragog has been acting odd, saying that its back."

"But that's no proof that the creature is a Basilisk," Snape said.

"Good enough proof for me," Harry said. "Look, I know that I've not been doing things like I'm supposed to but I feel that it's the monster. Also it sounds like something that only the heir can control. Remember when everyone got upset when Hermione spoke Parseltongue?"

"Of course," Snape said.

"They all knew that Salazar Slytherin could do that," Harry said, "It should have been the first clue that the monster that resides inside the Chamber is a Basilisk. It can also live many hundred of years. I'm betting that it's over a thousand years old and that Slytherin raised it and hatched it. He then must have placed it inside the chamber and closed it before he left the school."

Harry knew that Snape was thinking about this and then he said, "I'll go and tell Professor McGonagall what you've said."

"Thank you," Harry told him.

"Though I'm not going to say that she'll believe you," Snape told him.

"I know but at least I told someone," Harry said and then he left for Slytherin house.

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"A what?" McGonagall asked.

"Harry says that the school is being attacked by a Basilisk," Snape told her.

Everyone that was in the room stared at him and he knew how insane it sounded.

"Well Potter was right about where the entrance is," Flitwick said, "That room wasn't part of the original plans of the other founders."

"Well I personally believe Harry," Remus said, "If he says that a Basilisk is attacking the students then its attacking them."

"And how do you suggest that we fight something like this," Sirius asked them.

"I believe that I can be of help," the hat said, "Though the only person that can save the school now is Severus."

They all turned and looked at the hat, "I told you years ago that you had the qualities of all four houses and you've shown that time and time again. You must use Miss Granger's new ability to get down in

there and defeat it. And I so happen to have Gryffindor's sword inside me."

"And how long have you had this?"

"Since Gryffindor was alive and put it inside me," the hat replied.

Sirius laughed, "Snape fight off Slytherin's monster, I think not."

"I'll do it," Snape said.

"Very well and I want this done away from Lockhart," McGonagall said, "I'm not having him thinking that he can do this. Doubt already is being raised that he even did the things that he did."

"Oh finally people are taking notice," Snape said.

"Dismissed," McGonagall said and everyone in the room left.

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"Are you freaking crazy?" Riddle asked when Snape had come to deliver his potion, "I tamed that thing during my time at Hogwarts. It will kill you if my soul doesn't."

"And I thought that all Slytherin's were a little bit crazy," Snape said.

"You've exceeded it," Riddle said, "What happens if you can't defeat it, then what?"

"Oh I'll think of a way," Snape said.

"Remind me to send flowers to your second funeral."

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Note: Riddle does have a point, Snape is freaking crazy.

Chapter 50: Hagrid Goes to Prison

"Riddle is a breath of support," Snape told McGonagall when he got back to the school.

"What did he say to you?" McGonagall asked him, trying not to grin.

"He said that I was freaking crazy for wanting to go against the Basilisk," Snape answered.

"Well he might have a point," McGonagall said.

"Oh so you agree with him," Snape hissed and McGonagall laughed, "What's so funny?"

"Just your face," McGonagall said and Snape crossed his arms. "Oh come on, we know that you can handle this."

"Tell that to Black," Snape said to her.

McGonagall sighed, "He's upset that Harry trusts you."

"Well does he have to let people know how he feels," Snape asked, "I didn't ask to gain Harry's trust."

"I know but Sirius doesn't understand that."

"Will he ever," Snape asked her.

"No, I don't think that he will," McGonagall said.

The next Potions class of what was remaining of the term was cloudy and that meant that Snape was teaching. Malfoy was busy trying to cause Harry to ruin his potion and Snape caught on right away. He came over and looked down at his Godson.

"Is there a problem here, Mr. Malfoy?" Snape asked him.

"No," Malfoy answered.

Snape didn't believe him. "I believe I told you to work on this Mute Cure."

"I already know how to brew it," Malfoy said.

"Not in my book, you don't," Snape said, "Harry, I think that you need to pair up with

Mr. Malfoy. It seems that you can show him how it's to be done."

Harry nodded and went over with his cauldron. At once Malfoy protested.

"I don't need any help," Malfoy said.

"Yes, you do," Snape told him, "Now start working and if I find that you haven't I'll haul you into my office."

And he moved away to check on the others' potions.

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"Malfoy, you have to work on this potion," Harry told him.

"Like hell I have to," Malfoy said, "Just because you're now Snape's favorite doesn't mean that you can tell me what to do."

"You just want to get talked to in Snape's office," Harry said, adding the right amount of bee venom.

"I don't know why you even care, Potter," Malfoy said.

"Because I don't want you to get into trouble," Harry said, "Because that's where you're landing yourself into...again. You're on the verge of failing the entire term."

"Oh and I bet that you'll be happy about that," Malfoy said, "The famous Harry Potter outdoing me."

Harry stirred the right number of times and then lowered the heat to let it brew. He really hated it when Malfoy acted like this, which was usually all the time.

"What is wrong with you?" Harry asked.

"What's wrong with me is none of your business," Malfoy said and he went back to whatever he was doing.

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Snape really hated having to do this but as the class left Snape directed Malfoy into his office. He forced him to sit and then took his place behind his desk.

"Mr. Malfoy, I don't know what's wrong with you and right now I'm more worried about your mental state than about your grade. You haven't been the same since your mother died and your magic has suffered."

"And why don't people leave me alone," Malfoy said, "I'm doing just fine and I don't need you or Potter to tell me anything."

"But you do," Snape said, "I know that your suffering and you need to talk about it."

Malfoy crossed his arms and glared at him, "I don't need to talk about anything."

"I'm afraid, that you do," Snape said, "I'm having you talk with someone that can help."

"I won't go," Malfoy protested.

"I'm afraid that you will," Snape countered.

Later on he told McGonagall about what had happened. Snape said that he believed that Malfoy was suffering due to his mother's death and that his core might be damaged.

"Do you have any proof of this," McGonagall asked him.

"No, but I can find out," Snape said, "I really don't want to fail Malfoy."

"I know but he's doing badly in all his classes," McGonagall said, "But if you can prove that his mother's death has damaged his core then maybe he can, at least, repeat his second form."

"I hope so," Snape said, "Malfoy has a brilliant mind, when he uses it."

"That I'll agree with," McGonagall said.

That night Snape went out hunting when he noticed Lucius Malfoy coming up the drive. He had a bad feeling that Malfoy wasn't here because he was suddenly worried about his son. Lucius was up to something but his hunger wouldn't let him stay long. He needed to hunt and then when he came back he would find out what was going on.

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"You can't take Hagrid," McGonagall said.

"Headmistress, he did attack students fifty years ago," Malfoy told her.

"It was never proven," McGonagall said.

"But its happened again," Malfoy said, "And if it's not stopped them all the precious children will be gone and we all know what a shame that will be."

"You mean the students that aren't Pure, like you," McGonagall snarled.

Malfoy looked at her, "My, my, your putting words into my mouth."

"I'm doing no such thing," McGonagall said, "You hate Hagrid, like you hate all those that aren't pure. Now who is allowing Hagrid to be taken?"

"Fudge, he's waiting for him to take him to Azkaban," Malfoy said.

"Then he has to go through me," McGonagall snarled.

"Actually you have no power to do that, Headmistress," Malfoy said to her, smiling.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

Malfoy pulled out a roll of parchment, "This is an order of suspension," he told her, "All twelve governors names are on it."

"Including yours," McGonagall snarled.

"However you want to say it, yes," Malfoy said, "Now I believe that the person that comes after you might have a better job in running the school."

"And that would be Severus Snape," McGonagall said.

"That it would be," Malfoy said and then he left, leaving McGonagall to wonder what Malfoy's hidden motive was.

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"McGonagall has been removed," Hermione said when news came out that McGonagall had been removed as Headmistress.

"And guess who probably bullied them," Ron said, glaring at Draco Malfoy as he spoke.

"So it looks like Professor Snape has taken over," Nott said.

"For now," Harry added, "If Professor Snape can't stop it then he'll probably be sacked."

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Snape was finding it hard to run a school when on sunny days he wanted to sleep. However he managed to find something to help him and so he was seen in the Head's office working on something or the other. A week after McGonagall had been sacked and Hagrid sent away to Azkaban Malfoy did something that really made Snape mad. He was brought to Snape's office after a fight between Malfoy and Ginny.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU WERE THINKING?" Snape roared, "THIS IS IT, THIS IS THE FINAL STRAW. YOU ATTACKED HER FOR NO REASON AND YOU THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE YOUR FATHER IS A BOARD MEMBER THAT YOU CAN DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT. DETENTION, MALFOY, AND SIXTY POINTS FROM SLYTHERIN."

"But-."

"Don't butt me," Snape said, "You will be joining me and a couple of other students. We're going into the Forbidden Forest."

"Like hell I'm going in there," Malfoy said, "You know that students are allowed."

"I'm the temporary Headmaster, Malfoy, I can lead you into the forest," Snape said, "And be very lucky if nothing evil is in there."

"Like you."

Snape gave him a very evil grin, "Oh there's more in there than just me."

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"Snape has gone bonkers," Sirius said to Remus.

"How so?" Remus asked.

"He's going into the forest," Sirius told him.

"And what's wrong with that," Remus asked.

"With students," Sirius said, "Personally I don't care what happens to Malfoy but he's going to allow Harry to go."

"Sirius, he wants to find out why Hagrid's pet whatever was acting odd," Remus said, "He said that he knows that Aragog is a spider and that the spider can talk."

"Oh and that makes it better," Sirius said.

Remus sighed, "Sirius, you have to trust him."

"No, I don't," Sirius said, "If anything happens to Harry I'll stake him."

Remus felt like protesting but decided against it. Let Sirius rant on like he always did but Remus had full faith in Severus.

Chapter 51: Snape, Harry, Hermione, Nott, and Malfoy meet Aragog

Harry, Hermione, and Nott weren't happy when they found out that Malfoy was coming with them. True they didn't mind Snape coming, as he was their Head of House, but they did mind Malfoy. He was so stupid that he would get them killed.

"Why does Snape think that we even need him," Harry said.

"Maybe he wants to kill him and then give him over to Aragog for a snack," Nott suggested.

"Oh that would do the world a bit of good," Hermione said.

However when they arrived Snape was waiting on them with Malfoy. He didn't look happy about being there either and Harry wish that he would just go away and leave them all alone.

"Now we're going into the forest and I must warn you that there might be someone in there that might want to harm us so you stay behind me."

"I hope it isn't Dumbledore," Hermione said to him.

"Me either," Harry said, "I've had enough of him to last me a lifetime."

"While I agree with you, Harry, if he's in there we might have to fight him."

"Wonderful," Harry said.

They walked across the grounds, Hagrid's hut looking odd without Hagrid. When they approached the forest McGonagall appeared with Fang.

"He knows the forest well," McGonagall told Snape.

"Good, I'm glad," Snape said, "I might be a vampire but I'm not immune from what's in there."

"I'll have Remus oversee any detentions that you might have tonight," McGonagall told him.

"Thanks," Snape said and then they took Fang and they headed into the forest.

The forest looked the same as it had when Harry battled what he thought to be the mortal threat. The trees looked the same and the only thing that was different was the fact that Malfoy was here. He looked like he was on the verge of fainting but Snape didn't look scared at all.

"Are we going to have to split up," Hermione asked Snape.

"No, like McGonagall said Fang knows the forest and he knows the way to Aragog," Snape answered.

Sure enough Fang moved forward and they continued.

As they moved deeper and deeper into the forest Harry made a mental vow never to set foot in here again. He hated the fact that everything seemed dark and foreboding or ready to come out at you at a moments notice. Suddenly Harry noticed that the ground was filled with tiny spiders and Snape motioned them to stop.

"We're almost there," Snape told them, "Stay with me and don't let your fear get to you."

"Easy for you to say," Malfoy said, looking as though he was about to pee his pants.

Snape rolled his eyes and then they entered the hallow and came face to face with the largest spider that anyone had ever seen.

"Who's there?" the spider asked, sounding very old.

"Men," the other spiders said.

"Hagrid," the spider said.

"Strangers," the spiders answered.

"Then kill them, I was about to sleep," it said.

"We're friends of Hagrid," Harry suddenly blurted out.

"Hagrid has never sent men into our hallow before," it said.

"You're Aragog," Snape said.

"That's the name that Hagrid gave me," the spider said, "But that was very long ago. What's wrong with Hagrid that he had to send men?"

"There has been trouble up in the castle," Snape told him, "Everyone believes that you were the one that was attacking people, even though we know it's not true."

"Of course it's not true, I never attacked anyone," Aragog said, "I came here fifty years ago as an egg. Hagrid loved me and gave me scraps of food from the table. When a girl was attacked and killed I was blamed but Hagrid saved me. He gave me a wife and see how our family has grown, all through Hagrid's goodness."

"A girl, where did she die?" Hermione asked.

"In a bathroom," Aragog said, "Now if you don't mind I want to sleep. Take care of these people for me."

Malfoy screamed at those words and Nott had to clamp his mouth with his hands.

"We just came for answers," Harry said.

"And I gave them to you," Aragog told him, "It's not my fault that you acted foolishly."

Goodbye, friends of Hagrid."

"Wand at the ready," Snape told them.

"Oh great, we're going to die to one of Hagrid's monsters," Malfoy said, pulling out his wand.

"Oh shut up," Hermione said.

"Hermione, can you do some of your magic," Snape asked her.

"Sure," Hermione said and she closed her eyes and focused.

Suddenly the air around them shimmered and half the spiders were blasted away.

"MURDERER!" Aragog screamed, "YOU KILLED SOME OF MY CHILDREN."

"Hermione, I don't think that was a good idea," Nott said.

"Fruitcake," Malfoy muttered.

"Oh shut up," Hermione said.

They backed away and then Snape yelled, "Run." And they bolted.

They all ran as fast as they could, Fang leading the way. Harry knew that Snape didn't dare transform as he could leave them behind. The spiders all were coming at them and Harry felt, for sure, that Hagrid's love for monstrous things would be their downfall. Suddenly the spiders vanished and something made of flames appeared.

"What in the-."

"Fawks," Snape hissed, "Get away from us, you traitor bird."

Fawks turned and looked right at Harry, "I can save you all but you have to trust me."

"I think that he wants to save us," Harry said.

"I don't care," Snape hissed, his fangs extending, "I'm going to kill myself a bird."

And he transformed and Fawks flew away as did Snape.

"Oh great, he leaves us alone," Malfoy said.

"Do you think that Aragog will prove that Harry's statements are true," Professor Sprout asked Madam Pomfrey.

"I hope that Aragog doesn't kill them," Madam Pomfrey said, "I still can't believe that Hagrid thinks that Aragog is safe."

"Well he didn't always have the right mind," Sprout told her.

Madam Pomfrey snorted and then Remus appeared; he looked pale.

"What's wrong, Remus?" Sprout asked.

"Fawks was seen," Remus told them and Madam Pomfrey gasped.

"When," Sprout demanded.

"A few moments ago," Remus answered.

"We need to get Kingsley here at once," Sprout said, "If Fawks is here then so is Dumbledore."

"Great, what we need more trouble," Madam Pomfrey said but she went to notify Kingsley.

"Let's get out of here before the spiders decide to attack us again," Hermione told them.

"Bossy as ever, Mudblood," Malfoy spat and Hermione pointed her wand at him.

"What, what did I say?"

"Shut up," Hermione snarled, "No one asked your opinion and I think that Professor Snape told you to stop calling me that."

"I'll do whatever I want," Malfoy told her.

"Yeah and so will I," Hermione countered.

"Guys, stop," Harry said, "We won't get out of here by arguing. In fact we'll get caught by those spiders."

Hermione nodded, a determined look on her face, and then they set back towards the castle.

Snape was flying as fast as a bat could but he was gaining on the phoenix. He really hated the species now. They weren't the noble

birds that he had been told they were as a child. They were only loyal to their Masters and not to anything else.

"I'll get you for this," the bat mentally told the bird.

"Fat chance of that happening," Fawks told it.

It then burned into a ball of light and was gone.

"Damn," Snape mentally said.

Slowly, but surely, they finally saw Hogwarts castle. Nott and Hermione were taking up the rear, just in-case, a couple of spiders appeared. All of them were worn out from what happened but then suddenly Hermione let out a horrible scream. Everyone turned to see her being dragged back into the forest.

"Great, what do we do now?" Nott asked.

"Let's go after her," Harry said and they all ran back into the forest, except for Malfoy.

"I'm staying out here," he called out and then did a runner, back to the castle.

Harry and the others ran after her, the castle getting further and further away. Suddenly there was a blast of magic and the thing screamed. Another blast and Harry and Nott watched a woman making short work of the thing. Suddenly she fell and Harry and Nott ran over to her to find her gone but Hermione in her place.

"Oh Hermione," Harry moaned.

"Um, let's get out of here...now."

Harry picked Hermione up and they bolted back towards that castle. What they didn't know was the two of the largest spiders were after them and they were going to have them for lunch.

Note: Poor Hermione and now poor them.

Chapter 52: Meeting

Harry and Nott were very glad to finally see the castle once again. When they cleared the Forbidden Forest Harry thought, for sure, that the spiders were going to follow but thankfully they didn't venture outside the forest.

"I swear if Hagrid ever gets out of Azkaban, I'll kill him," Nott hissed.

"I think that Snape will get to him first," Harry told him and they slowly got Hermione to the castle.

Madam Pomfrey was beside herself with fury when Hermione came in and she helped the young Slytherin onto a bed. At once she wanted to know where Snape was at.

"He went after Dumbledore's bird," Harry told her.

"Oh wait until I get him," Madam Pomfrey said, "Being a vampire has turned him into another reckless person."

Harry thought that was a little harsh but didn't dare voice his opinion.

When they got back to the Slytherin Common Room Harry cornered Malfoy and Harry was mad. He couldn't believe that Malfoy would rather save his own skin than help a fellow classmate. Nott crossed his arms and glared at Malfoy as well, clearly angry too.

"You've been nothing but reckless all term," Harry told him, "First you get Professor Black at you, then Snape, then you refuse help, refuse to do your homework, and then you let us deal with the army of eight-legged freaks."

Malfoy went red, "I don't have to answer to you, Potter."

"No, but you have to answer to me," said the cold voice of Snape.

Harry looked up to see Snape enter the common room.

"I didn't do anything wrong?" Malfoy said.

"Yeah, that's what they all say," Snape said, "Follow me, Malfoy, and don't try anything to get out of this."

Harry was glad when Malfoy left.

"I can't believe that Malfoy just left you in the forest," Pansy said.

"Well I believe it," Nott said, "His whole family are nothing but a bunch of cowards."

"That I'll agree with," Harry said.

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"So Dumbledore's bird arrived," Kingsley said, "Did it have its Master with him?"

"We didn't see Dumbledore," Sprout said, "But we feel that Dumbledore was near."

"Gods, why can't he leave us alone," Kingsley asked.

"Because he can't," Sprout said, "He's mad that his little plan failed and he's getting back at us. Remember what he did to Hermione's parents."

"Like I need to be reminded of that," Kingsley said, "Never seen anything like it and I've seen plenty."

"So do we have any idea who's aiding Dumbledore?" Sprout asked him.

"Well I heard that you have Sirius watching Mrs. Weasley," Kingsley said, drinking his tea.

"Only when he's not working," Sprout said, "Which is the weekends. Of course we haven't got any proof that Mrs. Weasley knew what her husband was doing or his relationship with Dumbledore."

"You know people were shocked when they found out," Kingsley said to her.

"I can imagine, I was shocked as well," Sprout said, frowning, "I had no idea that he had all these plans and that they weren't plans we were going to like."

"Fudge is in a twist," Kingsley said.

"I can imagine," Sprout agreed, "He thought that Dumbledore was good, we all thought he was good."

"Well I told him that we were working hard to bring him in," Kingsley said, "Where's the Headmaster at?"

"I don't know," Sprout answered, "He should have been back with those students."

"I hope he didn't get them killed," Kingsley commented and Sprout frowned.

"I highly doubt that," Sprout told him, "When he comes back I'll let him tell you where he was at."

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"Now I know you have no brains," Snape told Malfoy, "Leaving your fellow housemates in the Forbidden Forest while I went after Fawks."

"Their not my housemates," Malfoy said, his voice cold.

"Oh sorry, didn't see the Slytherin crest on them, must be blind," Snape snarled, "I think not. You had no right to do that to Miss Granger, Mr. Potter, and Mr. Nott. As such you're doing detention for a week. I know, that by some chance, the entire school got out of their extended detention but your not."

"And what am I doing?" Malfoy asked.

"Scrubbing cauldrons," Snape answered, crossing his arms and looking at him.

"What, that's servant stuff," Malfoy complained.

"Want to be expelled?" Snape asked him, as though daring him to say something.

"No, sir," Malfoy answered.

"Good, now get to work," Snape said and he pointed to a pile of cauldrons that needed scrubbing.

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"Do you think Hermione will be alright," Nott asked Harry and Ron.

"I hope so," Ron said, "And I'm glad I didn't come."

"And why's that," Harry asked.

"Well if you want to know my brothers turned my teddy bear into a big filthy spider just because I broke their toy broomstick."

Pansy giggled and Ron went red.

"It wasn't funny," Ron said, "Imagine if you were holding your teddy and suddenly it had too many legs."

Pansy was still laughing and Harry shook his head, though he did it as he got up.

"Where are you going?" Ron asked him.

"Bathroom," Harry answered and he left the Slytherin common room.

Harry really did have to go to the bathroom and so that's where he headed. However when he reached the floor where Mrs. Norris had gotten attacked he noticed that it was flooded.

"Oh great," Harry said and he made his way inside.

Moaning Myrtle had flooded the bathroom again and this time she was crying about something that had book in it. She turned when he entered the bathroom.

"Coming to throw something at me," she asked.

"Why would I do something like that?" Harry asked her, confused.

"I don't know," Myrtle said, "Someone thought it was funny to throw a book at me, it's over there."

She pointed to something in the corner and Harry went over and picked it up. It was a diary and at once Harry had a feeling that it was the diary that Snape had been looking for.

"Thanks," Harry said and he left the bathroom.

When he arrived he showed the diary to Snape and then asked if he could use Snape's bathroom. He pointed to a door and Harry disappeared. While he used the bathroom he thought about everything that had happened. So many odd things had happened this term and he really wanted it all to end. When he was finally finished he left and saw that Snape was still looking it over, this time a few inches off the desk and at wand point.

"Who had this diary, Harry?" Snape asked.

"Ginny, I think," Harry answered, "Is it one of those containers?"

"Yes, but I need something that will destroy it," Snape told him.

"Like Basilisk venom," Harry suggested and Snape nodded.

"Are you going to tell McGonagall?" Harry asked.

"I won't be able to tell her until she's back," Snape answered, "I'm hoping that it will be soon."

"Me too, I miss her," Harry said.

When Harry left Snape alone in his office he hurried back to the Slytherin common room and upon entering he saw that Hermione was there. She smiled at him and then at once he gathered his other friends. He told them what he had found in the bathroom.

"That's great, Harry," Hermione said, clearly excited.

"I agree," Nott said, "But why would someone dump a very powerful dark object down a toilet."

"Someone that thought that no one would find it, like Ginny," Harry said.

"But if Ginny was writing in this thing, and this personally gives me the creeps just thinking about it, then she was being controlled," Ron said.

"That's what I was thinking," Harry said, "But if the Ministry finds out about this they might haul her off to Azkaban."

"Which would be very bad," Nott said.

"That I'll agree with," Harry said, "Snape, I think, might have a plan."

"Well I hope he's not going to include us in it," Ron said.

"I hope not either, I've had enough excitement to last me a lifetime."

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"So this little thing has caused all the problems," Sirius said to Snape when he showed him, Remus, and Sprout the book.

"Correct," Snape said, "Now we need to destroy it but I'm afraid that the only thing that can destroy it is Basilisk venom."

"Which means the monster of Slytherin would be dealing the end of Riddle's pain," Sprout said.

"Correct," Snape told her, "Riddle wants the thing destroyed and I'm more than happy to allow that to happen."

"Do you think that it will turn Riddle normal," Remus asked.

"I hope so," Snape said.

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Note: This chapter took me a couple of days to finish. I hope that you all like it.

Chapter 53: Ginny's Missing

Harry thought about the diary a lot after Snape had taken it. Knowing that it couldn't harm anyone was a breath of fresh air. Also what helped was the fact that Dumbledore wasn't attacking anyone and Remus had come around during breakfast, asking for Harry to see Snape after dinner.

"Did I do something wrong?" Harry asked.

"No, he just wants to talk to you," Remus said and patted Harry on the shoulder.

"Do you think he's telling the truth?" Hermione asked Harry.

"I hope so, it's way too late in the term to get detention," Harry told her.

In Transfiguration they were turning hares into slippers. Harry had not only changed them into slippers but he had turned them green. He would give them to Snape as a late birthday present. Of course Malfoy had something to say about Hermione's hares when the lesson had ended.

"She thinks that she's better than the rest of us," he said.

"Malfoy, leave it alone," Harry said, "Everyone knows that Hermione works hard."

Malfoy glared at him and then said, "Well we all know that you're a filthy Mudblood lover."

Nott grabbed Malfoy and slammed him against the wall, "Take that back, Malfoy, or I'll split your face open."

"Try it, Nott," Malfoy snarled.

"What is going on here?" Professor Sprout said, running over.

Nott let him go and faced the Herbology Professor. "Malfoy was making bigot comments about Hermione, ma'am."

"Is this true?" Sprout asked.

Several Slytherin's nodded and Sprout grabbed Malfoy, "Detention and fifty points from Slytherin."

"Ouch," Pansy said, "Professor Snape isn't going to be happy when he wakes up."

"Don't I know," Harry said.

True to form Snape wasn't happy when he woke up and found out that Malfoy had lost Slytherin fifty points. Now the Quidditch team would have to work harder if they wanted to keep the Quidditch cup. When Harry reported in, a few minutes after Snape had awakened, he found Snape looking over papers.

"Doesn't Black know how to grade?" he asked Harry.

"I don't know," Harry said, "So what did you want to see me about?"

Snape looked at him, "I'm going down to fight the monster that's been attacking people. I want you to be absolutely sure that it's a Basilisk."

"I'm sure, sir," Harry said.

"Good, because I don't want to make a mistake down there," Snape told him.

"Which I fully understand," Harry said, "I'm sort of glad that no one is expecting me to do that. Facing what I thought to be evil is enough for my lifetime."

Snape looked at him closer, "Harry, I know that you feel like this isn't your fight and in many sense it isn't but you have to understand that the fate of our world can't be left to chance."

"I understand," Harry said.

"Good, I'm glad that you do," Snape told him.

"Sir, why was Fawkes in the forest," Harry suddenly asked him.

Snape took a look at a paper, adding something to it, and then said, "I don't know. I think that Dumbledore was using his bird to see if you were ripe for picking. He isn't the same man that had given me a job all those years ago."

"Do you think he planned to give you this job so that you would be under his thumb," Harry asked him.

"He might of, I don't know," Snape said, "I use to think that he was a good man, my mum told me that he was, but now I know the truth. He fooled a lot of people. He's still fooling those that had been loyal to him during the first Wizarding War. Not everyone believes that Dumbledore attacked Hogwarts."

"What about those that I got locked up in Azkaban," Harry asked, "I know that their not dead."

"I know and McGonagall fears that he might get them out," Snape said, "If he does then we'll have a whole batch of followers and a whole new batch of problems."

"And they'll come after me," Harry said to him.

"Yes," Snape said, not looking happy about this, "I've got to some people and they've agreed to make sure that Dumbledore does nothing to harm you this summer."

"I'm glad to hear that," Harry said, "I was afraid that he might manage to get to me. After all he trusted me for a short while."

"He never trusted you, like he never trusted me," Snape said, "The only person that he trusted was himself. When he's defeated then his followers will face very hard time."

"I hope they do get caught," Harry told him.

"Me too," Snape said.

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"So what's Snape doing now?" Sirius asked Remus.

"Having problems," Remus answered.

"I can't wait for Minerva to return," Sirius said, "I don't like the idea of Snape being in-charge of anything."

Remus looked at him, "Why are you against this?" Remus asked.

"What part?" Sirius asked.

"Everything," Remus answered, frowning at him, "When you were released you made no stink about it and now that you don't have to worry about the Ministry your raising something that smells foul."

"I'm just worried about Harry, surely you understand that," Sirius told him, his anger apparent.

"I understand that but Harry likes living with Severus," Remus said, "Don't take that away from him."

Sirius crossed arms and then turned and left the room.

"God's why me," Remus muttered just as Professor Lockhart came in.

"Hello," he said, smiling at him.

Remus didn't like Lockhart but he wasn't going to ruin his job by saying something.

"Oh the Headmaster wants to see you," Lockhart told him.

"Why?" Remus asked, eying him.

"Don't look at me, he said that he wants to see you," Lockhart told him.

Remus sighed and got up. It wasn't dark yet and that means that something had happened.

"I'll be back and don't touch that apple," Remus demanded and then left.

He wondered what had happened.

When he entered the Headmaster office he noticed that Snape looked grave and he had the curtains drawn. He looked up when Remus entered and leaned back in the seat.

"What happened?"

"Ginny's missing," Snape told him.

"What!" Remus gasped, staring at his old classmate.

"And so is Hermione," Snape added.

Remus fell into a seat that had suddenly appeared and stared at Snape with horror on his

face.

"Who found out that they were gone?" Remus asked.

"Slytherin's painting," Snape answered.

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Everyone in Slytherin was shocked when Snape announced that Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley had been taken down into the Chamber. At least Harry thought that everyone was shocked. As soon as they were back in their common room Malfoy started.

"The Heir of Slytherin knew a Mudblood when he saw one," Malfoy said to them, "I don't know why your all so worried about her and that rotten blood traitor."

"Shut up," Ron snarled.

Malfoy laughed, "Oh I forgot he didn't get them all."

"SHUT UP!" Ron bellowed.

"Oh did I hit a soft subject," Malfoy taunted.

Once again Nott grabbed him and threw him into a chair, "You've got a smart mouth on you, pretty boy," he said, "How dare you treat this like this a good thing. This is an attack on Slytherin House. So I

advise that you shut up before Professor Snape thinks that you were the one that did it."

"Like that little blood sucker has any power," Malfoy said.

Pansy put her hands on her hips, "How come every time we mention Snape's name you have to insult him. It's not his fault that he's a vampire. Oh I forgot your mother made him that way."

Malfoy rose up but Nott pointed his wand at Malfoy, "You need help, Malfoy, and you need it real bad."

"I don't need any help," Malfoy said.

"Yes, you do," Blaise Zabini said, "All you've done is insult people and we've been the one's that have suffered."

"You don't know how to keep that fat mouth shut," Moon said, "Why can't you just shut up for once and accept help."

"I DON'T NEED ANY HELP!" Malfoy bellowed.

"I'm afraid that your wrong," Nott told him, "And your going to get it even if your forced."

Malfoy glared at all of them and Harry just shook his head.

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Note: The next chapter will be the things that happened between Harry's meeting and Snape finding out that she was taken with Ginny. I'm going to include a couple of characters in it as well.

Chapter 54: Hermione Forced

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Note: This chapter explains events between Harry's meeting with Snape and Snape finding out that Hermione and Ginny were gone.

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Hermione situated herself in the school library. With final exams coming for the term she was very eager to get any amount of studying done. She knew that Harry had been a little worried that he might of gotten into trouble with Snape during breakfast but she was sure that all Snape wanted to do was talk. It amazed her that someone cared for Harry. She knew that he didn't have an easy life and if she had still been in Gryffindor she wouldn't of noticed or cared.

She sighed and thought about her parents. They had been very upset when they had found out that their daughter had bullied another student and she missed them everyday. What would happen to her now? She had no other relations and she was terrified to be placed somewhere. She was now another Harry, not relations to call your own and no place to go.

"Hay, Hermione," Mary Riley said.

Mary was the only other Muggleborn Slytherin that was in Slytherin house. She was a sixth year and she had told Hermione that she couldn't wait to graduate. They really treated people hard in Slytherin that weren't at least a half-blood. What made her nice was the fact that she was actually related to the woman that had written Frankenstine. Her family still got money from all the films that were made.

"Hay, Mary," Hermione said, allowing the girl to sit down, "So looking forward to next year."

"You bet," Mary said, "No more having to listen to other Slytherin's thinking that their better then me. I'm sorry about your loss. I thought that Dumbledore was okay."

"Me too," Hermione said, "It really hurts to know that he wants to take over the Wizarding World and kill people like me. He didn't care that Slughorn killed my parents and sometimes I just want to kill the nearest thing."

"Well I'm glad that your talking about it," Mary said, "It's sometimes hard to think about things that are painful. My Uncle died last year and everyone is still taking it hard."

"I know," Hermione said, "But it's nice to talk to someone that's not going to think that I'm acting like a baby."

Mary smiled at her, "I don't think that you're a baby," she said, "Maybe a little odd but not a baby."

"Thanks," Hermione said.

"So how long are you going to be here?" Mary asked her, "You're the only Slytherin that I know that actually like it here."

"I've got a few things that I want to cover and then I'll leave," Hermione told her.

Mary got up, "I'll see you around," and was gone.

Hermione went looking for a book that she had wanted to read for sometime but frowned when she noticed that it was gone. She returned to table and started working on her notes for History of Magic. She had done very good in the subject last year and she wanted to continue to do well. Suddenly a shadow fell over her and when she looked up she saw Sinistra standing there.

"The Headmaster wants to see you tomorrow night," she told her.

"About what," Hermione asked her.

"I don't know," Sinistra answered, "Just go and don't be asking any questions."

She stormed out leaving Hermione to frown.

An hour later Hermione packed her books and notes away due to the fact that Madam Pince had said that the Library was due to close.

She wished the woman would trust her enough to let her stay longer. She then left and headed back to the Slytherin Common Room, thinking about what Sinistra had just said. She hoped that Professor Snape could help her with her living arrangements. She hadn't had time to settle her parents estate due to the state of things.

She was going to take care of that during the summer.

As she turned the corner she ran right into Ginny, who was looking at her as though she had done something wrong. Naturally Hermione had no idea why she thought that she had done something wrong. Finally she asked, "Ginny, are you-."

"Ginny isn't here," the voice said, coming out of Ginny's mouth.

"Please, help me," Ginny's real voice suddenly begged.

"Shut up, slave," the voice said.

"Please, help me," Ginny begged again.

"Ginny, you have to fight it," Hermione told her.

"I'm trying but-," she trailed off as suddenly she grabbed Hermione and Hermione tried to fight her but she was just too strong.

"We're taking a little trip down to the Chamber of Secrets," the voice said.

Hermione hoped that Snape found them.

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"Stupid moron Snape," Sirius hissed as he tried to find the vampire but unable to.

It seemed that Snape was always doing something and sometimes he was doing things with Harry's help. Why couldn't Harry let him help him?

"Sirius, are you alright?" Sprout asked him.

He stopped when he saw the Herbology teacher standing there. "No, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"I'm bloody sure," Sirius snapped.

"Then what's wrong with you," Sprout asked.

Sirius silently prayed that someone would come and get him out of her questioning.

"Well."

"I'm upset that Harry's spending time with Snape, that's all," Sirius said, "I thought I could handle it but I can't."

"Well did you tell Severus that you want to spend time with Harry," Sprout asked.

"Every time I do that he says that Harry has important work," Sirius said, "Harry's turning into Snape and there's nothing that I can do about it."

"Sirius, he didn't have anyone to talk to," Sprout said, "And you know that Harry wanted someone that would notice his work."

"Well I notice it," Sirius pointed out.

"True, but do you really notice it," Sprout asked him.

Sirius looked at her, "What are you talking about?" he asked.

Sprout sighed, "Sirius, you've been away from Harry for nearly eleven years and things have changed," she said, "Look, Harry didn't grow up in a wonderful home and Severus knows what that's like. It's only natural for Harry to want to make sure that he does a good job and makes Severus proud."

"But I didn't grow up in a good home."

"I know that but to Harry Severus is a lot more than just a teacher," Sprout said, "He's a mentor, a Master that's teaching him things, and

most importantly a friend. He defended Severus when people thought that he was a vampire that would kill them and Severus made sure that no harm came to Harry or his friends. He was the one that made sure that the bullying stopped when everyone thought that Harry had made up the fact that Quirrell killed him. Severus has been good for Harry and Harry's been good for Severus."

"But I want to spend time with Harry," Sirius said, "I know about his father and I know that boys want to know about their father's."

"True but I think that Harry wanted to know more about his mum," Sprout said, "And with his mum back due to Dumbledore's dark magic then she can tell him about his father."

"Oh so I'm going to have to watch as Snape takes over what I should be doing," Sirius said.

"Sirius, look," Sprout said, "I know that you care about Harry and I understand that you don't understand what's going on but trust me on this. Things will happen that will allow you to spend time. Pushing yourself on Harry will pull him away."

Sprout patted him on the arm and then left him alone with his thoughts.

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"So what did Snape want to talk to you about," Ron asked.

"He wanted to just be careful and that Dumbledore is still out here," Harry said, "By the way, where's Hermione at?"

"I don't know," Ron said, "She should have been back from her favorite place in the whole wide world...the Library."

"Well I'm going to give her an hour and if she's not back then I'm going to tell Snape that she's not returned."

"I hope that nothing bad happened to her," Ron said and then Harry noticed Mary coming in.

"Mary, have you seen Hermione?" Harry asked, walking over to her.

"She was in the Library," Mary answered, frowning, "Isn't she back?"

"No," Harry answered.

"Give her sometime," Mary said, "I'm sure that Snape will want to know if she doesn't return."

"That's what I told my friends," Harry said to her.

"Well tell Snape if she doesn't return," Mary told him and then left.

When Harry didn't know was that Snape soon found out. He was in the Headmaster's office, thinking, when Salazar Slytherin took his position in his painting. He looked very upset and when Snape asked him what was wrong he brought down the bombshell.

"Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley are gone."

"What do you mean, gone?" Snape asked him.

"Ginny has forced Hermione down into the Chamber of Secrets," Slytherin said.

Snape raced to the floo and opened it. "Lockhart, get Remus up here...now."

"But Headmaster-," Lockhart started but Snape cut him off.

"Don't Headmaster me," Snape hissed, "Get him...now."

"Of course," Lockhart said.

"And don't touch his apples," Snape hissed.

Remus is very parcel about his fruit.

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Note: Well Harry's second year is just about over. Thanks for continuing to review.

Chapter 55: Snape Saves the Day

"Are we going to inform Mrs. Weasley of this," Professor Flitwick asked.

"We have to," Snape told him, "We'll just have to see if she shows signs that she knew that this was going to happen."

"How could anyone know that this was going to happen, especially Mrs. Weasley," Sprout asked him.

"You would be surprised what people know," Snape stated.

Snape didn't like the idea that Hermione had been taken down to the chamber and he didn't like the idea that some of the Slytherin's thought this was the best thing ever. He knew that he had to go down there but he had never seen a basilisk before and he had no idea what would happen. However he had to get down there and rescue both his students before the snake feasted on them. So he grabbed the hat and his wand and headed for Moaning Myrtles bathroom.

When he entered he saw the ghost crying and felt bad for her. No one should be used in this way.

"What are you doing here?" Myrtle asked.

"I need to save someone," Snape told her.

"But this is a girl's bathroom," she said.

"Yes, I know," Snape said coldly, "And I'll be out of your bathroom soon enough."

He then waved his hand, spoke something, and then vanished.

When he reappeared he was in a tunnel and it amazed him, at once, that Salazar had been able to craft this. Of course Salazar had been a great wizard until went all 'I'm Pure and if your not then I don't want you around,' on people. Snape shook his head, some people would never learn. He took a deep breath, that wasn't needed, and began his journey down the tunnel.

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"Where's my Master at?" Harry asked Sprout.

"Severus has gone to rescue Ginny and Hermione," Sprout told him.

"Are you sure that's wise," Harry asked her.

Sprout looked at him, "Do you want to go down there and fight a snake?"

"Well no but-."

"No butts, let our Headmaster fight it," Sprout told him, "Now go back to your common room."

Harry saw her watching him so he turned around and headed down into the dungeons.

When Harry returned to the common room he told Nott and his friends what had happened. Ron was horrified that Snape had gone down there and Harry had a bad feeling that Snape might get hurt.

"He's being foolish," Pansy said.

"I know but I think he's doing what he knows is right," Harry said, "I mean, this is still his school no matter who's trying to get him removed."

"So what do we do now?" Ron asked.

"We wait and see if my Master can do it," Harry told him.

Of course Harry had no intention of just waiting around until he got back. If Snape was in trouble then he needed Harry's help.

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Snape noticed something in the way half-way down the tunnel. Being a vampire he had a good idea of distance and time. He had already been down here an hour and he had no idea what shape the girl's were in. It turned out to be a snake skin, about eight feet long. Snape shuttered to think of something eight feet long and bigger in

head then in body. However he took another not needed deep breath and stepped over it, continuing on his way.

The door that suddenly appeared told Snape that he had found the chamber. He spoke something and then vanished. When he appeared he was in a long corridor that had snakes on each side. It looked as though hundreds of spells had been used to keep the chamber from going under. And then he noticed them, lying on the floor. He ran as fast as he could, which was pretty fast, and knelt before them.

That's when he noticed the diary.

"I wouldn't touch that, if I were you," said a cold voice.

Snape looked up to see a boy standing there. He rubbed his eyes and saw that the boy looked around sixteen at the most and that he was blurred around the edges. At once Snape knew this was Tom Riddle.

"Your draining them," Snape told him.

"Well your not as dumb as I thought you were, Headmaster," Tom said, "I'm most disappointed that you're aware of what I'm doing."

"I didn't practice the dark arts and come out of it stupid," Snape told him, "Release them or I'll make the last moments of your memory a living nightmare."

Riddle laughed, "Oh you think that you can threaten me. I'm far more powerful then you'll ever dream of being."

"It's all in your warped mind, courtesy of Dumbledore."

"My mind is clear and sharp," Tom told him.

"Well that's not what your other self says," Snape told him, "He wants you gone so that he can be mortal."

"Mortal, I-."

"I know about the Horcrux," Snape cut in, "I know that's what you are."

Riddle went pale and Snape knew that he had him.

"Your nothing, your just a memory," Snape went on, "You think that your other half won't kill you. I know the real Tom Riddle, the one that isn't controlled, and I know that he's a responsible wizard. You're the one thing that's keeping him from being human and he wishes for your downfall."

Riddle hissed at him and then blasted him against the wall, Snape's wand dropping in the process.

"You know nothing of me," Tom snarled, "And I'm going to prove it."

Snape slowly rose up and shook his head. If he had been human he would have been dead.

"I know that your mum died in childbirth and left you with people that didn't care for you," Snape said, "I know that you fooled your teachers into believing that you were normal."

"And do you know that Ginny Weasley opened the Chamber of Secrets and released the monster on that mudblood Creevy."

"Don't use that word around me," Snape said, "I'm still the Headmaster here and I wish for you to keep that lying half-blood mouth shut."

Riddle gave him a cold look and then he shot a spell from Snape's own wand. Snape dived and landed right on Hermione. That's when he noticed that she had her wand with her and he pulled it out. It might not match up with him but it would still work.

"Triox," Snape called out and ice came out of Hermione's wand and blasted against Riddle, who fell, his feet soon covering with ice.

He blasted the ice away and flew up and then dived for Snape, Snape used the skills that he had learned from Riddle against him and dodged the attack and took to the air as well.

"You can fly as well," Tom said.

"I was taught by you," Snape told him and the duel started again, this time in the air.

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Harry, in phoenix form, couldn't believe what he was seeing. Riddle and his Master were dueling in mid-air. Showers of sparks were bouncing off the chamber wall and ceiling and Harry barely manage to find a spot that the spells couldn't reach. He watched as Snape slammed Riddle against the side and then moved aside as a spell tried to hit him.

"Be careful," Harry said.

And then Riddle landed and that's when everything changed.

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"Your impressive, no wonder you took over," Tom said, "But it's time to end this once and for all."

He turned to the statue and spoke with the same hissing that Snape had heard Hermione using. Suddenly the statue opened its mouth and something came out of it. Riddle spoke again and the thing charged. If Snape hadn't turned away at that moment he would have been Petrified. He bolted and that's when bird acted. It dived down and started to attack the snake's eyes. It screamed in pain and then Snape knew that it was safe to look at.

"See what your pet bird did," Tom said, "I'm going to kill you for that."

He shot a spell at Snape and Snape managed to dodge it.

"Come and duel me when you have better control over your emotions," Snape told him.

"I have better control then you think," Tom said.

"Keep telling yourself that and one day you might believe it," Snape said to him.

"Shut up," Tom snarled and then he said something to the snake and it bolted.

Snape bolted as well, the hat still in his hand. How it had stayed there Snape didn't understand but he still had it. Suddenly the snake hit him in the side and man and hat went flying. He landed on the stone floor, the hat a few inches away. Suddenly the sword appeared and Snape grabbed it and drew it out.

The snake launched at him and Snape brought it down, cutting its head clean off. He looked up to see Tom staring at him. Snape walked over to Ginny and pulled the diary out.

"Get away from it," Tom said.

"I don't think so," Snape said and he stabbed the diary with the sword.

Tom screamed in pain and then exploded, showering them all with glitter. At once Ginny and Hermione woke up.

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

"Your down in the chamber," Snape told her.

"Oh no, Tom, I was-."

"We all know that you were controlled Miss Weasley," Snape told her, "Now lets get out of here."

Suddenly a phoenix landed and extended its leg.

Snape took it and soon the three of them were flying threw the air, the chamber falling behind.

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"Harry, there you are," Ron said, when Harry came back into the common room.

"Sorry, were you worried about me," Harry asked.

"You darn right we were," Nott said, "Where were you?"

"Out," Harry told him.

"Your lucky you weren't caught," Ron told him.

Harry said nothing and went up to bed.

Chapter 56: Return of McGonagall

Harry, Ron, Nott, and Pansy were glad that all the Heir of Slytherin business was finally over. It had all come out that Ginny had been given an enchanted diary and that she had been writing in it all term. They went to the hospital wing and saw Hermione reading a book.

"Hermione, your fine," Harry said, pretending that he hadn't helped in the rescue.

Hermione smiled at him, "I thank Professor Snape for saving me and Ginny," she told him and then accepted the candy and card that Pansy had given her. "Thanks."

"When are you getting out of here?" Ron asked.

"In time for the End-Of-Term-Feast," Hermione answered.

"Are they going to let you stay here during the summer?" Nott asked her.

"McGonagall has returned and she's working on something," Hermione told him.

"I hope they don't make you live somewhere with children," Harry said, "That would be bad."

"I know," Hermione said.

They stayed with Hermione for awhile and then Madam Pomfrey came around and told them that they had to leave.

"See you at the feast," Ron said and they left.

"Can you believe this term is almost over," Pansy said, "It hasn't been without any excitement?"

"I wonder what's going to happen now," Harry asked, "I mean, with Hermione."

"I don't know," Nott said, "She might be allowed to stay here."

"I hope so," Harry said.

"I'm glad that your back Minerva," Snape told Headmistress McGonagall when she got back early that day.

"I'm glad to be back as well," McGonagall said, "You can only take so much of your family before you go insane."

Snape chuckled and then asked, "Is Hagrid coming back?"

"Yes, I had a talk with the Ministry and they've cleared him," McGonagall said, "The fact that Tom Riddle opened the chamber is scary enough."

"I'm glad that all the Horcrux have been destroyed," Snape said, "Now we can work on unlocking Tom's magic."

"Good luck with that," McGonagall said, "And tell him that the position is still open for Defense Against the Dark Arts."

"I will," Snape said, "So what have you decided to do about Miss Granger?"

"I was thinking about letting you take care of her, I mean to guard her," McGonagall said, "I heard what happened during the time that I was out and I'm telling you that the poor girl has gone through enough."

"That I'll agree with," Snape said, "I'll take her in but I'm not making her my ward."

"Wouldn't dream of it," McGonagall said and Snape left.

"Did you hear that oaf is coming back," Harry heard Malfoy say to Crabbe and Goyle, "I can't believe it."

"Well McGonagall is back," Zabini said.

"And we know what's going to happen about that," Malfoy said.

"I can't believe that Malfoy is acting like this," Pansy said, "I'm glad that McGonagall is back."

"Weren't you happy with Snape as Headmaster," Hermione asked her.

"I don't know," Pansy said, "I mean, he's still Snape but sometimes he really creeps me out. I mean, I'm not against him but being a vampire is a little too much."

"Well I'm glad that he's back being just a background Professor," Ron said.

"And why's that?" Hermione asked.

"I like Black better," Ron said.

"Yeah, the center of maturity," Harry said, "I mean, he thinks that I'm James or something. And he got all mad when he found out that I was working closely with Snape."

"Why can't he get it through his thick skull that I'm Snape's apprentice and I have to do all sorts of things for Snape?"

"Well I'm sure that things will be better during the summer," Ron said, "So what classes are you taking?"

"Muggle Studies," Harry said, "It will leave me with plenty of time to work on my brews. What did you take?"

"Divination and Care of Magical Creatures," Ron said, "I heard that Professor Kettleburn is a really good teacher."

"Well as long as Malfoy doesn't take it then he shouldn't give Kettleburn any problems," Harry said.

"You know I can't believe that Malfoy is acting like this," Hermione said.

"Acting like what," Nott asked.

She pointed to Malfoy and they all turned to see Malfoy getting his feet rubbed by an older Slytherin.

"Now that's sick," Harry commented.

The next day was the End-Of-Term feast and Harry, Ron, Hermione, Pansy, and Nott sat together and watched as Professor McGonagall stood up. Over at the Gryffindor table Harry saw Neville smiling and laughing with his friends. He was glad that Neville was alright.

"Another term...gone," she told them, "I would like to thank Professor Snape for brewing the Mandrake Potion that has allowed all the petrified victims to recover."

The Slytherin's all cheered as he stood up and bowed.

"As a school treat all exams have been canceled," she told them, which caused Hermione to groan.

Everyone else was happy that they had been canceled but Harry saw that Snape wasn't happy about it.

They celebrated all night with Hagrid returning and most students being happy that he was back. Naturally Harry saw that Malfoy wasn't but he didn't care. Everything was back to normal.

"Now that was a good feast," Sirius said, "Even if Snape got credit for helping the victims recover."

"Sirius, aren't you going to let this drop," Remus asked.

"No," Sirius answered.

"Well I'm glad that everyone recovered and that there's no more Heir of Slytherin,"

Remus said, "Though for a moment I thought that Hermione and Ginny weren't going to survive."

"Remus, their Slytherins," Sirius said, "Who cares if they live or die?"

"I do and so do a lot of other people," Remus said to him.

"I don't see them anywhere," Sirius told him and Remus felt the urge to hit him.

"So what are you going to do this summer?" McGonagall asked Snape.

"Be happy that I don't have to put up with students," Snape said, "And help my apprentice continue with his studies. He hardly got anything done this term."

"Well I'm sure that you'll be pushing his nose to the grindstone," McGonagall said, "But I do hope that you'll let us train him this summer."

"Don't worry, I will," Snape said, "I told him that he needed to train anyways."

"I'm glad to hear it," McGonagall said.

"Harry," Hermione called out as they waited for Ron to come down.

She was holding a note and looking excited.

"What's wrong," Harry asked, thinking that something bad had happened.

"I'm living with you and Ron," Hermione said, "The Ministry sent me a letter telling me that I'm sort of adopted by Professor Snape."

"What does that mean, sort of adopted," Harry asked.

"It means that she's only under Snape's guardianship," Nott told him, "Don't worry, if you decide to have a go with her it won't be like dating your sister."

"Please don't say that," Harry said.

"Where's Ron at?" Nott asked.

"He was just finishing packing his trunk," Harry said, "He said that he would be down in a few minutes."

The door to the common room opened and Professor Snape walked in with a man with flaming red hair.

"Who's that?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know," Harry said just as Ron came down with his trunk.

"Ronald," the man yelled.

"Charlie," Ron said and ran over and they both hugged.

"He's staying with Charlie," Snape told them.

"Are you sure that's wise, sir," Harry asked him.

"Don't worry McGonagall checked him out and he had no idea what his father had done," Snape said, "But I'm pleased that you're worried about your friends safety."

"I know that he went through a lot," Harry said.

"Oh by the way, I'll be taking that truth potion from you when we get back to the manor."

Harry stared at him, "You know about that."

"Of course," Snape said, "I'm a vampire."

"You know that's a real cheesy line," Harry commented.

"True, but it's my line," Snape told him.

Harry decided not to argue.

Note: Well Harry's second year is over and it will be several chapters before his third year starts.

Chapter 57: Going Back to Snape Manor

Harry was very happy to return to Snape Manor and back in his own bed in his own room. True he would miss Ron but he was glad that he had found a family member to take him in. Snape showed Hermione where she would be sleeping and that allowed Harry to get all his things out of his trunk and either to be washed or put away. He would start on his Potions homework tomorrow. Now all he wanted to do was sleep and that's where he ended up.

When Harry woke up it was nearly dinner time and so he showered, changed, and then headed down to the dining room. When he got there he saw that Hermione was already there, looking pleased and a book next to her.

"Hi, Harry," Hermione said, "Professor Snape is coming up in a few minutes."

"I'm glad to hear that," Harry said, "It's dead around here without him lurking around."

"I heard that, Harry," Snape suddenly said and both of them jumped.

"Sorry, sir," Harry said to him as he sat down.

"Forgiven," Snape told him and then the food appeared.

Since Snape didn't eat anything both Harry and Hermione enjoyed the dinner. Snape told Harry one time that he got a pleasure in seeing people eat good food and that including Harry.

"So did you sleep well, Harry?" Snape asked.

"Yes, sir," Harry said, "I didn't know how tired I was until I actually got to my bedroom."

"The floo does have that affect on people," Snape said, "So when are you working on your homework?"

"I'm starting tomorrow," Harry told him.

"I've already started on mine," Hermione told them.

Snape nodded and then Harry asked, "When can I write to Ron?"

"Soon," Snape answered, "When you're done eating then I need to give Riddle his medication."

"Is he feeling better," Hermione asked.

"Yes and he's up to something," Snape told her.

Harry snorted at that and Snape looked at him, "And what's so funny, Harry?"

"Sir, Riddle's a Slytherin," Harry told him.

"And so that means what?"

"Well if he's up to something then maybe it's a good something," Harry said, "I mean, he's been in this house all year and I think he might be doing something to stay focus."

"Well he should be telling me what he's up to," Snape said.

"Sir, he's a grown man," Harry pointed out.

"I know that, Harry," Snape said, his tone cold and he rose up, "Well I'm going to check up on Riddle."

And he left.

"What did I do," Harry asked.

"Harry, I think that Professor Snape knows that Riddle is a grown man," Hermione said, "He didn't need to be reminded."

"Well I didn't mean to make it sound like that," Harry said.

"But it did," Hermione said.

"I'm coming in," Snape said as he entered Ton's quarters.

Tom looked loads better since the diary was destroyed and he accepted the potion without complaint.

"I heard you arguing," Tom said, "That's never good."

"And what did you hear?" Snape asked.

"You think that I'm up to something," Tom said, "Well I am."

"And pray tell what it is," Snape asked.

Tom took a deep breath and smiled at him, "I'm thinking of asking that lovely lady that you have helping me out to marry me."

Snape was shocked and Tom laughed, "You think that I'm too old to get married?"

"No," Snape said, "I'm just shocked."

"I know," Tom said, "I never thought I would love anyone and I found someone that loves me despite all the things that I was forced to do."

He shuttered.

"Are you sure that she'll be able to take care of you," Snape asked.

"I've got no doubt about that," Tom said, "Once I don't look like this anymore then I can live a normal life. I just want to get away from any memory of what I did and the fact that I had the ability to do it. I need the normality that being with someone that loves me can bring to me."

"And does she know that you want to marry her," Snape asked.

"She actually told me that she loves me and wants to marry me," Tom said, "I'm just making her wish come true."

"Well then I wish you luck," Snape said.

"Thanks," Tom said.

"I'll be back tomorrow with more potion," Snape said and then left.

Harry woke up the next morning and got ready for the day. When he returned to his room he noticed that he didn't have a list of

apprentice tasks which meant that Snape wanted him to get to work on his Potions. He pulled out his books and got started.

A figure appeared almost without any warning and the Dementors glided past him without doing anything. He snapped his fingers and the cells to those that had been caught at St. Mungo opened. Oliver Wood, Fred and George Weasley, Angelina Spinnet, Percy Weasley, and several others came out. The figure threw wands at them and they caught them.

"Today we mark the beginning of the end for Harry Potter," the figure said.

"And who gets the pleasure of killing him," Fred Weasley asked.

"I do," the figure said, "But you can kill his little friends."

They all cheered.

"Now let's get out of here," the figure said, "Our Master is waiting for us."

And they all vanished.

"What the-." Snape said, almost spitting out the blood that Harry had brought down.

The Evening Prophet had been delivered and he couldn't believe what he was reading, all those that had tried to kill Harry a year ago had broken out.

"I couldn't believe it when I saw myself," Remus said.

"Minerva is going to have a field day," Snape told him.

"I think she already knows," Remus said, "This is bad, especially for Harry."

Snape put the paper down and drank some more of his bottled blood. "This looks bad for everyone. We need to figure out how to expose Dumbledore as the Dark Lord."

"How," Remus asked.

"Let me figure that detail out," Snape said, "How many of the Order can we trust not to turn on us and go with Dumbledore."

"I'm counting Moody out," Remus said, "But Kingsley will be more than happy to join."

"Good," Snape said, "Anyone else that might want to join from the Order let them know that we're fighting against Dumbledore not with him."

"Let's hope that this doesn't blow up in our faces," Remus said.

"I hope not either."

"So are you going to tell Harry?" Remus asked him.

Snape sighed, "I have to, this affects him," Snape told him, "And I believe that it affects Miss Granger as well."

"I'm about to totally agree with you," Remus said.

Harry wasn't happy to hear that Dumbledore or one of his helpers had managed to get those that had tried to send him a one way ticket to the afterlife was now up and running around in the world.

"I don't blame you, Harry," Snape said, "I wasn't too happy to hear about it or read about it but we have to find a way of making sure that they don't harm you or your friends.'

"And what if you can't," Harry asked him.

"I will do it," Snape said, "Don't worry about that."

That didn't make Harry feel any better.

"I'll inform Lily of this," Snape told Remus.

"Very well," Remus said, "Later on I want to talk to you about Lily."

Snape looked at him and nodded.

"Did you read this, Minerva?" Sirius asked.

McGonagall looked at him and he handed her the paper. She looked at it and stared. "What the-how?"

"I don't know but now Dumbledore has more people working for him," Sirius said,

"Harry's in grave danger and I don't like him spending any time with Snape."

McGonagall looked at him, "Are you using this to prove that Severus is a unfit guardian."

"You darn right I am," Sirius said, "He worked for Dumbledore. He could easily be working for him now."

"Sirius, I highly doubt that," McGonagall said.

"Well I don't trust him," Sirius said, "And I want Harry removed."

"No," McGonagall said, "He's the one that worked hard to save Ginny Weasley and Hermione Granger's life. I'm not having him treated like some evil wizard."

"He only rescued them because their Slytherins," Sirius told her.

McGonagall gave him a stone look and then said, "This isn't school, Sirius, and I won't have you treating it as such."

"But, he's going to harm Harry."

"I highly doubt that."

Next up: The Riddle wedding and Harry trains.

Chapter 58: Summer Training

Harry worked hard on most of his summer work, starting with Potions, the next day as soon as he had showered, changed, and eaten breakfast. Potions was the easiest as he had two years of success under his belt and he was learning how to modify some of the brews. He broke for lunch and then returned to his work, this time in Charms. When he had finished the last of his Charms homework he went downstairs where McGonagall was waiting on him, at least he thought she was waiting on him.

"Mr. Potter, I've been waiting on you," she said.

"I was doing my Potions and Charms work," Harry told her.

She nodded and then said, "And how much of them have you done?"

"I've got them finished," Harry answered, giving her an odd look, "Ma'am, has Dumbledore struck?"

"Not yet," McGonagall said, "I want you to follow me."

Harry followed her down the hall and passed a number of doors that were never used. Finally they stopped and she opened the door. It was a grand ballroom and one that Harry had seen a number of times. However this time it was fitted with everything that he would need to train.

"So what are you going to have me do?" Harry asked her.

"I want you to cast every spell that you've learned," McGonagall told him, "And then we'll work on the next set of ones."

Harry pulled out his wand and started to fire off hexes, spells, curses...anything that he had learned. After a couple of hours he sat down and waited.

"Very good but you still need work," McGonagall said, "I'm going to have a good sent to you and I want you to practice them."

"Yes, ma'am," Harry said and then McGonagall left.

Later that night, after dinner, Hermione finally asked him how things had gone with McGonagall. He told her what she had wanted Harry to learn and Hermione said, "She must have the room warded so that the Ministry doesn't know that you did magic."

"That's what I thought," Harry said, "I doubt that the Ministry would care if I was training as long as I was punished for breaking the law."

"Well at least she thought of everything," Hermione said and Harry had to agree.

For the next couple of days Harry worked on his homework and thought about what his third year was going to be like. He hoped that it would be better than his last two. Both of them had been a nightmare and all he wanted to do was have a nice normal term without anyone trying to kill him or make his life a living nightmare. Of course with the chance that Dumbledore could kill him at anytime he doubted that he was going to have that wish of a normal term.

He also kept himself busy by working the potion supplies and keeping up with what he had already learned. He used the notebook that Snape had given him and one night he was coming up when he noticed Snape giving Lupin his potion.

"Harry, how are you," Lupin asked.

"I'm great," Harry said, smiling at his Transfiguration teacher.

"I'm glad to hear that," Lupin said and he drank more of his potion. "Oh Sirius wants to visit."

Harry frowned and asked, "Why?"

"Well because he misses you," Lupin said, "Anyway, Minerva thought that you might want to be around him for awhile, get a break from your apprenticeship duties."

"Well isn't that nice," Harry said tightly, "But I've got loads to do and I'm sure that Professor Snape wouldn't want me to slack in my duties."

"Harry," Lupin said.

"I told you that he wouldn't want to see Black," Snape said, "Until he decides to act his age and not treat me like this is still school then maybe Harry will want to see him."

"I'll have a talk with him," Lupin said.

"Good," Harry snapped, "Because when he decides to grow up then I'll see him."

And he walked down the corridor.

The next day the owls delivered the books and Harry started on them. Snape helped him out when he could be it was clear that his summer was filled up with trying to get more people to come and join the new Order and working on potions. Hermione was also busy with things and Harry got a letter from Ron. He opened this and read:

Harry,

I'm so glad that I'm as far away from all the trouble that I had to go through. Charlie is really great and I'm learning a lot about dragons here. I'm still coming back to Hogwarts for our third year. Oh I took Divination, don't ask me why but I did. I'll see you very soon.

Ron.

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"Why won't Harry see me," Sirius asked when Lupin told him what Harry had said.

"Because he doesn't like how your treating Severus," Lupin said, "And I'm afraid that I'll have to agree."

Sirius stared at him and then asked, "Why?"

"Because you're acting as though Severus is this big threat and Harry senses it," Lupin said, "Try and act like you're over your feud and maybe, just maybe, he'll forgive you and let you visit."

"But I'm his godfather," Sirius said.

"I understand that but Harry feels that your acting wrong around Severus, I know I've seen you acting as though Severus is a big threat."

"But he is," Sirius said, "You know that he was a Death Eater. He might still be."

Lupin groaned. "Can't you just leave this alone?" he asked him.

"No," Sirius answered.

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"Everything is going to look great," Sprout said.

"I know, I'm pretty excited about this," Tom said.

His body was finally back to normal but his magic wasn't. It was slowly coming back but he didn't rely on it so much.

"So what are you going to do once the wedding is over," Sprout asked him.

"Well my soon-to-be-wife has a home near the shore," Tom said, "We're moving there."

"Well then I wish you all the luck in the world," Sprout said.

"Aren't you coming to the wedding," the soon-to-be Mrs. Riddle asked.

"I'm thinking about it but I don't know," Sprout said, "Every time I go to one I end up looking like an idiot because I'm crying. I'm hoping to avoid that."

Both of them laughed and Tom said, "No one is going to think you're an idiot."

"I know that but a girl can worry," Sprout said.

Tom shook his head just as a man walked in with a large cake and put it on the table.

"Well I better get changed," she said and kissed Tom and then left.

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"Why do I have to wear dress robes," Harry asked Snape.

"Because we're going to a wedding," Snape told him, "And dress robes are needed."

"Is Tom going to be wearing them?"

"No," Snape answered, "You know that he isn't comfortable with being a wizard. No one is going to force him to wear robes."

The door opened and Hermione walked in wearing a ice dress, her hair looking very nice. "Are you men finished acting like women?"

"Hay, I'm manly enough," Harry told her and Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Come on, before we're late," Hermione said and they left.

Harry had never been to a wedding that was as unmagical as possible. Everything had to be done so that Riddle didn't freak out. Finally, at long last, they were married and dinner was served with cake and things that Harry knew he would never have again but was enjoyable. Remus was talking with someone that Harry had never seen before and they seem to be deep in conversation. Lily was talking with Snape and he smiled every time she opened her mouth.

"I think that he has a crush on your mum," Hermione told Harry.

"I figured that much," Harry said, though he wasn't exactly comfortable with this.

When the couple finally left things became quiet, which Snape and Harry were glad about. No more former dark lord to worry about and no more other trouble. The house elves at once got to work cleaning up the mess and Harry asked Snape who that man was that was talking with Lupin.

"Just an old friend," Snape said, "Oh Lily's staying over tonight."

Harry smiled, "Really, why?"

"Because she needs to be taken to the Ministry tomorrow," Snape told him, "And what they're about to do I'm not comfortable with."

This got Harry's attention and he asked, "What are they going to do?"

"Their executing Petunia," Snape answered, showing Harry exactly why Snape wasn't comfortable with it. "Minerva is taking her to the Ministry to watch."

Harry said nothing but he thought that watching your Aunt die wasn't something that he wanted to see.

The next day Harry was pretty busy with his work for Snape and so he didn't know that his mum and McGonagall had already left. The work took most of the morning and by time that he broke for lunch he heard the door opening and crying. Harry came up to see his mum in a right state.

"Is she going to be alright?" Harry asked.

"I hope so," McGonagall said, "They staked her."

Harry said nothing as his mum was crying harder. McGonagall said to Harry, "Why don't you go up to your room and leave us in peace. Lily needs time to process what she saw."

"It's MURDER!" Lily screamed, "BLOODY, FUCKING, MURDER."

"Calming Draught...please," McGonagall said to Harry and Harry ran to get it.

He found a bottle in Snape's lab and went to give it to McGonagall. She had Lily drink it and then she moaned and said, "Why did they have to do it?"

"Because their sick," McGonagall said.

"Mum, are you going to be alright?" Harry asked her.

Lily placed a hand on his arm, "I'll be fine."

"Do you need anything, Lily?" McGonagall asked.

"No, thanks," Lily said, "I think that I'll lay down."

She slowly got up and headed up the stairs. She walked as though her body hurt and Harry felt bad for her.

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Note: Well that took me a long time to write but I'm glad I finally got it finished. Next up: The Bear

Chapter 59: The Bear

Things returned to normal but for Harry he knew that it would take time for his mother to finally get over what had happened. He knew that things hadn't been well between the two sisters but he knew that his mum loved her sister very much. Of course what Harry wanted to know was what had happened to Dudley. He decided to ask his mum that question.

"He's on the run from the Ministry," his mum said, "Their going to hunt him down as well."

"I bet it's those stupid vampire killers," Harry said, "I saw them a few months ago."

His mum's face darkened, "Yeah, the Ministry has given them permission to kill vampires."

"Do you think that Dumbledore might get them to kill Snape?" Harry asked.

"I hope not," his mum said, "And if they come near him then I'll make their lives a living nightmare."

Harry believed her.

Harry went back to working on whatever came in, doing more of his homework, and working on the spells that McGonagall wanted him to master. On the last day of June McGonagall came over to see how he was doing and she talked to Snape about it.

"I know that you haven't been able to see all that he's doing," McGonagall said, "But I'm hoping that I'm hearing that he's making progress besides the spells that he has already learned."

"Don't worry, I'm testing him at night," Snape said, "So how has your summer been?"

"Well," McGonagall said, "Tonks has left Hogwarts as you know."

"That I know, she took her N.E.W.T'S at the Ministry I believe," Snape said.

"Yes, I don't think that a lot of people were happy that I had decided to cancel the exams as a school treat."

Snape grinned at her, "I wasn't happy about it."

McGonagall grinned at him, "Oh I bet you weren't," she said, "But I'm hoping that next term will be better."

"It better be, I'm getting sick and tired of being reminded of Riddle," Snape told her.

"Well I'm glad that turned out alright," McGonagall said, "Sad thing to happen to him. Oh speaking of Riddle his child will be coming in eleven years."

Snape stared at her and she laughed, "Yeah, I was surprised as well."

"Oh please save us," Snape said.

Before retiring for the day Snape left a note, telling Harry to continue his training, do his homework, and most importantly do not go into Hermione's bedroom. Snape knew that Harry was getting close to the age that he started to notice girls and with the fact that a girl lived with them it was too much temptation to sneak in and do something foolish. He then turned in for the day, hoping that Harry would listen to his advice.

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"Does he not trust me," Harry said to Hermione when he read the note.

"Well he's worried about your pure mind," Hermione told him, "Don't worry, my bedroom door has locks."

"Great, you don't trust me," Harry moaned and Hermione laughed.

"It isn't that," she said, "I trust you but Professor Snape doesn't."

"And neither does Black," Harry said, sighing, "I haven't heard from Black all summer yet and I'm worried that he's going to try something stupid."

"Like what?" Hermione asked him.

"I have no idea but I know we're not going to like it," Harry told her.

The look on Hermione's face told Harry that she wouldn't like it either.

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"I swear he treats Harry like a slave," Black told McGonagall.

The Headmistress sighed and asked, "Why, do you believe that?"

"Because he hasn't come to visit," Black told her.

"Sirius, I've told you that Harry doesn't want to see you until you've grown up," McGonagall said, "Anyway, Harry's been training with Severus for two years now and he's entering a very important stage in his apprenticeship."

"Oh really, what?" Black asked.

"Making his own brews," McGonagall answered.

"He doesn't need Snape for that," Black said.

"Yes, he does," McGonagall said, "Now leave them alone and let Harry come to you when he feels like it."

As Black stormed out...again, McGonagall had a bad feeling that she would be repeating herself many times.

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Harry headed outside to pick some ingredients that Snape had told him was ready for harvesting. This was the first time that he would be trusted to do it right and he didn't want to mess up.

"Lumos," Harry muttered and the end of his wand lit up, showing him the way to the greenhouse that he needed to go.

He hurried across the grounds, the full moon showing, and he thought about what Remus was doing. He knew that Remus would be a full werewolf by now and that he would be as far away from people as possible. Harry decided that he would buy Remus a pair of new robes before the term began. He needed them.

He entered the greenhouse and went over to the south table and used his wandlight to show him which plants were which. He took out a small knife and started working on the leaves or taking some out to gather the roots. Suddenly he heard something that made his heart skip. He put the last seed in the basket and grabbed his wand. Poking his head out he didn't see anyone but he sure knew that someone was out there.

"Master Snape," Harry called out, "Are you back from hunting?"

Nothing at first and then a roar came out of nowhere and Harry's wandlight hit a large bear. It had brown fur, black eyes, and looked angry. Harry screamed, backing away and that caused the bear to go forward. Suddenly a blast of red light lit the whole area and the bear was shot right off its feet. It landed and Harry saw his mum holding her wand.

"Harry, are you alright?" Lily asked him.

"I'm fine," Harry told her.

"You're not hurt?"

Harry shook his head and then he watched as his mum checked the bear out. With a wave of her wand the bear changed and Harry was shocked to see that it was Hermione.

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"And when were you going to tell people that you happen to be a bear animagi," Snape asked when he had gotten back from hunting.

He had been told everything and wasn't pleased with how Hermione had acted.

"I'm sorry," Hermione said, tears welling up.

"You could have hurt Harry," Lily told her, "Sometimes we can't control what the animal wants."

"I know and I'm sorry," Hermione repeated.

"I'm having McGonagall take you to the Ministry of Magic," Snape told her, "I want to hear that you've been registered."

"Yes, sir," Hermione said.

"And you will serve detention when term begins," Snape went on, "A month's worth."

Hermione nodded and Snape dismissed her.

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Note: This was all that I could write under this chapter, though I do hope that you like it. Next up: Hermione and the Ministry including Malfoy acting like a jerk.

Chapter 60: Hermione and the Ministry

The next morning McGonagall came by to pick Hermione up. Harry knew that she hadn't intended on doing anything that was against the law but it had scared him when he had seen what she could turn into. Once they were gone Harry got back to his homework, which he was nearly done with, and then waited to see if anyone would write to him.

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"Now all you have to do is state your name, form, markings, if any, and that's it," McGonagall said.

"I hate the idea that it's going to public," Hermione told McGonagall.

"I know but that's the law," McGonagall said, "You know that we have to have these laws for a reason."

"I know but I still don't have to like it."

They entered the Misuse of Magic office and Hermione had to admit that she was nervous. She had never been inside any of the offices at the Ministry and while the front had amazed her she felt as though she was in a new area that she didn't really understand. The office itself was huge and she felt very small. Finally a woman appeared and asked McGonagall the reason for the visit.

"Miss Granger is an Animagi and I want to register her," she told the lady.

"Very well," the lady said, "My name is Mrs. Brew and here's the form to fill out. You can just go over there and sit down."

"Thanks," Hermione said, taking it and walking over she sat down.

The form was as simple as McGonagall told her but it was still unnerving. Personally she was glad that she was able to keep a few secrets to herself. Personally she was also glad that Riddle was back to normal. He had been feared when he had been under Dumbledore's control and she didn't want to know that side of him anytime soon. What really worried her was the fact that Dumbledore would know that she could change into a bear.

When she was finally done she returned the form back to Mrs. Brew and then was asked to transform. She changed into her bear form and the woman checked her out, most likely to make sure that she was telling the truth about her markings, which were none, and then she changed back.

"Well that's all that we need," Mrs. Brew said to them, "Have a wonderful day."

"Thanks," Hermione said, coldly and they left.

As they left the office Hermione thought that her troubles were over. Of course she was wrong as Draco Malfoy and his stupid father came walking down the corridor. Lucius ignored Hermione but Draco didn't.

"Well look what we have here, the Slytherin Mudblood," he taunted.

McGonagall spun around and looked at him, "You better be grateful that this isn't term," she said, "Or you would have detention for a month."

"Yeah, but then my father-."

"Draco, come on," Lucius said and with a sneer in Hermione's direction they left.

"Oh sometimes I really hate that boy," Hermione told her.

"Don't worry about him," McGonagall said, "Let's get you back home before something else happens."

Hermione was all for leaving this place.

McGonagall dropped her off and Hermione headed inside. When she walked in she saw Harry trying to pull a very large crate across the floor, sweat pouring down his face.

"Harry, your going to hurt yourself," Hermione told him.

She changed into her bear form and used her new weight to push the crate with ease across the floor. Finally it was where it needed to be and she changed back.

"Thanks," Harry said.

"No problem," Hermione told him and smiled.

Harry went pink.

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"So how was your trip to the Ministry, got done what I wanted done," Snape asked that night.

"Of course," Hermione said, "And guess who I saw at the Ministry?"

"Who?" Harry asked.

"Draco and Lucius Malfoy," Hermione answered, frowning, "The father said nothing but Draco called me a Slytherin Mudblood. Lucius told him to come on but McGonagall told Draco that he was lucky this wasn't term or he would have detention."

"I don't doubt that Minerva would give it," Snape said, "But why would Lucius not want Draco to continue to harass you?"

"I don't know but I've got a funny feeling that we'll all find out," Hermione told him.

"Sooner or later," Harry added and they all nodded.

The next night Snape went to Hogwarts to find out the full story about Hermione's encounter with the Malfoy's. McGonagall was talking to Remus when he entered and he at once asked her about it, after explaining that Hermione had told them about it.

"I don't know," McGonagall said, "But it seems that Lucius has no control over his son."

"Well I heard from Sirius that Lucius is marrying again," Remus said.

Snape looked at him and then asked, "And who is the unlucky girl?"

"Don't know, someone from the Ministry," Remus said, "But trust me Sirius will find out."

"I'm sure that he will," Snape told him, "Could you let me know what he does find out."

Remus nodded and then McGonagall said, "So do you know anyone that will make a good Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher?"

"No, I don't," Snape said.

"How about my sister," Remus suggested.

Both Snape and McGonagall looked at him but Snape said, "You have a sister?"

"Yes, I do," Remus said, frowning.

"What's her name and how come I didn't hear of her," McGonagall asked him.

"It's because she went to a different school and her name is Bell Lupin."

"Is she good in Defense Against the Dark Arts and is she human?" McGonagall asked him.

"Yes on both questions," Remus answered.

"Great, have her come by and we'll talk," McGonagall said.

"I will," Remus told her and then left.

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Next up: Meeting Luna again.

Chapter 61: Meeting Luna Again

The Hogwarts letters arrived a few weeks after Hermione had gone to the Ministry. Harry was use to them being delivered but Hermione was still not use to getting post at her new home.

"I wonder how Ron's doing," Harry said to them.

"A lot better than he was at home," Snape told them, "Hermione, why do you have so many books listed?"

Harry turned and looked at the long list that she had in her hand.

"Well I'm taking more new subjects," Hermione told them.

"Why?" Snape asked her.

"Because I want to know everything," Hermione answered, glaring at him.

Harry snickered but Snape wasn't looking pleased. "Do you have any idea how much that work load will do to you?"

"I can handle it," Hermione protested.

Snape groaned and went back to drinking his blood.

The next morning the Daily Prophet carried the story of Lucius Malfoy marrying some witch that he had never heard of. True, there were a lot of things that Harry hadn't heard of but he knew that Malfoy wasn't going to like his new stepmother. From what Kingsley said, that night, she wasn't like Narcissa.

"Does that make her worse or better?" Hermione asked him.

"Worse, for him," Kingsley said, "She's not the kind of Pureblood that sets around and does nothing. She really believes in working and doing all the stuff men do."

"Oh imagine if she had Malfoy scrubbing floors," Harry said, with glee.

"It would do that boy a world of good," Snape said.

A week later, as the new month started (Harry had his birthday) Luna came to visit. Harry and Hermione both knew that Snape had a thing for Luna and sure enough he went all pink when he saw her.

"Hello," Luna said. "How has your summer been?"

"Well," Hermione and Harry answered.

She smiled at them, showing some fang, and then said, "I would like to have a word with Severus."

"Sure," Harry said and they both left.

Harry spent the time in his room, going over the new book that Snape had given him in preparation for his next stage of training and Hermione spent it in her room, making sure that she had done all her homework. Both of them fell asleep long before Luna finally left.

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"Snape's sister is coming to teach," Sirius said when McGonagall told them all that Snape had a sister and she was good at Defense Against the Dark Arts.

McGonagall looked at him, "And what's wrong with her?"

"She's a Snape," Sirius stated and Remus rolled his eyes.

"Sirius, I expect you to treat her with respect," McGonagall said, "I'm not having you act like she's this grave threat."

"Is she human?" Professor Sprout asked her.

"Yes," McGonagall answered, "Oh and Hagrid is taking over as Care of Magical Creatures teacher."

"Is that wise?" Flitwick asked her.

"I think that he can take care of himself," McGonagall told him.

"Him, I'm not worried about," Sprout said, "It's the poor students."

"I'm sure that they can manage it," McGonagall said. "Now we've had several Dumbledore sightings over the past several weeks and thankfully none of them is near Snape Manor."

"Glad to hear that," Remus said.

"How's Hermione's 'problem' fairing?" Flitwick asked.

"Severus hasn't reported any problems," McGonagall answered.

"Yeah, he's been lip locking that vampiress, Luna," Sirius remarked and everyone glared at him. "What?"

"Why do you have to insult him all the time," Flitwick asked him, "If Severus wants to have a relationship he doesn't need to come to you and ask you if he has your permission? Had you been in my house you would have been expelled."

Sirius laughed, "Makes me grateful that I wasn't in your house."

Flitwick glared at him.

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Note: I know, short chapter. But you can't do much with Luna visiting.

Chapter 62: Diagon Alley...Again

Remus came by to pick Harry and Hermione up so that they could get their things for the coming term. Snape had called upon him, asking him to make sure that they got their things and didn't overindulge in things that Snape didn't want in the house. Remus had promised to follow his orders as he knew that Snape would inspect everything when they got back. After getting money from his vault they went to get Harry and Hermione's robes.

"I can't believe that you've grown out of the ones that you do have," Remus told Harry.

"I know, though I'm glad that the pair that I'm getting will be free of potion stains."

They entered Madam Malkin where the owner paired them up with new robes and put the Slytherin crest on them. The next stop was to get more potion supplies and then Hermione hurried to get her books, Harry and Remus trailing behind. Harry only had to get Intermediate Transfiguration, the Standard Book of Spells Grade Three and his one new book for Muggle Studies. The Manager saw to him first because he had the new books that were needed.

Hermione was still picking out her books.

"What's that?" Remus asked, pointing to a cage that was filled with books.

"The Monster Book of Monsters," the Manager answered, "Surely you don't want them."

"No, just wondering," Remus said.

"I need one of those," Hermione told him and the manager groaned.

When Harry was finished he told Hermione that he would meet her at the ice-cream parlor.

An hour later Hermione joined them just as Remus finished his ice-cream. She had four big bags with her and put them on the ground. Harry eyed them and then Remus.

"Did you buy out the entire store?" Harry asked her.

"Oh very funny," Hermione snapped, "I just need to make sure that I've got the books that I need."

"Are you planning on eating at all this term?" he asked and Hermione stuck her tongue out at him.

After Hermione had rested and gotten something in her they finished their shopping. Harry noticed a large group of people and Remus told him that the Firebolt had come out.

"Want to have a look," he asked Harry.

"No," Harry answered and they moved on.

Harry was hoping to see Ron but it looked as though either he had missed Ron or Ron was going to miss them. Hermione got a cat named Crookshanks, which Harry got the impression knew more than he did, and then they headed back home.

"What in the name of Merlin is that thing?" Snape asked Hermione when he saw Crookshanks for the first time.

"A cat," Hermione answered.

"That's not a cat, that's a monster," Snape remarked which earned a snicker from Harry.

"Well I don't care, I love him," Hermione said.

"As long as he stays away from me then we're fine," Snape told her, "What goes through these people's heads."

Harry's snake hissed at it and Crookshanks returned it.

"I live in a zoo," Snape remarked and then left.

Harry noticed that Snape started to avoid Hermione whenever he could. Harry figured that Crookshanks wasn't on Snape's top list of things to have around the house. Personally Harry liked the cat, though he would never tell Snape that. Remus came to visit for his Wolfbane, which Harry had been instructed to give, and then Sirius

showed up. At once Harry left the room, leaving Hermione to have to deal with him. He could hear her yelling.

"HOW DARE YOU COME HERE AFTER YOU WERE TOLD THAT YOU WEREN'T WANTED," she screamed.

"I GO WHERE I WANT TO GO, MISSY," Sirius bellowed. "WHERE SNAPE, WHERE'S THAT DAMN VAMPIRE AT?"

"NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS," Hermione screamed, "NOW GET OUT!"

Harry didn't hear what Sirius said but he heard Hermione's reaction, "STOP INSULTING THE SNAPE FAMILY JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE THE IDEA THAT HIS SISTER IS TEACHING."

"I COULD TEACH BETTER THEN THAT DEATH EATER SISTER."

"GET...OUT...NOW!" Hermione raged and she must of done something because there was a slamming of the door and silence.

And then the knock and Hermione's voice, "Harry's he's gone!"

"I figure that much," Harry said and then opened the door, "Why can't he leave me alone?"

"I don't know but I'm going to tell Professor Snape about this," Hermione said, "Trust me on that."

Harry did.

Snape was in a bad mood when Hermione told him that Sirius had visited. She told him what he had said and it seemed that Sirius thought that this new teacher was bad for Harry. This got Harry mad, how dare someone tell him who was bad for him. Last time someone had decided who was bad and who was good enough for him he had been placed in hell called the Dursley's.

"I'm going to take care of this right here and right now," Snape told her.

"I hope your not going to hex him or something," Hermione said to him.

"Don't worry about that, Hermione, I wouldn't taint my wand with his stupid essence," he said, "I'm telling McGonagall about this."

"Good luck with him listening to her," Harry remarked.

"Oh I've got a feeling that we won't be hearing from Sirius Black anytime soon," Snape told him and then left.

"I hope he doesn't kill him," Harry said, though that might be another way not to have to see Sirius Black until term started.

Harry got a letter from Ron the next day. A handsome tawny delivered it and when Harry read it he grinned. He showed it to Hermione who read:

Dear Harry,

I hate to say this but I'm not looking forward to returning to Hogwarts. The summer has been great and Charlie has treated me better than Mum did. Speaking of mum, have you gotten any news if she's been locked away? I know that it's bad to say that about one's mum but she really is evil and she hates me so much. Thanks for helping me out when I needed it.

Ron

"Well I'm glad to see that he's summer was great," Hermione said.

"Yeah, me too," Harry said.

Next up: A warning from Sirius Black. Another warning: This chapter will be short.

Chapter 63: Black's Warning

As August continued Harry was getting more and more excited about returning to Hogwarts. True he would have to put up with Malfoy but at least he would be seeing his other friends. Hermione was locked away in her room, reading all her course books by heart and Harry was reading his Standard Book of Spells Grade three when he wasn't doing whatever Snape wanted him to do. Snape had returned, telling them that McGonagall told Black that he was never to have contact with Harry, other than in class.

"Which he will use to torment me about wanting to live with you instead of him," Harry pointed out.

"If he does then let me know," Snape advised.

"Oh don't worry, I will," Harry promised.

Of course Black found another way to ruin Harry's summer. He sent Harry a letter and when Harry opened it he spit out what he was eating. He read it over three times and then handed it to Hermione, who read it as well.

Harry,

As you know I will be continuing to teach Potions and as such I'm making this very clear. Snape might be watching over you during the summer but I get to see you all term. You will not have anything to do with Hermione Granger. She is evil to the core and will do nothing but bring you down. Also I want to spend more time with you, not like the time that we didn't get to share.

Sirius Black

"Why that little-," Hermione snarled.

"Transfer me to a different school...please," Harry moaned, "That man's going to be a nightmare."

"Evil to the core; am I," Hermione snapped, "Well I'll show him a thing or two about being evil to the core."

Harry grinned; he liked this part about Hermione.

"Any idea on the plan to get back at him," Harry asked her.

"Oh you wait and see," Hermione promised.

Note: Well I did warn you that it was going to be a short chapter.

Chapter 64: Warnings and Plans

"I advise you to be careful around him," Snape told Harry.

"You've mentioned this before," Harry told him.

"And I'll mention it again," Snape said, "Black is off his rocker."

"And what's so new about that," Harry said, "I think that he's been off his rocker since he got out of Azkaban."

Snape wasn't about to argue that point but still he wanted to make sure that Harry knew that Black wasn't going to make things easier on him.

When Snape had left Harry was left with a list of things that Snape wanted him to do. True, he didn't mind them but he wished that it wasn't so long. Hermione helped out as much as she could and Snape had made it clear that this was Harry's 'job.'

"At least I'm not still with the Dursley's," Harry had commented, as he loaded barrel after barrel of horned slugs.

The summer was slowly coming to a close and that meant that he would be going into his third year. It seemed strange that his determination to prove himself worthy of being in the Wizarding world had led him down this strange and twisted road. He had gained so much and lost so much. However he had also gained someone that cared about him and wouldn't let anyone harm him.

"So do you think that this year will be hard?" Hermione asked Harry.

"I'm sure that it will be," Harry said, "Of course I'm not taking all the classes that they have."

Hermione went pink and said, "I just want to explain my knowledge."

"And maybe sometimes knowing things isn't a good thing."

"I'm pleased with the chance to teach," Snape's sister said.

"I'm glad you're here," Headmistress McGonagall told her, "I'm sure that you've heard of what happened to our last teacher."

She nodded and said, "I'm going to teach the students what they need to know."

"Glad to hear that," McGonagall said. "I'll have Flitwick take you to your quarters and office."

"Thank you," she said and then left.

"So you want to pass on your property to your charge if your staked," a man said to Snape when he visited to take care of 'personal' matters.

"Yes," Snape answered, "I was able to keep my property from being sold but if I should bite the dust, so to speak, I want to know that I won't have to worry about my charge having a place to live."

"I fully understand," he said.

"Good," Snape said and then he waited.

An hour later it was done and Snape was able to leave.

When Snape returned home he headed down to his lab to find Harry working on a variation of the Simmering Solution. Snape didn't dare bother him, for fear that he would blow the potion up. Finally after waiting for what seemed like forever Harry finally looked up.

"How's it going," Snape asked him.

"Well," Harry answered, "I've just got to add the dragon juice and then I'll be ready to see what happens."

Snape nodded and then Harry put the potion in status and they both left.

"God's the work is getting harder," Harry commented.

"It will get better once you master it," Snape told him.

"Thanks for telling me that...now," Harry said, "So did you sleep well?"

Snape nodded and then he said, "My sister will be teaching you other forms of combat. I told her that you're going to need it."

"And when did you do this?" Harry wondered.

"Last term," Snape answered, "Before I was turned into this thing."

Harry said nothing and Snape knew that he knew that the subject of his transformation was still a sore subject. Snape was very thankful that Harry didn't press it.

Next up: Harry returns to Hogwarts and I promise a much longer chapter.

Chapter 65: Return to Hogwarts

On September first Remus came by to pick Harry and Hermione up to take them to Kings Cross station. Snape had left the night before so that he would make it back to the school before the sun came up. Harry was glad to be returning to Hogwarts but he had to admit that his second summer away from the Dursley's had been a lot better than all the summers that he had lived with them.

"Make sure that you watch out for Dumbledore," Remus advised, "Last term was hell."

Harry agreed with this, he had lived it, but now he was hoping that this term might be better.

They saw Ron walk in and sit down. When Hermione asked him how his summer had been he at once told them all about all the things that he had done and how much fun that he had. "I'm telling you everything is different."

"Well I'm glad that you enjoyed yourself," Harry said, "Ready for another term of being a snake?"

"Ready as I'll ever be," Ron said.

During the trip Malfoy didn't bother them, which was good. Harry wasn't really in the mood to listen to him. The trolley came by to see if they wanted anything to eat and Harry got everyone something.

"So did you learn anything new during the summer?"

"Well not much, except for more work," Harry told him, "Snape is really a slave driver but I understand that he expects me to do well."

"So I heard that he's retiring," Ron said.

"Yeah, as soon as I finish my training," Harry told him, "I'm really looking forward to it."

"Well I'm glad that Harry's use to doing well," Hermione said, "My summer was okay, miss my parents."

"Yeah, I was telling Charlie about what happened. He was really upset that your parents died."

"Thanks," Hermione said and then added, "It gets better."

"It always does," Harry said.

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"Looking forward to another term," McGonagall told everyone.

"Snape's still around so...no," Sirius said which earned another glare from Remus.

He had been glaring at Sirius all summer.

"Well sorry if you don't like it," McGonagall said to him, "And I better not catch you making his afterlife hell. He doesn't need it and this is one reason that Harry doesn't want to be around you."

Sirius glared at her but she left.

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The students all filed into the Great Hall, except for Hermione. Snape had called her back to talk to her about her course schedule and Harry took his place at the Slytherin table. He saw most everyone that he knew and several others that he didn't. He noticed that Professor Kettleburn wasn't there.

"Where's the Care of Magical Creatures teacher at?" Harry asked Nott.

"He retired," Nott answered and Harry stared at him. "I think that McGonagall is going to explain."

"I hope so," Harry said.

When Hermione returned the sorting had ended and McGonagall stood up as Snape took his place next to a woman that looked almost like him, except the pale face.

"Welcome back to another year at Hogwarts," McGonagall told them, "I'm sure that all of you have had a boring summer and are looking forward to returning to your studies. This year I'm pleased to introduce Hecate Snape as your new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

Everyone clapped as she stood up and smiled at them.

"Thank you," McGonagall said, "Now Professor Black will continue to be your Potions Master but those that are having trouble in the subject may receive tutoring from Professor Severus Snape."

Harry saw people muttering and shook his head.

"Now Professor Kettleburn has retired to enjoy more time with his remaining limbs. His position will be filled up by none other than Professor Rebus Hagrid, who's agreed to take on this teaching responsibility along with his gamekeeper duties."

Harry and Hermione both clapped...hard, but Harry noticed that Malfoy wasn't. He frowned and wondered what was wrong now.

"Now I must warn you that this castle is still under attack from the former Headmaster, Dumbledore, I want all of you to be on your guards."

She snapped her fingers and the food appeared.

Harry and Hermione both started to pile food on and at once Nott asked Harry how his summer had been.

"A lot better than it has been," Harry told him, "Hermione was staying with us over the summer."

"Ooh, any romance," he asked.

"No," Hermione answered, laughing.

When the feast was over the students headed for their dorms. Hermione talked to Harry about how hard the term was going to be. However Harry told her that since he was only taking Muggle Studies then he wouldn't have any problems.

"I don't know why you're taking all these classes?" Harry said.

"Because I want to do my best," Hermione told him, "Anyway, the more you take the more carriers that you can do."

"I understand but I don't want you to wear yourself out," Harry said.

Hermione put a hand on his shoulder, "I know what I'm doing."

Harry had a funny feeling that she was only fooling herself.

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"I see that the students were excited about their new Defense Master?" McGonagall said to Severus and Remus.

"I've got no doubt about that," Remus said, "So do you think that students will accept the tutoring?"

"I highly doubt it," Snape said, "But I'm going to use the time to see if I can get to Draco. He's been acting worse than I've ever seen him and I doubt that it has anything to do with being back."

"How has he taken being with a stepmother?" McGonagall asked.

"I don't know," Snape answered, "I haven't really had a chance to talk with him."

"Well I hope that you do," McGonagall said, "The last thing that we need is for him to kill himself or others."

"What classes is he taking this year?" Remus asked him.

"Care of Magical Creatures," Snape answered and then stared at him, "Oh no, you don't think-."

"I don't know what to think but we'll have to check on him," McGonagall finished, "I don't like the idea that someone might use the lesson to get themselves killed."

"I'll have a talk with Hagrid about it," Snape said, "Keep it low key so that he can't harm himself."

McGonagall nodded and they left.

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Note: Well that's all I can write. Malfoy is acting like a real desperate person and it's going to come back and hit him....hard.

Chapter 66: Ancient Spells

The next morning Harry sat down at the Slytherin table and was soon joined by Hermione, Ron, Nott, and Pansy. The timetables had already been handed out and the first thing that Harry had was Muggle Studies.

"I've got Divination first," Ron told them.

Hermione nodded, looking excited. Harry saw Ron looking over at Hermione's timetable.

"Hermione, they have you down for a whole bunch of subjects," he said, "Look at this Muggle Studies, Divination, Arithmancy. And then in the afternoon you've got Care of Magical Creatures. I know that your good but no one is that good. How are you going to be in three places at one time?"

"Oh Ron don't be silly, I'm not going to be in three places at one time," Hermione told him, "Don't worry I got it all figure out with Professor Snape."

"But Hermione," Ron protested.

"Oh why are you worried if my timetable is a bit full," Hermione said, "Like I said, I've got it all figured out by Professor Snape. Pass the marmalade."

Harry saw the look on Ron's face and knew that he was wondering nearly the same thing. How was Hermione going to do it?

When the bell rang to start morning classes Harry made his way to Muggle Studies. He checked where it was and saw that Hermione was coming as well. He was glad to have someone to talk to.

"I don't know why Ron's worried about me," Hermione said.

"Maybe because he cares," Harry said and Hermione snorted. "Look, I'm worried about you as well."

Hermione smiled at him and said, "I'm glad that you do care. Ron just is overbearing."

"I know," Harry said.

Muggle Studies wasn't like anything that Harry had experienced. The teacher really knew what she was talking about. They started on fishing, which was something that Harry had never done but knew plenty about. Harry also noticed that he and Hermione were the only students in Slytherin taking this class. They took notes and then the Professor told them that she expected a foot-long essay on the subject.

"Due in two weeks," she added and then the bell rang.

The next class that they had was Defense Against the Dark Arts. Professor Hecate Snape had them write about ancient spells and curses that the Egyptians used and gave them all a black book, telling them that inside contained copies of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and then another book that talked about Greek spells.

"I want all of you to understand how important ancient spells were," she told them, "Any witch or wizard worth their salt will know how to use them. Now we are going to have a little bit of fun and I hope that all of you don't think that this is too silly."

She summoned a box and put it on the desk. Harry and Hermione were both interested in this box as were a lot of others.

"Now I will have you come over here and pick a figure," the Professor told them, "However you can't look at what you're getting. I want you to spend the year finding out more about your figure and that includes everything that's connected to it. I don't want to hear that this is too hard or too muggle."

Harry saw the look on Malfoy's face and it wasn't pretty. He had a very bad feeling that he would try and get out of doing this.

"Everyone get into line," she ordered.

Everyone got up and formed a line. One by one they picked a figure and then headed back to their seat. When it was Harry's turn he closed his eyes and dived his hand in. Picking the first thing he felt he pulled it out and stared at it. It was a woman, dressed in armor, and he noticed that she had a snake woman on her shield.

"You got Athena," she told Harry, "Congratulations."

"Thanks," Harry said and headed back to his seat.

When Hermione joined him she told him that she had gotten Demeter.

"At least it doesn't have a cat in it," Harry joked and that earned a glare from Hermione.

During dinner Malfoy complained that Professor Snape's sister was a poor teacher and also complained about the fact that he got Eros. Pansy had gotten Artemis and Nott had gotten Anubis. Ron didn't tell anyone what he got but later on Harry found out that he had gotten Hera.

"And what's wrong with Hera?" Hermione asked as they were looking over their books on how to read the ancient language of the Greeks.

"She's a pointless-."

"Be careful, Ron," Nott warned, "The gods might be listening."

"I like it that this is a yearlong project," Harry said.

"Yeah, I heard that we're going to a museum," Hermione said, "They have a great Ancient Empire exhibit that's opening."

Harry and Nott looked at her.

"How do you know that?" Ron asked.

"Oh I have my ways," Hermione said.

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"What!" Snape said to his sister.

"I was thinking about taking them to the muggle world and let them see the exhibit."

"Are you mad?" he said, "Most of the students have never been inside one and they'll cause trouble."

"Oh is Snivellus scared of a mummy?" Sirius asked him.

Snape glared at him but Hecate said, "Don't you dare use that nickname around me."

"Yeah, keep your trap shut," Remus snarled.

"Fine, but I don't have to like it," Sirius said.

"I think that it will be a good idea," McGonagall said, "She did say that she was going to do this for them. I think that it's important for students to understand where our spells come from."

"Fine but I want the Muggle Studies teacher to go," Snape told her.

She smiled at her brother and then left.

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A few days later a notice came up, telling the Defense Against the Dark Arts students that they would be going out into the muggle world and seeing the Ancient Empires exhibit. Everyone, but Malfoy, was excited about this and he let his view be known.

"What is the point of all this?" he asked, "We don't need to go to no crummy museum."

"Well the Professor thinks that we need to," Hermione told him.

"Shut up, Mudblood," he snarled.

"Hay, leave her alone," Harry said, "And what I want to know is why you're against this. This is all part of the final grade."

"Why am I against this, because it's pointless," Malfoy said, "I don't mind learning from books but I don't want to learn around muggles."

"Well then you're going to have troubles, won't you."

Malfoy glared at him and then left.

"Professor Snape is going to have to talk to him," Nott told them.
"This is getting ridiculous."

"I agree," Harry said.

The next night Harry, who was working on his potions, told Snape about what had happened. Neville had agreed to get help in Potions so that he could at least pull a passing grade when exams came. Snape shook his head and sighed.

"This is getting out of hand," he said, "I can't believe that he's against everything. I'm going to have to take care of this."

"Is he going to get suspended?" Harry asked.

"I hope not," Snape said, "I really hope not."

He then turned and started to help Neville out.

Later Neville cornered Harry, telling him that he was scared about going to the exhibit. Harry wondered why and asked him.

"Well I'm going to be around everyone and I'm afraid that I'll run into something," he answered.

"I'm sure that nothing will happen," Harry said.

"Thanks for believing in me," Neville told him.

"No problem," Harry said.

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Note: I like the idea of having a Defense Master that actually does things like this. Next up: Nasty Ginny.

Chapter 67: Nasty Ginny

During the next Potions lesson Harry and Hermione, who worked together, was paired up with Draco. Harry had no idea if this had been his Master's idea or McGonagall's. Draco continued to glare at him and at one point he almost messed up and caused his cauldron to explode.

"Pay attention," Harry hissed.

Draco glared at him.

Finally when the lesson was over Draco cornered them and he was mad. He started to scream at them, blaming them for his mum's death, blaming Snape for his mum's death, and blaming Hermione for breathing. Finally he stormed off and Harry and Hermione both looked at each other.

"I can't believe that he blames Snape for his mum's death," Pansy said, who had appeared but had heard everything.

"Yeah, he should be blaming the vampire that did it," Hermione told her. "But at least we know what's been eating him."

In Transfiguration Harry did a very good job on turning his beetle into a button but Hermione had the most. Of course Ron complained about his lessons, including the fact that Malfoy was acting like a git with Hagrid.

"He vented off after Potions," Harry said.

"I know, I heard about that," Ron said, "I can't believe he blames people for what happened."

"Yeah, I know," Hermione said and they all shook their heads.

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"I must admit that I was surprised that he held it in as long as he did," McGonagall said to Snape.

"Me too," Snape said, drinking a glass of blood that had been charmed not to release the smell.

He didn't want McGonagall throwing up.

"So what are you going to do about this," McGonagall asked.

"Oh I was more thinking of Black taking over this problem," Snape told her, grinning, "I think that it's time that he got over his hate for the Malfoy's and focused on what it means to be a Professor and a grown man. Of course I'll know if it turned out badly."

McGonagall snickered and said, "Oh I will pay galleons to see this."

"Oh I know you would," Snape said.

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"Alright, everyone line up," Hecate called out, "And no pushing."

They were all in the muggle world and for Harry it would mean going into a museum for the first time in his life.

"Now I've paid for all of us to go in and I want all of you to really look at what you're seeing and no horsing around. These artifacts are priceless."

"I wonder if Malfoy knows what the term priceless means," Hermione joked.

Harry snickered.

They entered through the double doors and Hecate had them go into the first room. It was filled with all sorts of middle ages things but they didn't stay there for long as they went through another door that had the exhibit. It already had a large group of people and Harry had a funny feeling that if Malfoy did anything that it would cause a lot of problems. Harry noticed a vase that had a head coming out of a man's head while another man had an ax.

Odd.

"That is the birth of Athena," Hecate told Harry when she walked over.

"Odd way to give birth," Harry said, "I thought that only women could have babies?"

"True but we're talking about the Gods and they don't usually go by the rules," Hecate told him. "Oh I'm watching Mr. Malfoy so that he doesn't damage anything."

"Thanks," Harry said and she moved on.

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"You had that monster take Harry where," Sirius said to Snape.

"It's a class trip," Snape told him, "I didn't want Harry to go but everyone else is going."

"Oh that's really nice," Sirius snarled, "I don't want Harry even near those snakes."

"Sirius, Harry's a Slytherin," McGonagall said. "He has to be around them if he's going to not be left out of things. Gods, Sirius, what's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me, nothing is wrong with me," Sirius told her.

McGonagall glared at him and said, "There's something wrong with you and you know it. You think that she would put her classes in danger."

"She's a Snape, their all rotten," Sirius said.

"I'm not listening to this," Snape told McGonagall, "I'll be out hunting."

"Hope you get killed...again," Sirius snarled and Snape slammed the door.

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"Lily, please listen," Remus said, "I know that you still love your husband and I don't blame you but you have to give Severus a chance."

"And why?" Lily asked.

"Because he's vowed to protect your son," Remus said, "I've seen him do it."

"He hated James," Lily said, "I knew it long before I went with him."

"Lily, listen to yourself," Remus said, "You know that James started this hatefest and if he was still alive he would be throwing hexes at Severus. I know that you think that people change, and sometimes they do, but deep down there is still someone that riles them up."

"James would never hex him," Lily said.

"Yes, he would," Remus said. "Look, Severus cares about you deeply and I know that he loves you."

"Then why was he with that Luna vamp," Lily asked.

"Because he had no one," Remus answered, "Give Severus a chance and let him love you."

Lily said nothing.

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Snape didn't actually have to go hunting he just wanted to get away from Sirius. That man sometimes got him so mad that he just didn't want to even be in the same room with him. He wondered if Azkaban had addled his brain to the point that he couldn't think anymore or thought that he was back in school.

"Why did I have to save his horrible hide?" Snape hissed.

"Because you're a fool!" said a cold voice and he turned to see Dumbledore standing there looking like Satan himself.

The wings were a bit much.

Dumbledore had changed a lot since they had last battled. Gone was everything that people knew he looked and in its place was a horrible creature. Long bat-like wings, scales that glowed silver, long fangs that made his look like normal teeth, eyes that were now pure

gold, and clawed feet. Snape was beyond shocked and Dumbledore-thing laughed.

"Oh I've shock you," he hissed, "Like the look, Severus?"

"No, I don't," Snape answered.

"Where's Potter at," Dumbledore-thing demanded.

"Like I'm going to tell you," Snape snarled, his fangs growing.

Dumbledore-thing laughed and said, "Do you think that you can overpower me. Even before I turned into this I was more powerful than you."

Suddenly something shot at them and Snape ducked as something hit Dumbledore-thing. It screamed in pain and then bolted. Snape pulled out his wand and looked to see where it had come from.

"Put your wand away, mortal," a voice purred.

Snape stared and then a figure appeared. Only when the figure was right up in his face did he notice that it was a woman and she had the head of a cat and the body of a woman.

"My name is Bast and Isis-Hermione mentally sent for me."

"But how, she's in London," Snape said.

"Our kind have a way," she answered, "Come on, before the demon gets his army out here."

And they headed back to the castle.

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When Harry returned with the rest of the class to Hogwarts he was shocked to find a cat-woman behind the table in the Great Hall. She looked like something out of paintings that he saw at the musem.

"I summoned her," Hermione told him.

"But how?"

"We have our ways," Hermione answered, smiling at him.

"More like a freaky way," hissed Ginny.

Harry and Hermione turned and looked at her.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Harry asked her.

"What it means is that Hermione is trouble," Ginny said, "I know that Snape saved her and me from Riddle but that just proves that she's trouble."

"Why can't you leave her alone," Harry asked her.

"Because I can't," Ginny said, "I had to put up with my mum the whole summer, saying how ashamed she was that I was in Slytherin. Of course with a rotten brother like Ron what can you expect?"

"Hay, leave me out of this," Ron said, "I didn't ask to be a part of this conversation."

"But you are," Ginny said, "I want you to stay away from Harry."

Harry couldn't believe this was happening and he said, "I hang out with whoever I want. And if I want to hang out with Hermione then I will."

Ginny glared at Hermione and then stormed off.

"What's wrong with Weasley girl?" Nott asked.

Harry sighed, "I don't really know," he said.

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Note: I think everyone's having issues. Next up: Harry's Pleasant Gift

Chapter 68: Harry's Pleasant Gift

Harry couldn't believe that Ginny was acting like this and what's more he was told that Dumbledore was now a monster that was far more terrifying than anything that Tom had become.

"So what's going to happen now?" Sirius asked her.

"My daggers have managed to wound him but he must be defeated," Bast told them, "That means that I need to work some magic to ensure that I can protect this school."

"I'll help," Hermione said.

"No, you will not," Harry told her and Hermione glared at him. "I'm not going to have him kill you like your parents were killed."

"I can handle it," Hermione told him, glaring at him again.

"I trust that Isis-Hermione can handle things," Bast said, "However I believe that Hecate was teaching Egyptian Magic."

"Yes," Hecate said.

"Then you should train Isis-Hermione up so that she can help me," Bast advised.

"Of course," Hecate said, smiling.

"Then it's settled," Bast said and she vanished.

Later on when Harry and Hermione entered the common room Harry asked her one very simple question, "How are you going to do this along with your other studies?"

"I'll manage," Hermione answered.

"Well I think that you're bloody crazy," Harry told her, "I mean, you have all this work and you have to pass your exams. How are you going to do that with added training?"

Harry heard Hermione sigh, "I'll manage. Don't worry."

Harry wasn't sure if he was convinced.

"I think that she's stupid for wanting to do this," Sirius told Remus.

It was the day before the Full Moon and Remus wasn't in the mood, at least that's what a logical mind would say but Sirius didn't have a logical mind right now.

"And what's wrong with what she's doing?" Remus asked him.

"Because it just is," Sirius answered, "She wants to fight Dumbledore and thinks that she's the only one that can."

"Well she's the one that has a goddess inside her," Remus reminded him.

"Black magic," Sirius told him, "The worst kind."

Remus looked at him and asked, "Why is everything black magic to you?"

"Because it is," Sirius answered.

"I'm so leaving this conversation," Remus said and then he left.

Harry entered his dorm and saw a scroll waiting on him. He had no idea who sent it and he was sort of worried that it might be cursed. However he saw the familiar writing that was Hermione's. He opened the letter and read:

Dear Harry,

Thanks for defending me in-front of Ginny. I don't know what's wrong with her but something has to be done. She's like Sekhmet, wanting vengeance and she doesn't care what happens. Please be careful.

Hermione

PS! Something that I hope that you find very pleasant.

He opened it and unrolled the scroll. Inside was a picture of Hermione, smiling at him. Harry smiled back and he was sure that the Hermione image winked at him.

Note: I can't believe that I did a short chapter. Well that proves not much action happened here. Next up: I Thought I Saw Something

Chapter 69: I Thought I Saw Something

"So what do you think about this," Nott asked Harry.

"Think about what," Harry asked him and Nott rolled his eyes, "Sorry, I've not been paying attention."

"I know that you haven't," Nott told him, "But for once I wish that you would."

Harry nodded, though he said nothing, and then Nott went off about the new broom that he had gotten. By time he was done Hermione had returned and she looked upset.

"I'm so going to kill myself a Malfoy," Hermione told him.

"What happened?"

Hermione groaned and said, "He's acting like a jerk."

"What's new," Harry said to her.

"What's new, I have to listen to it," Hermione said, "I've been doing all this work and Malfoy is making it hard for me to focus."

"Do you want to report him to Professor Snape?"

"No," Hermione answered, "I just don't want him to come around me anymore."

"Then go to Professor Snape," Harry suggested.

"Fine," Hermione said and then left.

Pansy sat down and looked at him, "Don't worry, Snape will sort things out."

"That's why I wanted her to go and see him," Harry said, "Malfoy needs to be sorted out. He's been acting like this for two years and I'm really getting tired of it."

"Aren't we all," Pansy said, "So what did Nott want to tell you?"

"Oh about a broom that he got," Harry told her.

"Well the new Firebolt is out," Pansy said.

"Not interested," Harry said, "Now I need to get a few things done."

And he left.

The next morning, during Potions, Harry asked Hermione if she had talked with Professor Snape. Hermione told him that she had but and that he would take care of it.

"He got really mad when I mentioned what Malfoy is doing," Hermione said.

"Will you both stop talking about me," Malfoy hissed at them.

"Mr. Malfoy, five points from Slytherin for talking," Black said.

"But their talking too," Malfoy told him.

"Then another ten points will be taken off," Black said and turned his back.

Both Harry and Hermione glared at him.

Harry had to admit that he was glad when the bell rang. He was on the verge of punching Malfoy so hard that his grandfather would feel it. However with the fact that him and Black weren't getting along he didn't think that would be wise. Later that night Harry was busy working on a Simpering Potion when Snape entered, his mother beside him.

"Hay, mum," Harry said, adding a couple drops of a red color syrup.

"Hello, dear," Lily said, "So how is your potion coming along?"

"Well," Harry answered and then he waited.

"Miss Granger told me about what happened," Snape said, his eyes going cold.

"Yeah, Malfoy is starting on her every chance that he gets," Harry said and Lily shook her head.

"I wish that he would grow up," she said.

Snape laughed and said, "The moment he grows up is the day that the world dies."

"So are you going to Hogsmead?" Lily asked her son.

"Yes," Harry answered, "Why?"

"Oh just wondering, that's all," Lily said, "Well I better get going."

Snape nodded and Lily left.

"So are you really going to Hogsmead?" Snape asked him.

"Yeah," Harry answered, "Why, is there something that you need me to do."

"No, just go and have fun," Snape told him.

"Yes, sir," Harry said.

An hour later Harry left the lab and headed back to the Slytherin common room. Something strange was going on between Snape and his mum, of course it was none of his business, but still. He sighed and then that's when a feeling hit him. He turned and saw something in the shadows.

"Who's there," Harry asked it but it said nothing, "Who's there?"

The thing vanished and Harry hurried back to the common room, running into Hermione.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"I thought I saw something," Harry told her.

Hermione looked at him and then asked, "What was it?"

"I don't know," Harry answered, "But I didn't like how it was just looking at me."

"I think that you should go to the Headmistress," Hermione suggested.

"I think I will," Harry said, "But I need you to come with me."

Hermione nodded and they headed to her office, Harry hoping that the Headmistress could help.

Chapter 70: Ron and Hermione Argue

When Harry and Hermione arrived in Professor McGonagall's office the Headmistress demanded to know why they weren't in their common room. Before Harry could say anything Hermione told her that Harry had seen something. McGonagall looked at them and asked, "What was it?"

"I don't know exactly," Harry said, "But it scared the living daylight out of me."

"Did you sense anything, Miss Granger?" McGonagall asked her.

"I don't know but I believe Harry," Hermione told her and McGonagall sighed.

"Okay, I'll let the staff know," she said, "Now please return to your common room."

"Fine," Harry said and they left.

When they were far away from the Headmistress office Hermione started on her, "I can't believe that she said that."

"I doubt that she believes anything that I have to say anymore," he said and then sighed.

"Harry, I believe you," Hermione told him, "And I'm sure that Professor Snape would believe you too."

"Thanks," Harry said and they headed back to their common room.

Over the next couple of days no more sign of the thing that had been looking at Harry appeared and Harry figured that he might of imagined the whole thing. When him and the other Slytherin's returned from Charms it was to hear Hermione and Ron in full screaming mode.

"YOU DID SOMETHING TO MY HOMEWORK, I KNOW THAT," he screamed.

"AND YOU NEED TO GET YOUR HEAD CHECKED," Hermione screamed back.

"AND YOU BOTH NEED TO SHUT UP," Harry screamed back, making them turn and look at him. "What is going on with you two?"

"She did something to my homework," Ron told him.

"And why would she," Harry asked him, "Hermione doesn't need to do anything like that to get noticed. Or have you forgotten that she earned Slytherin thirty points for getting the answers right in Professor Black's class."

"He only gave her thirty points because he's been ordered to treat Hermione with respect," Ron countered and Harry frowned at him.

"Well if you actually did the work then you wouldn't have to worry," Pansy told him, "Gods, I've never seen such a lazy wizard in all my life."

"Why are you all taking her side," Ron asked them.

"Because we're telling the truth," Harry said, "Now I don't know who messed with your homework but it wasn't Hermione."

Ron glared at them and then left.

"Thanks for defending me," Hermione told Harry.

"It was nothing," Harry said, "We all know that you don't cheat."

"Unlike some," Pansy commented and she looked in the direction of Draco Malfoy.

Harry and Hermione turned and looked at him, which caused him to leave as well. Later that night Harry told Snape about what had happened between Hermione and Ron. He was busy figuring out how to separate a potion back to its basic ingredients and having some luck.

"Sounds fishy to me," Snape said, "Miss Granger would never do that to anyone's homework. To much of a perfectionist."

"I agree but I don't like it that Ron's blaming her," Harry said. "Do you think that Malfoy did it?"

"I don't know," Snape said, "Though if I try and get into his mind he'll know. So any news about that presence that you felt a couple of days ago."

"Nothing," Harry answered, "And I'm worried that whatever it is is waiting for me."

"I'll add more wards to the corridor," Snape told him, "Until then don't worry about Miss Granger and Mr. Weasley. They'll get through this and go back to being friends."

"I hope so," Harry said.

When Harry finished later on that night he left the lab and headed back to the Slytherin Common Room and ran right into Sirius Black.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked him, his eyes narrowing.

"I want to have a word with you," Sirius told him.

"Oh and you think that I'm going to give you the time of day," Harry told him, "All you've done since getting out of Azkaban is telling me how much you hate the idea that I'm Professor Snape's apprentice or that I happen to be in Slytherin. Well guess what, I don't want to hear it. Now leave me alone so that I can go to bed."

Sirius slammed Harry against the wall, his eyes dangerous. "Now listen here, Harry, I'm your godfather. If I want to talk to you then I've got the right. Now I'm going to admit that I don't like you being buddy buddies with old Snivellus and I want-."

"Don't you dare call him that," Harry snapped, cutting into what Sirius was saying.

"Shut up," Sirius snapped, "Don't you dare interrupt when your elders are talking to you! Of course I bet old-."

"Let him go," said Snape, and Harry saw his Master's wand at Sirius neck.

Sirius let him go and Harry backed away.

"I want to have word with him," Sirius told him.

"And I believe that Harry told you that he didn't want to talk to you," Snape told him and Harry could see Snape's fangs, "Harry, return to your common room."

"Yes, sir," Harry said and left.

He didn't hear what happened next, which included Professor McGonagall.

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"How dare you treat Harry like that," McGonagall said to him when they arrived and Snape told her what he had seen.

"And how dare you hire a Death-."

"Severus Snape is loyal to Hogwarts," McGonagall said, "He cares about a boy that all you want to do is treat him like he's your best friend. He's under contract to fulfill his duties and become a Potions Master when Severus retires."

"James would hex-."

"James is dead," McGonagall said, "Harry has the right to pursue what he wants to be when he leaves Hogwarts. You are not to tell Harry what he can and can't do in that area. You, Sirius, need help."

Sirius growled and McGonagall hissed.

"This isn't over, Headmistress," Sirius told her.

"Right now it is," McGonagall answered back and Sirius stormed from her office.

If Sirius thought that Remus was going to defend him then he was sadly mistaken. When Remus heard what Sirius had done he threw a fit.

"How dare you treat Harry like that," he said.

"He's being controlled," Sirius told him, "Snape is controlling Harry. I bet he got the hat to put him into Slytherin."

"And you have no proof of that," Remus said, "Anyway, Severus hated Harry when he first arrived. He gained Severus respect by showing how much of his mother he had in him."

"Lily would freak out-."

"No, she wouldn't of," Remus cut in, "Now leave things alone before your back in Azkaban."

And Remus stormed out.

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Next up: Harry starts falling for Hermione and boy does that cause problems.

Chapter 71: Falling For a Friend

The month of September started to come to a close and the month of October arrived. Most of the Slytherin's were really excited, especially those in their third year, about going to Hogsmead. Harry knew that if he had still been living with the Dursley's then he wouldn't of been going.

"So what are you going to do when you get there, Hermione," Harry asked her.

"I don't know," Hermione said, "I know that my mother would of signed my form if she was still alive."

"I know that, I'm sorry," Harry said.

Hermione sighed and smiled back at him and he felt his heart do something really strange. "It's alright, Professor Snape signed my form and McGonagall said that would be good enough."

"Well I'm glad, I would hate for you to miss out on all the fun," he told her.

"Me too," agreed Hermione.

During their next Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson they were continuing to work more with the gods that they had chosen last month. Snape's sister treated everyone with respect, which made her unpopular with the Slytherin's. However only Harry and Hermione's close friends knew better than to say anything. They didn't want to get Snape mad at them.

"So how is being around Muggle filth fairing for you," Malfoy asked when Harry had gotten back from Muggle Studies the next day.

"Better than your class," Harry said, "So how long are you going to keep on pretending that your arm is hurt?"

"As long as it takes for me to get that oaf fired."

"Well it's not going to work," Hermione said, "McGonagall knows that Hagrid would never just let us handle a creature without telling us. I was there, I heard him warning the class and you didn't listen."

"Shut up, you filthy Mudblood," Malfoy snarled.

"What was that," snapped a voice and Harry and Hermione looked to see Professor Snape walking in. "Mr. Malfoy, ten points from Slytherin."

"Filthy monster," Malfoy muttered and Snape was on him faster than blinking.

"Come with me, right now," Snape said and they left.

"That boy won't listen," Pansy said, as the wall closed.

"What can you expect," Theodore said, "He thinks that he can still do whatever he wants. I heard that his new stepmother is making him clean up his room when he gets home. He really hates that."

"And where did you hear that from?" Hermione asked him.

"Around," Theo answered.

"Well I'm glad that he's being forced to be like the rest of us," Harry said to them, "When I lived with the Dursleys they forced me to do all sorts of chores."

"Well you still do chores," Hermione said.

"True but I don't have someone that will hit me if I don't do them the way that they want."

Hermione nodded in agreement.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call Muggleborns the M word?" Snape hissed, flashing his fangs like he always did when Malfoy got him mad. "But you still use that word."

"Because that's what they are," Malfoy said, "Filth."

"You listen here, Draco, I put up with what you're doing only because I'm watching you for your father," Snape said, "The moment you try that again I'll make sure that you're sent back to him. Do I make myself clear?"

"Fine," Malfoy said.

"Answer my question, Draco," Snape demanded.

"Fine, I won't do it again," Malfoy said.

"Good, you had better do what you promise," Snape told him, "And you will apologize to Miss Granger for what you called her or I will tell your father."

"Okay, I'll apologize," Malfoy said.

"Good, now leave and return to your common room," Snape ordered and the boy left.

Snape sat down, groaning, and went to get himself something to drink. That boy could make him want to kill someone and there was no way that he was going to be staked just because one boy had ruined his control. A knock on the door broke him away from his thoughts, gods, Snape thought, it better not be Black.

It turned out to be Lily, who Snape let in. "I saw Malfoy leaving," she told him.

"Yeah, he was causing trouble," Snape told her, not looking at her.

"Sev, can we talk," Lily asked him.

"No," Snape answered, "Unless your worried about Harry, which I doubt that you are, then you can leave me alone."

"Sev, I'm always worried about Harry," Lily told him, "Look I'm sorry about not forgiving you for what you called me. I've had plenty of time to think about-."

"Not long enough," Snape hissed, "Do you have any idea what your death did to me and then to have that piece of filth, Albus, bring you back. I'm not in the mood to hear your excuses. We were friends for years before we went to Hogwarts and in the end you chose to be popular over your true friends."

"Severus, I'm sorry," Lily repeated.

"Not interested," Snape said, "Now kindly leave before I turn you."

Lily nodded and then left.

Harry knew that Snape was in a foul mood, he could sense it, but he wondered why. Ron had vanished a lot over the past couple of weeks and Harry had a funny feeling that he was seeing someone. Hermione didn't look at all upset over this and hung out with Harry.

"So do you have to do anything today," Hermione asked him.

"I think potion delivery is coming tonight," Harry said, "I'll have to wait until I get a note from Professor Snape. He gets edgy when people just appear."

"I figure that much," Hermione said and then asked, "So do you want to get some tea in Hogsmead?"

"Sure," Harry said knowing at once that Hermione had just asked him out on a date.

Note: I hope that you all like the chapter. The next one is a little strange and has to do with paintings.

Chapter 72: Paintings Attitude Problem

Halloween came around and Harry, Hermione, Ron, and the others headed to Hogsmead for fun. Harry knew that Snape wouldn't come because he was sound asleep in his coffin. He sighed, he really hated the fact that Snape wasn't able to do anything other than sleep all day and wonder what Black was doing.

"This whole thing is stupid," Hermione told him.

"I know," Harry answered.

Harry was a little nervous about going to Hogsmead to even begin with. Since he started to really like Hermione he had been wondering if he should tell her how he felt. He didn't like the idea that she might reject him and go with someone that didn't have Dumbledore hanging over his head. They went inside Honeydukes and Harry got Snape some blood pops.

"Disgusting," Ron said when he saw what Harry was buying, among other things.

"I want to get Snape something," Harry said, "That's only fair!"

"True but I don't have to like it," he told him and Harry sighed.

Harry got some candy for himself and Hermione, Ron as well, and then they went off to look at joke items.

When lunch came around they went into 'The Three Broomsticks' where Hermione ordered everyone lunch and then they waited for it to be brought out. She groaned a few minutes later when the door opened and in walked Remus Lupin and Sirius Black.

"Oh great," Harry muttered, "He wants to spend time with me."

"Don't let him get to you," Theo told him.

"I'm trying not to," Harry said to him and then Hermione groaned again, which told Harry that he was coming over.

"What are you doing hanging out with these snakes," Sirius asked him and Remus tried to pull him away.

"They happen to be my friends," Harry told him, "Now let me get my lunch and eat in peace."

"I thought I told you that-."

"Sirius Black, get away from them and let them eat," said a stern Professor McGonagall.

Harry was relieved when he finally left.

Later that night Harry was busy reading a book, Hermione still hissing with rage at how Sirius was acting. Harry knew that she was mad that he had almost spoiled everything but Harry was mostly mad because he had almost ruined his date. He knew that Hermione might not call it that but that's what it was to him.

"He acts like he owns you," Hermione told him.

"Don't remind me," Harry said and then he closed the book, "Come on, the feast is almost about to start and I want to give Snape his blood pops."

When they reached the Entrance Hall their way was blocked by two shouting wizards, one who's fangs were flashing. Harry pushed his way, knowing who the other wizard was and groaned. It was Sirius and he was acting like a total idiot.

"Harry is my godson," Sirius snarled, "How dare you brainwash him into not wanting to spend time with me."

"Brainwash, Azkaban did delude you," Snape hissed, "I didn't brainwash him, your acting like a right jerk."

"Shut up, Snivellus," Sirius snarled.

"YOU SHUT UP!" Harry yelled and both wizards turned and looked at him, "HOW DARE YOU CALL HIM THAT. SNAPE HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT NICE TO ME AND YOU TREAT HIM LIKE HE'S THE ENEMY."

"But-."

"Leave him alone and me alone, you fucking jerk."

Harry stormed past them and went into the Great Hall.

When Hermione and the rest joined him Harry looked down at his empty plate. He really hated how much Sirius was acting like this huge baby and trying to make it sound as though Snape had done something to him.

"Harry, I'm-."

"I don't want to hear it," Harry told her, "I'm ashamed that I even know Sirius."

"I'm sure that everything will turn out alright," Hermione said, "I mean, he can't act like this forever."

"Try him," Harry countered.

Harry wasn't in the mood to enjoy the feast even though the food was really good and the ghosts really made a good show of it. Things were turning out all wrong and even though Harry knew it wasn't his fault he felt as though it was. When the feast ended the students headed back to their dormitory and that's when they ran into problems. The painting, which was supposed to be one subject, was arguing with someone else.

"Dummies," Harry said.

"OH SHUT UP!" they said and went back fighting.

"No, that's the password," Theo told them.

"Not opening it until we settle this," the other said and Harry had a bad feeling that they were going to be here all night.

Note: Sorry about the short chapter, but I wrote this after midnight and was tired. Next up: Wondering What to do Next

Chapter 73: Wondering What to Do Next

After the whole thing in Hogsmead Harry wasn't in the mood to even look at Sirius. All he wanted the man to do was leave him alone and stop acting like he was running his life. As November started Hermione was kept away by her training and Harry spent all his time in Snape's quarters making sure that orders for things like books and ingredients came in and went to the right people. He had just finished sending some birds to Professor Lupin when Nott came in.

"Are you almost done," he asked.

"Yeah," Harry answered and packed everything away, sealing it with a ward that he had created on his own.

"Are you alright," Nott asked, "You seem to still be upset about what happened in Hogsmead."

"I think I'm always going to be made about what happened in Hogsmead," Harry told him, "I don't understand why Sirius has to act as though I've done something wrong."

"Well I guess he can't stand the thought that his best friend's son is in Slytherin," Nott said, and Harry wondered if he was giving out some of his world famous advice.

"Well I've got no problem with being in Slytherin."

"That's because you've been in this house since you arrived," Nott told him, "Imagine if you were in Gryffindor."

Harry shuttered, he wasn't a fan of the house. "I don't see your point."

"The point is that Black would have liked you better and you wouldn't have had half the problems," Nott said, "However, you're not in Gryffindor but in Slytherin and he can't take it. He also can't take it that Snape is treating you a lot better than your father treated him."

"Yeah but if I wasn't then Snape wouldn't of rescued me from the Dursley's," Harry told him.

"True," Nott said, "And Black can't stand it. I think that someone told me that his home life wasn't ideal and that he had run away from home."

Harry stared at him and said, "I didn't know that."

"That's what I heard," Nott told him, "Anyway, I think that Black wanted to be the one that took you away from that life but Snape beat him. He also can't grow up and that makes it even harder for a lot of people to even understand what he's going through."

"Well I still don't like the fact that he's acting like a jerk," Harry told him.

"True but what I want to know is what are you going to do about it now?"

Harry bit his lip, "I don't know."

"I swear Lily all Snape does is have Harry do ingredients and other horrible stuff. He doesn't allow the boy to play Quidditch or anything like that."

"I heard from Minerva that he doesn't like Quidditch," Lily said.

"Of course he does," Sirius said, "He's just being kept off the field so that Snape will have his little slave."

"I'll have a talk with Harry," Lily said.

"He'll lie about it," Sirius told her, "Snape has him that badly brainwashed. Of course what can you expect from a rotten vampire."

Lily sighed and repeated, "I'll have a talk with Harry."

Lily didn't know what to think when Sirius had left. True she knew that Harry must of gotten something from her and she didn't know what to believe. Remus had told her that she was suppose to trust him but after what he called her back in school she wasn't sure that she could trust him. She decided to see if she could buy Harry a broom and see what he would do.

Yes, that was the only way that she would know for sure if Sirius was telling the truth.

"So are you staying at Hogwarts for the winter holiday's," McGonagall asked Snape.

"No," Snape answered, "I'm taking Harry and Hermione back to Prince Manor and we'll celebrate there. I can't stand being in the same castle as Sirius is. He's still acting like a jerk and Lily came over, acting as though she was all worried about Harry."

"I didn't know that," McGonagall said.

"That's what she did," Snape said, "I don't know if I can trust her anymore. She still acts as though James is coming back and she's very susceptible to Black's brainwashing."

"Are you going to invite her over for Christmas," McGonagall asked.

"I don't know," Snape answered.

"Well I hope that you do," McGonagall said, "Because she really needs to see her son."

"I'll think about it," Snape said.

"That's all I ask," McGonagall told him.

Lily waited outside the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom for the third year Slytherin's to leave. She couldn't believe that her son was a Slytherin, not that she had anything personally against them but they had made her life hell when she had been in school. When the door finally opened the students left and she saw Harry with that Granger girl. Black told her that Granger was trouble but she had lost her parents to Dumbledore and Slughorn so she couldn't be too mad at who her son was friends with.

"Harry, can I have a word with you," she said.

"I'll catch up with you later, Hermione," she heard her son tell Granger.

Granger nodded and left with the rest of the students.

"What do you want to talk to me about, mum," Harry asked her.

"Well Sirius said that you're being denied the right to play Quidditch by Snape," she told him.

She saw the angry look on her son's face and he said, "Oh so you believe that ball face liar over me."

"Don't talk bad about Sirius like that," Lily said, "He's a good-."

"Oh sorry that I'm not walking the ground that your precious Sirius walks on," Harry snarled, "He has lied to you about everything and you believe it just because he was dad's friend. Get over yourself, mum, the past is over. Sirius is a delusioned wizard that thinks that I'm going to act like my father and play Quidditch. I'm happy being under Snape and if you don't like it you can shove off."

Lily slapped him just as Lupin appeared. "Don't talk back to me young man."

"Whatever," Harry said, "Are we done with this heartfelt talk because right now it's making me sick."

And he stormed off, leaving his mother behind.

"See what Snape has done to him," Lily said, "He talked-."

"Lily, he does have a point," Lupin told her and Lily stared at him, "Look, Sirius has been causing Harry trouble since he found out that Harry's in Slytherin. He really needs to get over himself and stop making lies up."

"Sirius is-."

"Then why don't you stinking date him," Lupin cut in, "Sometimes Lily I wonder where your brain is."

And Lily watched him storm off.

Note: Lily just doesn't get it, Sirius isn't a good man. Next up: The holiday's start and their not going to end up being jolly.

Chapter 74: Holiday's

Time went by quickly for Harry as he worked on whatever Snape wanted, was taught how to handle explosions when they happen in the classroom, talked with other Potion Master and Mistress, and tried to avoid Black as much as he could. Before long November had ended and December started. Hermione's training was going well and soon everyone was talking about Christmas and Harry hoped that it didn't include two people: Dumbledore and Sirius.

"I'm excited about this," Hermione said, "I mean, I know that you most likely wanted to spend time with your mum."

"Not after what happened in the corridor," Harry said, "My mum worships the ground that Sirius walks on. I just need to get away from them."

"Let's hope that it doesn't turn out bad," Hermione said, "I mean, when we get back next month."

Harry said nothing.

Soon it was time to pack things up and Harry, Hermione, and Snape flooded to Prince Manor. Snape at once went out hunting and Harry settled in his room, glad to be back. A pop told him that a house elf appeared.

"Does Master Harry want anything," he asked Harry.

"A cup of hot coco would be great," Harry told him and the elf vanished.

He returned five minutes later with the coco and Harry sat back, with a potions book, and started to read. Unknown to him this holiday was going to be the worst ride of his life.

"I can't stand the fact that he's hanging out with Snape and that Granger girl," Lily told Sirius.

"Well there's only one way to get him away from Snape and start acting like a normal boy," Sirius told her.

Lily looked at him. "How?"

"Well you could marry me and then we could have the Ministry remove him from Prince Manor," Sirius said, "They would do it; I have a few contacts inside the Ministry."

"And I don't want him near that Granger girl or dating her," Lily said, "I might understand that she lost her parents to Dumbledore and Slughorn but I know which girl is right for my son."

"Yeah, Ginny Weasley," Sirius said and Lily nodded in agreement.

A couple of days later Harry was busy adding some cat blood to a potion when a owl tapped on the window. He ignored it until he was finished and had the samples bottled. When he opened the window and let it in he saw a envelope that looked like it was from the Ministry of Magic. Gods he hoped that Hermione hadn't done something stupid.

He then opened it and at once he had been glad that he had waited until he had finished brewing because the potion would of blown up. He saw two things, both within the same context of the letter.

Dear Mr. Potter,

We are please to inform you that your mother, Lily Evens Potter, is now Lily Evens Black. You are now the Heir to the Black fortune.

Sincerely,

Amelia Bones,

Department of Magical Law Enforcement,

Ministry of Magic

And then the second thing made him hurl a cauldron at the wall, which brought Snape down.

Dear Mr. Black,

Below is the marriage contract that has been set up between the House of Black and the House of Weasley. You are hereby bethroed to Ginny Weasley. Under the contract you may not have any contact

with Miss Hermione Granger. As a result you shall be removed from Prince Manor and spend time with the witch that you shall marry. Congratulations on your future marriage.

Sincerely,

Dawn Star,

Department of Magical Weddings and Births,

Ministry of Magic

"This is so not happening," Harry said, "I'm Sirius stepson now."

Snape read it and then laughed, which caused Harry to look. "He can't go against the agreement that was made."

"How do you figure that," Harry said.

"Simple, because he can't," Snape told him, "When Dumbledore, and even though I really can't stand the memory of the man, agreed to allow you to be under me it was a very powerful magical contract."

"What about this whole betrothal thing," Harry asked, "I don't want to marry Ginny let alone sire her children."

The whole idea of being with Ginny made Harry want to vomit.

"Then we'll have to do a counter betrothal," Snape told him, "Since Hermione is my adopted daughter then that makes her the Heiress to the Prince line, a much older line than the Black family. All she has to do is agree to it and then we can go back to the Ministry of Magic and have this nonsense removed."

"I'm sure that my mum will really like that," Harry said, of course he really didn't care what his brainwashed mother thought anymore.

To Harry's surprise Hermione was more than happy to agree to be betrothed, even though she thought the whole thing was barbaric. She signed the form and Harry added his signature. He then summoned a man named Mitch Willow who agreed to go to the Ministry to have the first one dissolved.

"And how do you know this is even going to work," Harry asked Snape, worried that the whole plan would fall apart and he would end up still shackled to Ginny.

"Because the Weasley house is not liked right now by those in the Wizarding world," Snape said, "Even though they agreed to it, it doesn't mean that their not going to look for another way to keep it from becoming a legal binding agreement."

"So we have to wait," Hermione said.

"Of course," Snape said, "All good things do come to those that wait."

Three days later Harry got another owl from the Ministry of Magic and this time it was delivered during breakfast. Snape wasn't around, retiring for the day, and Hermione was busy reading the Daily Prophet.

"Your mum and Sirius marriage is top news," Hermione told him.

"Personally she can burn at the stake for all I care," Harry hissed and then opened the letter.

Dear Mr. Black,

Your betrothal between you and Miss Weasley has been dissolved due to actions that the Head of the Weasley family took. Your betrothal between you and Miss Granger, head of the Prince Line, has been agreed upon. Sorry about the misunderstanding. Please note that this agreement is secret and shall not be revealed to anyone.

Sincerely,

Amelia Bones,

Department of Magical Law Enforcement,

Ministry of Magic

"It's done," Harry told her, "We're not engaged."

Hermione went pink and Harry felt the same.

Later that night Professor McGonagall came to visit and she was seething. Harry sensed that she had heard about what had happened and was making her views known.

"Out of all the stupid things to do," she said, "Lily marrying Black so that she could control Harry. Are we sure that this is the same Lily that was your friend, Severus."

"She is the same person but she's changed and not for the better," Snape told her, "She is still concern about popularity."

"I can't believe that she did this," McGonagall said, "That's a legal binding agreement, even if the person that did it was Dumbledore."

"I agree but what can you do," Snape said, "Now that the matter is over Harry will be staying here."

Harry had a bad feeling that his mother was going to fight it.

The rest of the holiday's, including Christmas, was fun. Harry got everything that he wanted and tossed out what he didn't want...including a present from his mother and new 'stepdad.' He shuttered at the thought of being called Black when term started again. Something just had to be done about that. Remus visited, furious about what Sirius and Lily had done.

"They couldn't leave anything alone, could they," he said.

"No, they couldn't," Snape said, "And there is no way that I'm having Harry being called Mr. Black when term begins. I'm having that changed so that he's still called Potter next month."

"I'm sure that Sirius won't like it," Remus said.

"He can shove what he doesn't like up his ass for all I care," Snape hissed and Harry and Hermione snorted.

"Why isn't he coming home," Lily demanded.

She was lying in bed with Sirius and thinking about the absent Harry.

"Don't worry dear, we'll get him back."

"I hope so," Lily said, and then fell asleep.

Note: Sorry I didn't get into the whole 'Christmas thing' but it wouldn't of gone well with the tone of this chapter. Next up: Overly Protective Mentor and interactions between Hermione and Harry, including a kiss.

Chapter 75: Overly Protective Mentor

Harry wasn't looking forward to returning to Hogwarts for the second half of his third year. He knew that his betrothal to Hermione was secret and that Ginny would be all over him once he walked through those doors.

"Want me to punch her for you," Hermione asked him.

"Oh let me pay money to see that," Snape said, grinning, "My adopted daughter punching the living daylights out of Miss Weasley."

Harry had to laugh as Hermione went pink.

A couple of days later it was time to return to Hogwarts. Snape flooed them several hours early so that the house elves could transport him, coffin and all, back to the castle. Once Harry and Hermione arrived Ginny at once pulled him away from Hermione.

"Stay away from what's mine," Ginny told Hermione.

"Stay away from me," Harry said, "I'm with Hermione and not you."

"But we're engaged," Ginny told him.

"Which I plan to take care of," Harry told her, "There is no way in hell that I'm marrying you so get it through that thick skull of yours."

"Harry, you can't go against-."

"Shut up, you worthless whore," Harry snarled and stormed up the stairs, Hermione behind him.

Harry had a bad feeling that he would pay for that later.

That night, when everyone had arrived, Harry had to put up with Ginny setting next to him. Hermione was setting next to Nott and both of them were shaking their heads. Harry was so upset about her setting next to him that he left early without eating. Lupin brought him something from the Great Hall.

"She hangs onto me and touches me where I don't want to be touched," Harry told him, telling him about her manhandling him during dinner.

"Well what can you expect," Lupin said, "She's a whore, no doubt about that. What twelve-year-old knows about that stuff?"

"Would love to catch her at it," Harry told him.

"Fat chance of that happening," Lupin said, "Oh your mother wants to talk to you."

"Great," Harry muttered and left to see his 'mother.'

His 'mother' was eating dinner in the Black quarters when Harry arrived. His new 'Stepfather' was making remarks about someone's essay and looked up at Harry when he arrived.

"I want to have a word with you," his mother said, her tone cold.

"Fine, what," Harry said.

"Don't take that tone with me," his mother told him, "I won't have you hanging out with Granger and making the Black family look bad."

"Oh so this is what it's all about," Harry snarled, "Don't want you to look bad. Well guess what you already do look bad. Whoring yourself to this idiot that has the brain the size of a walnut. I'm not going to stand around while you and idiot over here ruins my life. I don't want to be married to Ginny and if you even force me to marry her I'll leave the country and you'll never see me again."

"Not without money, you can't," Sirius told him, his face turning red.

"Well I've lived without money for years I know how to make my way," Harry told him, "Now if you both don't mind I want to get some sleep. I don't need the whole night pass me by while you plot about wedding dresses and were me and Ginny will live."

Harry left while his mother screamed at him to come back.

The next day Harry was still in a sour mood and it didn't help that Ginny kept trying to corner him. He managed to figure out ways to

get around her and still make it to his classes on time. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner were nightmares. It got so bad that Harry ended up taking his meals in the kitchens. Why couldn't Ginny and the whole lot of them get through their thick skulls that he didn't want to marry Ginny and never would marry her.

"Are you alright," Nott asked Harry during Charms.

"No, I'm not," Harry hissed, "Ginny is acting like she owns me and I can't stand my mother and her stupid new husband."

"Well if you need a way out I've got friends that will make sure that they never find you."

"Thanks," Harry said.

The next day, during breakfast, Harry got a letter from the former Lord Voldemort, telling him that he was now the proud father of a little girl. Harry went down to Snape's 'lair' to give him the message. He left the note on the table and then left. He then told Hermione about it.

"Oh I'm so happy for him," Hermione gushed. "Imagine in eleven years she'll be coming here."

"I know, isn't it great," Harry said, "Riddle might not of had a great childhood but at least he's got something that he never had before."

"And what's that?"

"Love," Harry answered.

Later that night Harry was working on something for Lupin when the door opened and in walked Lily followed by her dumb husband. Harry ignored them as they entered and didn't even say anything with Sirius spoke.

"Return to your dormitory," Sirius ordered.

Silence and then he made the wrong mistake; he pulled Harry away from the cauldron which brought Snape down.

"Do you want to poison Lupin," he snarled, "Get out of here, both of you?"

"He needs to get sleep so that he can try out for the Slytherin Quidditch team," Sirius told him.

"And who set this up," Snape demanded.

"I did," Lily answered, "I want my son to play Quidditch."

"Like hell I'm doing that," Harry hissed, as he put a charm on the potion.

"Your son is training to become a Potions Master," Snape told them, "He doesn't have time to fly around and look like an idiot."

"I can't believe that you have my son brainwashed," Lily snarled.

"He's not brainwashed me," Harry told her, "Now get out of my way before I push you out of my way."

"Gods he is even sounding like Snape," Sirius complained.

"GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME AND THIS ROOM YOU REMEDIAL MORON," Harry bellowed and pushed Sirius out of his way and right into fanged rodents.

His mother's screams was the only thing that Harry heard.

Note: Boy things aren't looking well for Harry and sorry about not including the kiss, it's coming. Of course Lily marrying Sirius was not exactly a good move. Next up: Ginny's Hex

Chapter 76: Ginny's Hex

Harry continued to be in a bad mood with Sirius and his mother the next day, holing himself up in a spot that he discovered back during his first year. He wasn't sure if Sirius could find him so he added some confusing charms so that Sirius would get confused. He then settled down and started going over what Snape wanted him to know.

"I'm tired of this," McGonagall told Lupin, "Lily marries Sirius only so that she can control Harry. It's like its Dumbledore all over again."

"I agree," Lupin said, "But what are we going to do."

"I know exactly what I'm going to do," she said, "I'm going to get him replaced. There is a Potions Mistress that has come from Russia. She's very good and I want her among the staff."

"Has she agreed to join us," Lupin asked her.

"Yes," McGonagall answered.

Lupin looked at her and then said, "Boy someone has been busy during the winter break."

"When you have to put up with someone insulting someone you do a lot of things over the winter break."

"Point taken," Lupin said.

"Glad to hear that," McGonagall said.

"Harry," came a voice during study session.

Harry said nothing but he turned to see a worried Hermione, "What?"

"She's been trying to talk to you for ten minutes," Ron said.

"Sorry about that," Harry said to them, "What is it?"

"Was wondering if you were okay," she said.

"No, I'm not," Harry told her, "I'm being controlled by two people that I'm starting to hate and one of them claims to be my mother."

"I'm sorry about this," Hermione said, "I don't-."

"Get away from my betrothed, you Mudblood bitch," Ginny Weasley snarled.

"Don't you dare call Hermione that," Harry said, "Now get out of here, you filthy whore."

Ginny lost it and pulled out her wand. With a blast of black light Hermione was hit and fell to the ground. Everyone ran to where Hermione was lying and all Hermione saw was a smirk on Ginny's face.

Harry knew that Ginny was in a lot of trouble. She wouldn't even tell McGonagall where she had gotten the spell or how to reverse it. That night the Slytherin's said nothing and Harry knew that they were thinking about what would cause Ginny to do this.

"You don't think she's still being controlled?" Pansy wondered.

"I don't know," Harry said, "But I'm determined to find out how she learned that hex and most importantly who taught it to her."

"Good luck with that," Theo told him.

"Thanks, I think that I'm going to need it."

The next morning Harry found out that Ginny had been sent somewhere to wait her trial for what she had done. Harry didn't feel sorry for her for one bit but he knew that only she could tell him where she had learned it. Pansy offered to go through her things, to see if the book was there. Harry didn't know if she had such a book or not. But he was willing to try anything for the girl that he was starting to love.

Note: Sorry about the short chapter, getting Sirius out of my story is gearing up, so don't leave me. Next up: Reversal

Chapter 77: Reversal

"Will I have to go," Harry asked Snape as he helped him grade papers.

"If you want Miss Weasley convicted," Snape answered.

"Great, I have to listen to Ginny talk about how much she's been hurting and all that rot," Harry said, "Why, for once, can I live a normal life. Is that too much to ask for?"

"No but you know perfectly well that you've never had a normal life."

"Thanks for reminding me," Harry said as he gave a Hufflepuff a really bad grade.

When he was finished with that task he took some potions up to Madam Pomfrey so that she would have them for the new wave of Quidditch injuries that were going to spring up since that teams were starting to practice. Harry didn't understand what was so great about the game. True he had been to one or two since he had started but he didn't understand what the whole point was. When he entered the wing he saw that Madam Pomfrey was spelling potions into Hermione's body so that it wouldn't shut down.

"Put them in my office," she told him when she saw who it was that had come in.

Harry nodded and went to her office, putting them carefully on the desk. When he turned around he saw his mum standing there.

"What do you want?" Harry asked her.

"Bed," she ordered, "Go back to your dorm and go to bed."

"Go to hell," Harry snarled, "I'm not done with my duties tonight and I'm not going to leave them unfinished."

His mother slapped him...hard, and then said, "It's your fault that Granger is like this."

That slap made Harry mad and he said, "How is Ginny acting like a bitch and cursing Hermione my fault?"

"If you had acted like a good boy then none of this would have happened," she answered.

"I don't know what Black has been telling you but it's not true," Harry said. "Of course you believe anything that he says as long as he fucks you."

Lily went red and then Madam Pomfrey said, "Mrs. Black, leave."

"This isn't over," Lily vowed.

"Yeah, it is," Harry said and he then left the wing.

The next morning Harry used the magic that he had learned from Snape to get as far away from his degrading mother as he could. She wasn't the same person that had helped them last year and he had a feeling why. She hated everything that had to do with Slytherin unless it meant that things would happen for her. Harry couldn't believe that anyone could put up with that. Later on, that night, he was sitting with Ron when Ron asked him if he was okay.

"I'm not," Harry told him, "My mum is acting like a stuck up Pureblood that has no sense and was never born with it."

"Does Snape know why she is acting like this," Ron asked.

"I don't know if he knows," Harry answered.

"Why don't you find out," Ron suggested and then asked, "Are you going to Ginny's trial?"

"Snape says that I have to if I want to see her convicted," Harry said, "I can't believe that most of your family is in Azkaban."

"Was in Azkaban, they still on the loose," Ron corrected and then shuttered, "I'm having nightmares that the twins are going to kill me."

"Don't worry, Snape will not let that happen," Harry told him.

"Thanks," Ron said and they both returned to their work.

The next morning Harry was sitting at the Slytherin table when Theo came running in, a Daily Prophet in his hands. He sat down next to Pansy and said, "Did you hear what happened?"

"No, we didn't," Pansy answered, "As most of us sleep."

Theo ignored her and turned to Harry and Ron, "There was an attack on the Ministry."

"What," Harry said, thinking at once that the monster that had once been Headmaster had a hand in it.

"It seems that our old Headmaster and his followers broke some dark creatures out that were supposed to be executed. Two of them were....your Aunt and Cousin."

"WHAT!" Harry yelled, snatching the paper out of Theo's hands and reading.

Break Out of Dark Creatures at Ministry

Minister Fudge has confirmed that Lord Set and his followers have broken out twenty-seven dark creatures from the Ministry of Magic's Department for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures. Two werewolves, nineteen vampires, and other creatures unknown. Two of them are Petunia Even's Dursley and her son Dudley's Dursley. All these creatures are dangerous and should not be approached.

Rita Skeeter,

Daily Prophet Reporter

"Oh this is just great," Harry hissed, showing Ron the article.

"What's going to happen," Pansy asked.

"I thought that my Aunt had been destroyed," Harry said.

"I thought so-."

Harry stopped as Professor McGonagall came in and walked over to their table.

"Harry, I think that you need to come with me," she said.

"Is this about the break-out," Harry asked.

McGonagall sighed and said, "Yes, it is."

Harry got up and, telling Ron that he would see him later, left the Great Hall and headed for the Headmistress office.

When they entered Harry sat down and that's when he noticed a young man standing there. Harry had a bad feeling that he was a slayer since he didn't look as all like a vampire.

"Harry, this is Samuel White," she said, "He's the head slayer."

"What do you want," Harry asked.

"I'm here to find out if Lord Set has been in contact with you."

"Who-."

"Dumbledore, that's what he's calling himself now," McGonagall explained.

"No, he's not," Harry answered, "Unless you want to count the fact that he wants me dead."

"I'm sorry about having to ask this but it's important," Samuel told him, "Now I've already talked to Snape and he has no idea where any of them are at."

"I hope your not planning on slaying him," Harry said.

"He has committed no crimes," Samuel told him and then he bid McGonagall goodbye and left.

"Is that all," Harry asked McGonagall.

"No, it's not," McGonagall said to him, "I'm afraid that I must inform you that Ginny has also been broken out of the Ministry. We believe that she's joined the rest of her family."

Harry felt like groaning and then a tinkle made Harry look around. He saw that it was coming from the fireplace and then a head poked out, making Harry jump.

"Don't worry, Harry, it's just Madam Pomfrey," McGonagall told him, "Poppy, what's going on?"

"Severus found the reversal spell, Miss Granger is awake."

Harry's heart leaped, that was the best news that he had heard so far.

Note: Well a little longer than the last chapter. Dumbledore, or Lord Set, will show up in his final form. Oh and the Muggles are not safe, as it will be shown in another chapter. Next up: Date

Chapter 78: Date

When Harry arrived in the hospital wing he saw that Hermione was awake and glad to see him. Harry was personally glad to see Hermione as well but with Madam Pomfrey glaring at him he didn't dare do anything but smile at her.

"When will she be able to leave," Harry asked.

"In a couple of days," Madam Pomfrey answered and then McGonagall arrived.

"How is Miss Granger," McGonagall asked the Matron.

"She'll be fine," Madam Pomfrey answered, "But I don't want her doing anything to stress herself out."

"I understand," the Headmistress said and then turned and looked at Harry, "Be good."

"Thanks," Harry said and the Headmistress left.

Harry filled Hermione in of what had happened while she had been out. She was horrified to learn that dark creatures had been released and that his Aunt and Cousin were among them.

"Do you think that they'll catch them," Hermione wondered.

"I hope so," Harry said, shuttered, "I don't want to see my vampire cousin anytime soon."

"Or your Aunt," Hermione added.

They both shuttered.

The Matron told Harry to leave and so he left, though he really didn't want to, and headed down to the Great Hall. Why couldn't his life be any easier? Why did he have to have a controlling mother and stepfather? He sometimes wished that Lily hadn't been brought back then he wouldn't have to put up with her telling him how much Granger was unfit to be his friend.

He sat down at the Slytherin table and started on his dinner. Ron noticed how he looked, at least that's what Harry thought, and asked him what was wrong.

"Nothing," Harry said.

"Are you sure," Ron asked him.

"Yes, I'm sure," Harry answered.

He talked with his other friends and then left the Great Hall. He wanted to get some brewing done and maybe help plan Snape's lessons out. Thankfully he didn't see Sirius or his stupid mother and he felt that maybe he could relax.

When he entered Snape's lab he found a potion being worked on. A note told Harry not to touch it and so Harry pulled some stuff down and started working on a Health Potion.

"So how are you feeling, Remus," Professor McGonagall asked him.

The staff, minus Sirius, was in the staff room.

"Well," Remus answered, "I'm having Severus deliver my potion tonight."

"Glad to hear that," she said, "I'm really worried about Harry."

Remus sighed and said, "Aren't we all."

"Well I don't think that Lily and Sirius are helping matters," she said, "I mean, putting Harry with Ginny, who is clearly out of her mind."

"That I agree with," Remus said, "She hasn't been the same since last term."

McGonagall shuttered at that memory. "Don't remind me."

"So what do you think that we should do," Remus asked her.

"I think that those two need a break, go on a vacation," McGonagall said, "That will allow Harry and Hermione to form a foundation and by time they got back things would be set into motion."

"Sounds like a good idea to me but will they fall for it," Remus wondered.

McGonagall grinned at him and answered, "Oh I think that they will."

The next morning both Lily and Sirius were gone. The trip was for two months where she promised that she would keep Harry and Hermione apart. She thanked Severus for teaching her how to block people from getting into her mind. It had been hard but it had been most well worth it. Once gone, everyone in the staff cheered.

"Sirius gone for a full two months," Professor Sprout shouted.

"Oh this is pure heaven," Professor Flitwick said.

"I wonder who's going to teach Potions?" Hagrid wondered.

"I've got the perfect person," McGonagall told him, grinning.

"Can you believe it, no mum for two months," Harry said, grinning from ear to ear, "And no more stupid stepfather."

"I bet Professor Snape will be happy when he hears that he doesn't have to listen to them anymore."

"Oh I'm sure that he will be," Harry said.

Hermione, who was now back to work, joined the rest in cheers when they heard that Lily and Sirius had gone on some holiday.

"Do you think that things will quiet down," Pansy wondered.

"I hope so," Harry said to her and then, "Hermione, can I have a word with you."

"Sure," Hermione said and everyone started doing kissy sounds. "Oh stop it; he just wants to talk to me."

She followed him to a corner and Harry asked, "Hermione, would you like to go out on a date with me."

He saw Hermione staring at him and then she reached over and gave him his first kiss. Everyone hooted when that happened and Harry felt as though everything had melted and that everything was...perfect.

It was strange for Harry dating someone. Personally he knew that they weren't actually 'dating' because they hadn't gone on a date but it was clear that everyone thought that Harry had either made a mistake (Malfoy) or was lucky (Ron). Everyone was allowed to go on a special Hogsmead weekend because there was to be a party and Hogsmead was the only place that you could go to get anything.

"We'll have one on Valentines Day," Hermione told Harry as they set off.

"Well we can use this visit to find the perfect place for next month," Harry told her.

Hermione grinned as they entered the village.

Harry was a little nervous when he tried to find a place for them to have lunch. Hermione wasn't at all upset that Harry had no idea what she would like and it seemed that she liked it when he asked her what she liked. When she went off to use the restroom he sat down and thought over things.

"Okay, I must be doing something right," Harry said. "But what can I get her that she'll like?"

"Hay, Harry," said a cheerful Theo.

He looked up to see his housemate looking at him. "Where are you going, Theo?" Harry asked him.

"Oh going to a tea shop," he said, "Madam Pudderfoots."

"Where's that at," Harry asked.

"Over there," Theo answered, pointing to a shop that Harry hadn't seen.

"Why don't you bring your date with you," a girl in Ravenclaw robes asked.

"Thanks, I will," Harry said and then they suddenly heard screaming.

"VAMPIRES," everyone yelled just as Hermione came out.

"Hermione, stay with me," Harry told her as people ran.

"What's going on, Harry," Hermione asked.

"Those things that got out, their here," he told her.

Hermione's eyes filled with horror and Harry knew that his date had been ruined.

Alarm was sent to Hogwarts and soon the entire staff was heading for Hogsmead. McGonagall couldn't believe that those things that had gotten out had managed to come here. She knew that this was the work of Dumbledore.

"I'll kill him if anything happens to Harry," she said.

Anyone that heard her knew that she wasn't kidding.

Note: Totally sucks for poor Harry. Also sorry if I misspelled the tea shop in Order of the Phoenix, I don't have the book on me. Next up: Weird Muggle Studies Lesson

Chapter 79: Weird Muggle Studies Lesson

The school could talk about nothing except what had happened in Hogsmead. It was clear that McGonagall was shaken up and Snape had a field day when he woke up and found out what had happened.

"Who was watching them," Snape demanded.

"Severus, we had no idea that this would happen," Remus told him but Snape glared at him.

"The thing is that next month is another Hogsmead visit and we don't want the same thing to happen again."

"Then don't have another one until you can guarantee the safety of all the students," Snape advised, "Because Harry and Hermione aren't going until we know, for sure, that nothing bad will happen."

"I agree," Remus said.

McGonagall sighed; she really hated doing this to the students. "Fine, I'll let them know that there will be no Hogsmead visit next month."

After she had said that McGonagall had a funny feeling that it wasn't going to go over well with the other students and that she would be personally blamed.

"Did you hear that we're not having a Hogsmead weekend next month," Pansy told her fellow Slytherin's.

"What," they all said.

"The Headmistress is scared that something like this will happen again," she told them.

"This is my entire fault," Harry told them.

"Harry, how is this your fault," Hermione asked.

"Harry, it's not your fault," Theo said to him, "You didn't ask Dumbledore to go all Egyptian and try and kill you."

"Theo is right, Harry," Hermione said and Ron nodded, "You didn't do anything wrong."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," Harry said.

"So what are we supposed to do on Valentines Day," Ron asked.

"I've got no idea," Harry answered.

The next day the Slytherin and Gryffindor's had double Potions. With Sirius Black gone a woman had taken over. Malfoy seemed really happy about this and Harry and the others found out why. A really slim looking woman was taking over.

"Who is she?" Harry asked.

"I've got no idea," Hermione answered.

"Get to your seats," the woman snapped, "I'm Professor Ivon Spat, Potions Mistress from Salem Institute. Personally none of you are special but I will demand that you produce quality work."

Harry wondered if that made any sense.

The lesson was hard but thankfully Harry had worked even harder than even Malfoy had done. Professor Spat checked all their work and praised Malfoy for work that was clearly Harry's. Harry glared at the smirk that appeared on the blond boy's face. When the lesson had ended Harry was glad to leave.

"Why does she think that Malfoy is so special," Harry asked.

"I've got no idea," Hermione answered.

"So how is the new Potion Mistress taking the classes," Snape asked Hagrid.

"She's a down right slave driver," Hagrid answered.

"I personally think that she looks creepy," Remus answered.

"Who hired her," Snape answered.

"Minerva," Remus answered.

Snape had a bad feeling that McGonagall had just made her first wrong choice.

He kept a watch on what was going on, wanting to make sure that Harry wasn't being bullied by the new Potions Mistress. That child had gone through enough he didn't need her adding to it. Thanks to Remus and the others he had a detailed report of all her classes and what had happened. Personally he didn't like how the lessons were being taught.

"So what do you think we'll be taught," Harry asked as he and Hermione headed for Muggle Studies.

"I've got no idea," Hermione answered.

They sat down and waited for the Professor to arrive. Finally Professor B, as Hermione like to call her, entered.

"Today were going to be talking about meditation," she said, "Muggles meditate all the time, well most of them, and so we're going to do some mediation and Yoga. Turn to page 58 and get started."

What a weird lesson.

Note: Sorry about the short chapter, which I really hate writing. Next up: Horrible Accident

Chapter 80: Horrible Accident

The month of January started to come to a close and the weather was starting to get even colder than before. It was hard to think that in a couple of months it would be warm again. Personally Harry couldn't wait. Another thing that Harry liked was the fact that his mum and stepfather were gone and wouldn't be back until April, at least.

"So what are you going to do this summer?" Harry asked Ron.

"I don't know," Ron answered, "I think spend more time with Charlie."

"I'm glad to see that things are going great with him," Hermione said.

"Me too," Ron said, "I mean, I thought that I would have no place to go when more than half my family was sent to Azkaban. So what are you going to do this summer?"

"I don't know, work with Snape and see what happens next term," Harry answered, "I'm hoping that Tom come over with the new baby."

"It's weird that someone that had once been feared now has a family," Ron said.

Harry grinned and answered, "Yeah, it's weird."

Later that night Harry was out collecting ingredients for a potion that Snape wanted done when he heard something. Harry looked around but nothing. Taking a deep breath he returned to what he was doing and that's when something hit him. He fell on his back, the wind knocked out of him. Gasping he went looking for his wand but it wasn't on him. Something roared not too far from him and then a sudden pain hit him in the leg and he passed out.

Snape was busy working on something that McGonagall needed with the ring that he had on his hand burned. That burning told him that Harry was in trouble. He at once fire called McGonagall, telling her that Harry was in trouble.

"I'll get Hagrid and Sprout at once," she said, "Get to Harry before he gets killed."

Snape didn't have to be told twice.

He ran as fast as he could, which was pretty fast, and he followed the smell of blood. He couldn't believe that Harry was hurt, this was all his fault. He jumped over a fallen log and found a large black werewolf closing in on his fallen apprentice. Snape sent a blast of fire at it and it scampered away.

"Harry," Snape hissed.

Harry opened his eyes but then closed him. A couple of moments later Hagrid followed by the others found them.

"We need to get him to the hospital wing," McGonagall told them.

"What happened?" Sprout asked.

"He was bitten by a werewolf," Snape told her and she gasped.

"Come on before it comes back," Hagrid said and they left the clearing.

Madam Pomfrey was beside herself with worry when they brought Harry in. She at once demanded what had happened. Snape told her what he had seen and she went white.

"Get the potions," Madam Pomfrey told Snape, "You know which ones I'm talking about."

"Yes," Snape said and he went to get them.

For the next couple of hours they spelled the potions into him and then they waited. It would be hard on Harry's body and they all knew it. Snape knew how hard it had been for him to accept that he was no longer human and being a werewolf was the worst thing.

"I hope that you're not going to turn your back on him, Severus," Madam Pomfrey said to him.

Snape looked at her and answered, "He didn't turn his back on me."

Harry woke up feeling sore and wondering what had happened. The last thing that he could remember was the growling and then finally the pain. He had passed out but he had no idea how he had ended up here. He knew it was the hospital wing but he couldn't connect the dots.

"Hello, Harry," said Madam Pomfrey said, "How are you feeling?"

"Like hell," Harry answered.

"Well you should, you've been bitten by a werewolf," she told him and Harry gulped.

"I'm one am I," Harry asked.

"I'm afraid so," Madam Pomfrey answered, "Now I want you to rest and then you'll be ready to leave."

"And when will that be," Harry asked her.

"Soon," she answered and left him alone with his thoughts.

For the next couple of days all Harry thought of was the fact that he wasn't human anymore. Snape hadn't visited him and neither had any of his friends. What hurt the most was that he was afraid to lose Hermione. What if she didn't want to be around him anymore because he was different now? The next day Hermione finally showed up.

"Hay, Harry, Professor Snape told me what happened," she said.

"And you're here to tell me that you don't want to be with me anymore," Harry told her, "I understand that you want to be around someone that's normal."

It hurt to say those words but he knew that they had to be said.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER DON'T YOU EVEN THINK THAT I'M LEAVING YOU JUST BECAUSE YOU HAPPEN TO BE A WEREWOLF," Hermione screamed which brought Madam Pomfrey out.

"Miss Granger-."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Hermione said, "But Harry was acting like an idiot and I'm setting him straight."

"Well do it without so much noise," she told her and then left.

"You're only telling me this because you feel sorry for me," Harry told her.

"I've never felt sorry for you, not in the way that you think," Hermione said, pointing her finger at him, "You're stuck with me, buddy boy."

"I don't-."

"Hay, Harry," Ron suddenly said and then the rest of his friends appeared, along with a covered Snape.

"Why are you all here," Harry asked them.

"To show us that you have our support," Theo said, "And heck even Professor Snape showed up and it's daylight."

"Thanks for reminding me," Snape said. "I'm not losing you as an apprentice. I don't give a damn that you're a werewolf. I'm a vampire and that's a life changing experience."

"See, Harry, no one is leaving you," Hermione said, "You're stuck with us and you better get use to it."

Harry had a bad feeling that he was going to get use to a lot of things.

Note: Talk about spunk. Next up: Learning a New Potion

Chapter 81: Learning a New Potion

"Do you think Harry will be alright," Ron asked Hermione.

"I hope so," Hermione answered, "I mean; we don't even know which werewolf did it. All Professor Snape said was that it was black."

"Doesn't give us much to go on," Ron told her and Hermione sighed.

When Ron went up to bed Hermione looked up at the lake that covered the Slytherin common room. So much had changed since her and Ron had been forced to become Slytherin's. She understood them more than ever and she knew that Harry's friends didn't care anything about him being famous or a lot of the other things that she thought that they would care about.

"Please don't give up, Harry," Hermione prayed, "We still need you, we still need our friend."

She hoped that somehow he heard her prayer.

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"How is Harry holding up," Sprout asked Snape.

"I don't know," Snape answered and then sat down, "Gods, this is all my fault."

"Why do you say that," she asked him.

"If I didn't want those ingredients then he wouldn't of gotten bitten," Snape told her.

Sprout sat down and put a hand on his shoulder, "It wasn't your fault. You had no idea that there was a werewolf lurking around."

"I'm on the verge of blaming Lupin but he's not a black werewolf and therefore it would be wrong to blame him."

"Do you think that our enemy sent the thing after him," Sprout asked, hoping that she was wrong.

"I don't think so," Snape answered, "But then again we have no idea who sent it. If that idiot that paraded around as my friend did he's going to pay."

"Severus, do you think that Harry needs you to go off on some kind of revenge trip," Sprout said, "He needs his Master with him and he needs you to help him."

"I know but it's hard to keep my temper in check," Snape told her, "Especially since I know that it was my fault that Harry's cursed."

Sprout sighed and got up, "Ask him if he thinks that it's your fault that he's cursed," she asked him, her eyes pleading with him, "Ask him if he thinks that."

And she left him alone with his thoughts.

The next day was another day without Harry around. Snape really missed him even though he was asleep through most of it. It was only at night, when there were no sounds of working, that Snape truly missed Harry. He had come to see Harry as his son and not as an apprentice. How had that happened, when did Harry get under his skin and into his heart?

Several nights later the door opened to his lab and in walked Harry. He looked like hell and Snape at once wanted to hug him, tell him that everything was alright. Harry put his bag down and sat down. He looked just like Lupin after a transformation.

"Harry," Snape started.

"Yes, Professor," Harry said.

"Are you alright," Snape asked him.

"Yeah," Harry answered, "Is there anything that you want me to do?"

"Rest," Snape answered, "Next week I'll show you how to brew a new potion that you'll need to take."

"Then I'll be here," Harry said and he picked up his bag and left.

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Harry knew that his friends were happy to see him. Only Malfoy made howling sounds that made Harry want to rip his throat out. Hermione hugged him even though he felt as though he was going to give her what he had.

"How are you feeling?" Hermione asked him.

"Like crap," Harry answered.

"Did you see Professor Snape," Theo asked him.

"Yeah, he told me to come back next week," Harry answered, "He says that he's going to teach me a new potion."

"Must be the Wolfbane," Theo suggested.

"What's that," Harry asked.

"Black told us that it's supposed to help a werewolf keep his mind when he transforms," Hermione answered.

"Must not of been paying attention," Harry told her.

"Well you can't be expected to pay attention with an idiot teaching the class," Hermione told him, "So when are you going to start working on it?"

"Like I said, next week," Harry answered.

"Why don't you go up to bed," Pansy suggested, "I have a cousin that's a werewolf and he's completely tuckered out."

"Thanks," Harry said and he went up to bed.

Harry tried not to think about classes the next day but thankfully he had returned on a Friday and that meant that the weekend had started and he was free to be alone and think about his future. Snape was still treating him as though he would be Potions Master but Harry doubted that he would be able to get a job. He had gotten a visit from the Department for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures and they told him that he would never be able to get a job.

"You're just too dangerous," the man said.

That had hurt more than anything.

On Monday night Harry reported to Snape's office and saw that the man had lined up jars of ingredients. Harry had only learned a mild version of the potion, according to what he had read in the notes that he had made, this was the full version of the potion.

"Put your bag over there and we'll get started," Snape told him.

Harry did as he was told and joined Snape at the cauldron.

"Now I'm going to show you how to brew Wolfbane," Snape told him, "This potion is a must if your going to be a Potions Master."

"But no one is going to hire me," Harry said.

"Not outside of Hogwarts, they won't," Snape said, "Look, I know that you don't like being a werewolf. I don't like being a vampire but McGonagall isn't like those bigots at the Ministry. She understands that things happen that are no one's fault."

Harry sighed and then Snape asked, "Do you still want to learn this?"

"Yes," Harry answered.

"Then we'll get started," Snape told him and they did.

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Note: Glad to see that Snape has wisdom. Next up: Shame

Chapter 82: Shame

February, which started when Harry was in the hospital wing, continued and before long Harry had recovered enough to where he could go to classes. He appeared on Wednesday and even though everyone knew that Harry was a werewolf that didn't stop people like Malfoy, who continued to taunt him, and a couple of others that thought that werewolves were dangerous to start on him. A couple of Hufflepuff's would scream when Harry walked down the corridor.

"Don't listen to them," Hermione told him.

"Easy for you to say," Harry said.

He felt shame at not being normal anymore. Professor Lupin tried to help but Harry wasn't to be comforted. Why would anyone want to be around someone that could eat their children?

"I'm worried about Harry," McGonagall said to the staff, "He's not taking this well."

"You think," Snape spat.

"Maybe we should get Lily to come back," Sprout suggested.

"No," they all said.

"We don't want Lily and Sirius to do something that will drive Harry to kill himself," McGonagall told her, "We need to keep this a secret until they do come back."

"Which will be in April, right," Flitwick said.

"Yes," McGonagall answered.

"So what are we going to do when they do come back," Flitwick asked them. "Are we going to hide the fact that Harry is a werewolf?"

"No," Snape answered, "It's against the law to keep that from them."

"And Black would be able to tell," McGonagall added.

"Do you think that Lily will try something," Flitwick asked them.

"I have no idea," McGonagall answered.

Harry started to feel sick the following days before the Full Moon. He had started to take the potion, which tasted horrible, and the only thing that made it better was the fact that Snape had congratulated him on brewing it right. Harry was taking it slow due to the fact that his body was protesting even small movements.

"You're going to make it," Remus told him.

Harry just wanted to die.

On the night of the Full Moon Harry took his dinner early and Hermione told him that she would be waiting on him when he came back. Harry didn't understand why but he was too tired to argue. He had a funny feeling that she would win the argument anyways.

"I'll have McGonagall unseal the door when day comes," Snape told Harry.

"Thanks, sir," Harry said and drank the Wolfbane down.

He was placed in a room and the door was sealed. Taking off his clothes he put them in a box that sealed as well. Everything was timed so that he could get them when day came. Suddenly the light from the moon filled the room and hit Harry. He suddenly started to gasp for breath and then the pain started. Harry screamed as his nails turned to claws, his bones shifted to their new form, and his skin felt like it was ripping apart. Harry screamed even louder and then nothing.

Note: Poor Harry. Next up: Heart to Heart

Chapter 83: Heart to Heart

Day came and with it Harry's transformation back to normal. McGonagall and Madam Pomfrey let themselves in and the Matron set to work healing Harry the best that she could and helping him get his clothes back on.

"How are you feeling," Madam Pomfrey asked.

"Like hell," Harry answered.

"Why don't we take him to the wing and let him fully recover there," McGonagall suggested.

Harry was all for it.

Harry spent the next three days in the wing, recovering from his first transformation. The potion had helped but he felt as though he was trapped in a body that wasn't his. He hated being a werewolf, he hated the pain, and he hated the desire to eat things...like people. When Snape came to visit him during the night he turned away from his Master. He didn't want Snape to see the shame that was on Harry's face.

"Harry, do you want to talk about it," he asked.

"No," Harry answered and then he heard Snape setting down, "What are you still doing here?"

"Harry, I know that you don't want to talk about it but it helps to."

Harry said nothing.

"I'm going to be here until you decide that you're going to talk," Snape warned him.

"What about the sun," Harry asked, still not looking at him.

"There's a potion that I can take that will help," Snape told him, "Now do you want to talk about it or do we have the silence game."

Harry was determine to win this game.

"When can I see him, Professor," Hermione asked McGonagall.

"Soon, Severus is trying to talk to him," McGonagall told her.

"Why, what's wrong with him," Ron asked.

"He's depressed after his first transformation," McGonagall explained, "I think that he thinks that he won't have anymore friends if this continues."

"I hope that he's not planning on killing himself," Hermione said, horrified.

"Don't worry, Severus and Poppy will keep that from happening," McGonagall vowed.

Hermione was glad about that.

Snape drank the potion and then put the empty vial away. Now he was protected by the sun and he was going to wait here until Harry decided to tell him what was going on. Naturally he knew, of course, but he wanted to hear it from Harry. He was also hoping that Harry would allow him to talk about what it was like to not be human anymore.

He looked out the window just as Madam Pomfrey came in.

"Severus Snape, what are you doing out of your coffin," she demanded.

"I took a potion," he told her.

She rolled her eyes and then asked, "Why are you still up?"

"I wanted to have a word with Harry," Snape told her, "I wanted him to know that I'm here for him and that he needs to talk about what's bothering him. I already know what's bothering him but I want to hear it from him. He needs to get this off his chest before it kills him."

"That I agree with," she said, "So did you talk to someone about not being human anymore?"

"Yes, Lucius Malfoy," Snape answered.

"Did it help," she asked.

"It helped, a little," Snape answered.

"Well I'm sure that you'll be able to get Harry to talk about it," she said to him.

"I hope so," Snape said and then she left.

A couple of hours later Harry woke up and Snape saw that he was surprised that he was still here. Snape looked at him and asked, "Do you want to talk about it now?"

"What's the point," Harry asked, "I'm now more of a freak then my Aunt accused me of."

Snape looked at him and then said, "Harry, you're not a freak. You were never a freak."

"Then why does bad things happen to me," Harry asked him.

"Because that's how it sometimes happens," Snape told him, "Look, I'm a vampire and to a lot of people that's a bad thing."

"Why, I don't think that you're bad."

"Thank you, Harry, but others might not agree with you," Snape said, "Look at what happened when people found out that you were now a werewolf. It didn't matter that you had done things that were wonderful and that people could thank you for the fact that they now had a life. They saw you as something that they didn't like. The point that I'm making is that things can change in a blink of an eye. The point to you is that you believe that you're still the same person."

"You have the power to change things for the better and it's better to know that you can then to just admit that you're going to be just like what everyone thinks that you're going to be. Remus had the power to change thing but he chose to be someone that was a werewolf that had no power to do anything."

"Can he still change thing," Harry asked him.

"Yes, and so can you," Snape answered, "Each person is responsible for their own fate."

"I don't now how much that will help me," Harry asked.

"Well I'm sure that it will," Snape said, "So want to talk about how you felt about being a werewolf."

Harry sighed and said, "It was horrible and painful. I didn't know what was going to happen and then it was over."

"Did you still have your mind," Snape asked.

"Yes," Harry answered, "And that scared me even more."

"You'll get use to the sensation," Snape told him, "And remember that I'm going to be here if you ever need me."

"Thanks," Harry said and Snape left, eager for a long rest.

Note: I thought that the chapter would be short. Glad that its over a thousand words. Next up: Finding Talent

Chapter 84: Attack

The month of February ended and March started. Hermione was starting to work on studying for the exams and due to her workload Harry and Ron hardly ever saw her. Ron kept on wondering how Hermione was doing it and Harry wondered if he would ever have some time alone with her that didn't include a book.

"Do you know that we missed Snape's birthday," Harry told Ron.

"I'm sure that he wouldn't have expected you to get him anything," Ron reasoned, "He seems like a privet person."

"True but it was a shame not to get him anything," Harry said.

"How are you feeling," Ron asked, getting off the subject of Snape's birthday.

"A little weak but fine," Harry answered, "Snape talked to me about not being normal anymore and it helped."

"I'm glad," Ron said, "So do you want to fly around the pitch or not."

"Ron, you know that I can't stand the game but I'm willing to fly."

"Great, I'll get the brooms."

And he was gone.

While Harry waited for Ron to come back he was summoned by McGonagall. Getting up he told Hermione to tell Ron that he had gone with McGonagall and that he would be back.

"I'll tell him," Hermione promised and Harry left.

When he arrived he found McGonagall waiting on him. She motioned him to follow, telling him that it wouldn't take long. Harry wondered what she wanted to talk to him about and why they couldn't talk in her office. They left the castle and headed for the forest when it hit him that something just wasn't right. He sniffed, his werewolf senses telling him that he was right.

"I'm not going anywhere with you," he told her.

McGonagall turned and looked at him, asking, "And why not?"

"Because you're not Professor McGonagall," Harry told her, "You don't smell like her."

Before Harry could do anything she pulled her wand out and shot a hex at him. He ducked, thanking for once that he was now quicker than he had been before.

"I'm going to kill you," she snarled, changing into Katie Bell.

It had been two years since he saw her but she looked nearly the same, except that she looked as though Azkaban had done a number on her.

"Die," she hissed and she sent another hex at him, which he ducked.

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Remus and the rest were having their meal when Ron Weasley came running in. He looked as though someone had given him a huge scare.

"Harry, Katie, dueling," he told them and then passed out.

"Everyone, find Minerva," Remus told the staff, "Get the seventh years out there and cover Harry's back."

Everyone ran for the door.

Soon almost the entire school was out and heading for where Harry was dueling Katie. She screamed when she saw the crowd coming and ran for the forest. Remus sent a hex her way and she fell, her neck breaking. Katie Bell was dead.

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Harry was relieved to see the school and staff coming to his aid. He couldn't believe that he had been foolish in believing that he was actually talking to Professor McGonagall.

"Are you alright, Harry," Remus asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," he answered, "How did you know that I was in trouble?"

"Ron, told us," Remus answered.

Harry secretly thanked Ron for what he did.

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Note: Sorry about the short chapter. The next one will be up: A Cake for Severus

Chapter 85: A Cake for Severus

Snape was beyond mad when he woke up and found out that Harry had been attacked. True he was glad that Katie Bell couldn't hurt anyone again but that didn't mean that he liked what had happened.

"Do you think that he could go one year without someone trying to kill him," Snape asked McGonagall, who they had found in a closet.

For a wild moment they thought that she was dead.

"I'm sorry, Severus, but I was knocked out and then she took my form."

Snape hissed and then sat down.

"How are you feeling?" she asked him.

"Are you talking about before or after I found out that Harry got attacked," he asked her.

"No, overall," she asked.

"I'm fine," he answered.

"Glad to hear that," McGonagall said, "Oh I got a notice saying that Sirius and Lily are coming back...early."

"Oh great, just what I need," Snape hissed, "Black and Black making my life blacker than normal."

She sighed and then said, "I'm sorry about things going like they did."

"She made her choice, not me," Snape said, "She forgot that she was once determined to prove that she belonged in the wizarding world."

"I guess she wanted a reminder of James," McGonagall said.

"That could be it or she could just be stupid," Snape said, "Maybe her brain is still rotted or something."

"Well I'm going to have to tell her that Harry is a werewolf," McGonagall told him.

Snape groaned and said, "Let me tell Harry, warn him, before idiot and idiot come back."

"Fair enough," McGonagall said and Snape left.

Later that night Harry showed up to be trained and at once he told his young charge to sit down. Harry looked worried and Snape didn't blame him. However he started so that he would get it over with.

"Harry, your mother and stepfather are coming back," he told him.

"Oh great," Harry said.

"Minerva has told me that she's going to tell them that you happen to be a werewolf."

"NO, NO WAY," Harry yelled.

"Silence," Snape hissed, which made Harry close his mouth, "I know that you don't like it and I don't like it but the law states that they must find out."

"And what about my rights," Harry asked, "Oh I forgot, I don't have them."

"Harry, I know that you don't like this but that's how it is."

"Your right, I don't like them," Harry said, "So what's going to happen now?"

"I don't know but I'll make sure that your rights are protected," Snape told him, "The little that you still have."

The look told him that Harry was still worried.

Harry couldn't believe that his stupid mother and stepfather were coming back. Could life just get any worse? He figured that he better not ask that question, he might not like the answer that he would be getting. Harry worked hard, enjoying the last few hours that he would have before he would have to say hello to his stupid family.

This was worse than when he had to live with the Dursley's, at least with them he knew where he stood.

When he got back to the Slytherin common room he told Hermione, Ron, Theo, and Pansy what Snape had told him.

"Oh great you have to put up with them," Hermione said.

"I don't like it either but there's nothing that I can do about it," Harry said.

"I hope their not scheming to do anything," Hermione said.

"Aren't they always scheming," Ron pointed out.

"Ron's got a good point there," Pansy said.

"Guys, I just want to forget about it while I can," Harry told them.

"How about we have a late birthday party for Snape," Ron suggested, "That will get your mind away from the horror within."

"Doesn't sound like a bad idea," Harry said, glad that Ron had brought it up.

"I'll get the elves to help," Pansy said and they set to work.

Harry ordered a very expensive book for Snape while Hermione worked on a charm that would allow the Potions Master to leave his coffin and be around people. Like promised Pansy had gotten the elves to help and Ron went out of his way to tell the staff that they were having a surprise party for Snape.

"Oh lets see if we can actually surprise the man," McGonagall said, snickering.

"Let's keep our shields up so that he won't know that we're doing this," Remus told them.

Theo was going to do the party favorites.

They chose a room to have the party and set everything up. The elves had done things beyond anything that Harry and his friends

could do and during the morning post the present for Snape arrived along with a joke item that Harry thought would be funny. They then hurried to get things finished before the sun went down.

Snape knew that something was up when he woke up and found a note telling him that McGonagall needed him in dungeon number five. He growled, he hoped that no one decided to get Filch mad and do what they did there last year. He met McGonagall in-front of the door and snorted at her.

"If the sixth years have done anything to get this room messy I'll personally kill them," he vowed.

"I'm sure that it was nothing that bad," she said.

Snape rolled his eyes and she opened the door. He walked through and suddenly all the lights came on.

"SURPRISE, HAPPY LATE BIRTHDAY PROFESSOR SNAPE," everyone yelled.

Snape fainted.

Note: Poor Severus, everyone plots against him, lol. Next up: Sirius Point of View...Not Needed

Chapter 86: Sirius Point of View, Not Needed

Once they had gotten Snape to wake up they had fun. Snape was shocked, from what Harry could see, that someone had given him a party. He liked the book that Harry had given him and thanked Hermione for the charmed necklace. However he looked at the joke item as though it was about to go off.

"Don't worry, it won't attack you," Harry told him.

"I hope not," Snape told him.

Even though he couldn't eat the cake he told them that he would enjoy watching them eat the cake. He did cut it and Luna took a photo of a invisible Snape cutting the cake. The next morning, however, Sirius and Lily returned and they were brought into Professor McGonagall's office.

"Where is Harry at," Lily asked.

"Before I tell you I must inform you that he's been bitten by a werewolf," she told them.

Lily gasped and Sirius said, "And what was Harry doing outside on a Full Moon anyways?"

"Severus had him go out and collect ingredients," McGonagall told him.

"Why that little-."

"It wasn't Severus fault," McGonagall told him.

"Like hell it wasn't," Lily snapped, "He knew it was a Full Moon and he had Harry go out. See this is what happens when you allow a Death Eater-."

"That's enough," McGonagall said, "Harry was depressed when he found out what had happened to him and after the transformation. Severus stood by him and pulled him out. I won't have you bring him down."

"I don't care about what Harry thinks," Sirius said, "He knows that Snivellus-."

"Don't use that nickname around here," McGonagall cut in, "Now I want you to be supportive and not attack Harry or those that he counts as friends."

Sirius looked like he wanted to protest but thankfully he did.

"I want something done about Snape," Lily said, "He's dangerous!"

"He's not dangerous," McGonagall said, "He's my good friend and I won't have you bringing him down."

Lily glared at her but thankfully dropped the subject.

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Harry could smell his mother and stepfather as he headed up to the Great Hall. Last night had been great, even though everyone had to put up with the weird Luna. When he sat down at the Slytherin table he saw his 'relations.'

"Just ignore them," Hermione said, putting her hand on his.

He smiled at her and then said, "So are we going to try again for that date?"

"You bet," Hermione said and then he started to eat.

The weeks went by really quick and it felt as though summer was trying to hurry up. Hermione was once again trying to study and Harry was still working hard in getting over the fact that he was a werewolf. He was really grateful that he had his friends, his family was a big disappointment.

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Note: Well things are starting to wind down for Harry's third year but the story isn't over, not yet. Next up: Death in the Family

Chapter 87: Death in the Family

The exams were about three weeks away when Harry was called into the hospital wing. He had been working hard and getting over his last transformation and had no idea why he was even here. When he arrived he saw Sirius lying on the bed.

"What happened," Harry asked.

"He got hit with a bad potion," Madam Pomfrey told Harry, "He's not going to make it."

Harry, mentally felt sorry that he was dying, but deep down he was glad that Sirius was going. He didn't need what Sirius was doing to him around him any longer.

"Could you let me know things as they happen," Harry told the Matron.

"Of course," she said and Harry left.

Harry went to his classes and tried not to think about the next idiot that his mother would marry. He knew that she would be upset that Sirius was going to die but personally he felt that she could do so much better. Of course the news that he got last week hadn't helped things. He was going to be a big brother and he knew that whatever gender the child would be he would be forgotten.

Of course he had Professor Snape as a father figure so he really didn't need to worry about some stupid little brat that would most likely carry on the Black name.

"I heard what happened," Hermione said.

"I wonder which year got him," Ron wondered.

"I personally don't care," Harry said, "Sirius was nothing but a nightmare and I'm glad that the nightmare will soon be over."

"You don't mean that," Hermione said.

"Yeah, I do," Harry answered, "Now I need to study for my Potions exam."

And he left them alone.

Harry got his books and opened them up, reading up on what he believed would be tested. He had been so far good at guessing which potion would be tested but this year he wanted to study them all so that he would know them all. It had been one long term and all he wanted was it to end. Sirius had been the one that had made it hard for him, first insulting where he was at, then marrying his mum, then the whole thing with Ginny, and then a lot of other things.

The next day Harry was heading for Defense Against the Dark Arts when he ran right into Malfoy, who looked angry about being run into.

"Watch where your going, Potter," he hissed.

"Watch where your going, Malfoy," Harry hissed back.

They both glared at each other until Professor Flitwick went past them, which caused them to break apart.

"I hope that your boys aren't about to fight," he told them.

"No, sir, he's not worth it," Harry told the Professor and then headed to Defense.

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"I swear they have three years of being in the same house," McGonagall said, "You would think that they would get along."

"I'm going to handle this," Snape said, "I'm not having this go on. I've had to put up with Malfoy treating me as though I'm trash and sullyng the reputation of Slytherin house."

"What are you going to do," Flitwick asked.

Snape gave him a toothy smile, "That's for me to know and you to find out."

"I hate it when he goes muggle," Remus said.

"Don't worry, it's a passing phase," McGonagall said.

Snape summoned both Harry and Draco to his office. He wasn't about to attack Harry for something that wasn't his fault but he was going to once again lay down the law on Draco. He was acting like an ass and that wasn't what he expected from someone like Draco.

"Why am I here, sir," Harry asked.

"Don't worry, Harry, you didn't do anything wrong," Snape told him.

"Oh so why I'm here is because I've done something wrong," Draco said.

"You hit the nail on the head," Snape said and Draco looked confused, "You're here because you're acting like an ass. I'm not having it."

"And I don't care what you think," Draco snapped.

Snape growled at him and Draco glared.

"Why can't you show some respect," Harry asked him.

Draco turned and gave him a look that would of made Lucius proud but Snape knew that he was only doing it because he believed that Harry was beneath him.

"I don't have to answer to you," Draco told him.

"But you have to answer to me," Snape countered, "Clean up your attitude or I'm talking to your father."

"Fine," Draco hissed.

Snape crossed his arms and looked at him, "I would advise that you change that tone."

"Fine, I'll clean up my attitude," Draco said.

"Good," Snape said, "You may leave."

Draco turned to leave when the door opened and Madam Pomfrey walked in.

"Poppy, I thought-."

"Sirius, is dead," she told them.

"Thanks for telling me," Harry said, though Snape could sense that Harry really didn't care.

The next day Sirius was buried in the Black family plot that had been used for generations. Lily was upset that Sirius was gone and thankfully Snape only heard what had happened when he had awoken and Harry had told him how the whole thing had turned out.

"It was disgusting," Harry said, "My mum crying over that man."

"Well we can't change her view of good taste," Snape said, "But at least pretend that you're upset that he's gone."

"Why, I'm not sad that he's gone," Harry told him, "That man made my life hell and I'm glad that I won't have to see him."

"What's going to happen now," Snape asked, though he personally didn't care.

"Mum will collect everything," Harry answered, "Including the blasted house. I'm staying here, where I belong."

"So you'll be returning to the Manor with me," Snape said.

"Of course," Harry answered.

That's what Snape wanted to hear.

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Note: No more Sirius Black and Harry is truly not sorry that he's gone. Next up: Exams

Chapter 88: Exams

True to what Harry had said Lily did get the house in the Will when it was open and she made it clear that Harry would be spending the entire summer there. Harry made it clear that he would rather burn in hell before he even was around anything that was connected to Black.

"He was your stepfather," Lily told him.

"No, he was a man that controlled everything about my life," Harry retorted, "I don't want to be in that house and you can't make me."

Lily narrowed her eyes but Harry refused to give in.

The exams started a week and a half after Sirius' death and the first one was in Defense Against the Dark Arts. Harry did all the spells right and even some of the curses. When they left Hermione asked him how he was doing.

"I'm doing fine," Harry said.

"Are you sure," she asked him.

"Yes," Harry answered, "Now I believe that we have Charms next."

A few months back Professor Flitwick had hinted that they would be doing Cheering Charms. Sure enough he tested them on them. Harry overdid his and caused Ron to burst out laughing. It was so bad that Flitwick had to put Ron in another room so that it could wear off.

"Do you think that Snape could use a Cheering Charm," Ron asked as they headed down to lunch.

"No," Harry answered.

They had a free period and so while Ron somewhat studied for Divination Harry was busy working on not only his Muggle Studies but also something for Potions Monthly. He had been working on something and he wanted to publish his findings. Naturally Snape would endorse it because he believed that it was that good.

"So am I going to get a free copy," Ron asked Harry.

"I thought you hated Potions," Hermione said.

"Well Harry is having his article there and so I want to read it," Ron told her.

"I'm warning you that it's going to be boring," Harry advised.

"I think that I can take it," Ron said.

"Okay, but don't tell me that I didn't warn you," Harry said.

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"Are you pretty excited about Harry having his article," Remus asked Snape.

It was nightfall and Snape had finished 'hunting' and was now reading a book.

"Of course I am," Snape answered, "I've been training him for nearly three years, when term ends, and he's learned a lot from me."

"Well I think there's more to this than your telling me," Remus teased which made Snape give him an odd look, "Oh don't give me that look."

"And why not," Snape asked.

"Because I know that the reason that you're doing this is because your proud of him," Remus pointed out, "You were proud of him that he stood up against Black and all the dumb things that he was doing."

"That I'll agree with," Snape said.

"Good," Remus said, "And I'm sure that you'll make sure that I get a copy."

"Do you want Harry to sign it for you," Snape hissed and Remus laughed.

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"Can you believe how bad that Transfiguration exam was," Ron moaned as they headed for the corridor that they would have to part ways.

Harry rolled his eyes, honestly.

"Ron, did you even study," Harry asked him.

"And the point of that," Ron asked him.

"So that you don't end up worrying about if you did well or not," Harry answered.

"Mate, you know that studying is not my strong suit."

"Well then maybe it should be," Hermione pointed out.

Ron snorted and then went up the stairs.

That night Harry and Hermione were both working when Theo came in and sat down next to them. He hadn't talked much since before Black had died and Harry wondered what his friend had to talk about. Harry put his quill down and looked at him.

"What's wrong," Harry asked him.

"Oh nothing much," Theo said, "Just wondering what your summer plans are."

"Well I was thinking about spending it at the Manor," Harry answered, "Why do you want to know?"

"Oh just wondering," Theo said.

Harry turned and looked at Hermione who asked, "What is it really?"

"Well the Quidditch World Cup is coming and I was wondering if you were both going."

Harry sighed, Quidditch again.

"You know that I can't stand the game," Harry said, "But if you want me to come then I'll ask Professor Snape if I can go."

This got Theo at once excited, "Oh thanks, Harry."

When he was gone Harry turned to Hermione and asked, "What have I done to deserve this?"

"Don't look at me," Hermione said.

"Are you going," Harry asked her.

Hermione smiled at him and answered, "Only if my hot boyfriend is going."

Harry went pink and answered back, "I hope that you're talking about me."

Hermione hit him with her parchment and said, "Of course I am."

"Well if Professor Snape lets me go then I'm going."

"Then I'll be there," Hermione answered.

When the exams finally ended, much to Ron's relief (Harry and Hermione had to hear him complain about them), Harry and the rest spent it doing whatever it was that students did before term was to officially end.

"Do you think Snape's sister will stay on," Ron asked.

"I hope so," Hermione answered, "So who do you think will be the new Defense Master if she doesn't stay on."

"I have no idea," Harry answered.

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"So what are your plans for the summer," Lupin asked Flitwick.

"Rest and relax," he answered, "Yours?"

"Try and talk some sense into Lily and make sure that she's not doing something to harm her child."

"Do you think that Harry will want to spend time with his sibling," Flitwick asked him.

"I don't know," Remus answered, "He seems pretty upset with Lily as it is."

"I hope so," Flitwick told him.

"Me too."

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Note: Don't worry, Harry's not going to hate his sibling. Next up: McGonagall's Old Heart

Chapter 89: McGonagall's Old Heart

Term came to a close with Harry nearing Hermione at the top of the year, again, and Ron being a few pegs behind. He didn't complain about his grade and Harry wondered if he had been fashioned to accept below standards. Ron and the rest of the Slytherin's left to take the train home and Harry and Hermione headed for Snape's office where Flitwick was placing charms on the coffin so that it would get safely to the Manor.

"Severus would get really steamed off it something should happen to his coffin," Flitwick told them.

"And we don't want that," Harry told him.

Flitwick nodded in agreement.

An hour later the coffin was where it needed to be and Harry and Hermione both unpacked their things to put away. Harry was glad that his third year was over. Too many things had happened that still made his head spin. That night, while Harry and Hermione were eating, Snape looked at them until Harry asked him, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Snape answered.

Harry didn't buy it but he wasn't going to push it.

The next morning a owl arrived from Hogwarts for Harry. It was in a black envelope and Harry wondered what was going on. When he opened it he gasped and then ran to get Hermione, who was busy working on her Ancient Runes homework.

"McGonagall's dead!" he told her.

Hermione looked at him and then said, "Yeah, right."

"No, she died last night," Harry told her.

He handed her the letter and let her read it. Tears welled up and they did to Harry as well. He really cared about the old hag.

"Do you think that Professor Snape knows this," Hermione asked him.

"We'll have to wait and find out," Harry told her.

Hermione blew her nose and Harry decided to leave her alone.

Snape wasn't shocked when Harry told him that McGonagall was dead. Harry suspected that Snape might have had a hand in it but the Ministry said that she had died of a heart attack, or natural causes as Flitwick said.

"She wanted me to turn her but I told her that I couldn't," Snape told Harry and Harry suspected that he thought that his Master had a hand in it.

"I wish that you had," Harry told him.

"I know but I don't wish to be staked," Snape said.

Two days later they had her funeral and since it was at night Snape was there. Harry saw him looking around and he wondered if he suspected that Dumbledore would use the funeral to attack people.

"Don't worry, nothing bad will happen," Snape's sister told him.

Harry wished that he could believe that.

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Note: Sorry about the short chapter and once again sorry about killing McGonagall off. Next up: Headmaster Lupin

Chapter 90: Headmaster Lupin

The summer moved slowly after McGonagall's funeral and Harry busied himself with working and getting mail because of the article that had come out. Most everyone loved it but there were some that questioned why Snape had even allowed Harry to write it.

"I wish that they would shut up and just enjoy it," Harry had snapped when he had gotten the fifth one.

"Get use to it," Snape told him.

The next thing that Harry started to think about was who was going to take over for McGonagall. Most would think that Lupin would be in-line, as he was Deputy Headmaster, but Snape said that most would most likely shoot down any chance for Lupin to be Headmaster because of the fact that he's a werewolf.

"Well I'm one," Harry said.

"True, and hopefully if you decide to ever become Headmaster things will change."

"Do you think that it will ever," Harry asked him.

"I hope so," Snape answered.

The only other down side to the summer was the letters from his mother. He got letters from Riddle, talking about how much the 'little one' had grown. Personally Harry thought that before long the 'little one' will be a monster.

"Just like my rotten sibling," Harry said.

Snape looked at him when he had said that but he had said nothing.

Harry worked on his homework in his room during the day and then filled orders or brewed potions during the night. He had two transformations before he was finally able to convince Snape to allow him to take Hermione into town.

"There's a good movie playing," Harry told him.

"Are you sure that's wise," Snape asked him.

"I'm sure," Harry told him.

Snape sighed and said, "Well if you run into any problems let me know."

"I will," Harry promised and he then left with Hermione.

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Snape knew that he shouldn't be hard on Harry. The child had worked so hard to gain his trust and he knew that he could trust Harry. Of course he wasn't sure if he could trust werewolf hormones. He poured himself some wine and then settled down with a good book. However he senses soon told him that werewolf was coming and it wasn't Harry.

Snape drew out his wand and then waited. Suddenly the doorbell rang and Snape suddenly figured out who it was, it was Lupin.

"Come in," Snape said as Lupin walked in.

"Sorry about coming over here like this but I've got some exciting news."

Snape looked at him and then asked, "What kind of news?"

"The governors decided to make me Headmaster," Lupin told him.

Snape was surprised and then Lupin asked him something that really shocked him, "Do you want to be Deputy Headmaster?"

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Note: I know, another short chapter but I'm working up to things.
Next up: Harry's Choice

Chapter 91: Harry's Choice

Harry was excited when he heard that Remus was the new Headmaster. Naturally he asked Snape if he had accepted Lupin's offer to be Deputy Headmaster.

"I did, if you want to know," Snape told him.

"Congratulations," Harry said.

Harry saw Snape grinning.

Harry didn't see much of Snape over the summer. Being the Deputy Headmaster he had the magical book that recorded all of the magical births sent to his office, which was then heavily warded to prevent removal of the names. Harry had his homework and girlfriend to keep his mind busy and they were both very careful not to get caught. He knew that Snape would lose it if he knew that Harry had mated with Hermione.

"Which makes me glad that you put the mark somewhere where Professor Snape wouldn't see it," Hermione told him.

"Well when you hang around a smart witch it sort of rubs off on you," Harry teased.

Hermione rolled her eyes and said, "You're naturally smart, you didn't need me."

The only thing that darkened the summer was a visit from his mother. She would come around every once in a while, most likely to get Harry away from the evil Snape family, which annoyed Harry to no end.

"I wish she would leave me alone," Harry told Hermione and Snape.

"Me too," Hermione said, agreeing with Harry.

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"I wish that you would get my son away from Snape," Lily told Remus.

She had arrived in the Headmaster's office looking annoyed, as usual.

"And why should I," Lupin asked her.

"Because their damaging him," Lily answered.

"I think that you did a fine job damaging him yourself," Lupin told her, "Now leave before I have Severus remove you."

He hated acting like this but she really needed to get a life.

When Snape showed up, to tell him that all the letters were ready to be sent out, Lupin told him who had visited. Snape groaned and sat down.

"I don't like this, Remus," the painting of McGonagall said.

"I know that you don't," Lupin told her.

Her painting had appeared a week after her death and she was being as bossy as ever.

"She comes over to the manor a lot," Snape told them.

"I wonder if she's losing her mind," Lupin wondered, "I mean, I know that the spell that brought her back was designed to keep her here but I'm wondering if the spell is disappearing."

"What do you think that will do to the baby," Snape wondered.

"I have no idea," Lupin said.

"So, Severus, are you taking Harry and Hermione to the World Cup," McGonagall asked.

"I don't know," Snape answered, "I mean, we all know that Harry and Hermione both can't stand the game but he's been invited by the Nott family."

"Do you think that's wise," McGonagall asked him.

"Of course," Snape answered, looking at her.

Even as a painting she had blind views.

When Snape got back Harry looked mad and he wondered what had happened. Suddenly the smell of Lily hit him and he turned to find her standing there, her eyes narrowed at him.

"How did you get pass the wards," Snape asked her.

"Sirius taught me a few things other than how to be great in the sack," Lily hissed, "You are keeping Harry away from me and I won't stand for it anymore."

"Leave, mother, before I do something that I'll regret," Harry told her.

"You would attack your own mother," Lily said to him.

Harry crossed his arms and looked at her and said, "You went and married a man that tried to control my life the moment that he was free from any wrongdoing. Neither you or Sirius cared that I was happy, that Professor Snape was acting like the father figure that I never had, all you both cared about was taking me away so that you could raise me to be just like my blasted father. Well I hate to break the news to you I'm not like him and I don't want to ever be like him."

"And why's that," Lily asked, "Has Snape been-."

"That's Professor Snape, mother," Harry corrected, "And no, he's not been doing anything to me or turning me away from my father. I'm happy being his apprentice and I would like it that you leave me alone."

"But I love you," Lily said to him.

"Fine way that you show me that you love me," Harry said, "I was so happy that you were back but then you showed how much of a git you had become."

"I'm not a git," Lily countered.

"Your acting like one," Harry recounted.

Snape had to admit that Harry was getting good at putting up a good argument.

"Please, don't turn me away," Lily begged.

"I think that you've done a fine job of that," Harry told her and then headed upstairs.

Lily turned on Snape, "This is your entire fault."

"And how is this my fault, Lily," Snape asked her, "Do you even know what kind of person your sister turned out to be. No, you assumed that Harry turned out all fine and dandy. Well I hate to break that bubble but he didn't. I had to work hard to get him to be able to do the things that he was able to do. He was love starved and he attached himself to me."

"Well he can attach himself to me now," Lily told him.

"I highly doubt that he'll want anything to do with you," Snape told her, "You've ruined the one chance that you had with him. I hope that you're happy with that choice. Now leave before I have Lupin remove you."

Lily glared at him and said, "This isn't over."

"I'm afraid that it is."

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Note: Can you believe that Lily would think that she could just patch things up. Next up: End of a Journey

Chapter 92: End of the Journey

(Four Years Later)

Harry was happy, happier than he had ever been in his life. He had just graduated from Hogwarts and had gained the right to call himself a Potions Expert. He wouldn't become a Master until he got a job at a school. His mother, Lily, had given birth to a baby girl that she had named Raven. It was clear that Harry sort of liked her but it didn't give his mother the right to use her to see him.

"Things will get better," Hermione had told him.

Harry believed it.

"Well looks like I won't be ordering you around anymore," Snape told Harry.

"Thanks for helping me out, Severus," Harry told him.

He had gained the right to call him by his first name when he had gotten the scroll.

"I'm glad that you had ended up in Slytherin instead of Gryffindor," Severus told him.

"I know me too," Harry said, agreeing with his former Master.

Harry had settled in the heart of London and Hermione had moved in. She was opening up a new Apothecary in Diagon Alley as the old one had burned down due to Dumbledore. No matter what Dumbledore called himself Harry and Hermione would know the truth of who he really was. He walked in as she was taking stock and waited until she was done before kissing her.

"How is our little bun in the oven doing," Harry asked her.

He had discovered, a week before graduation, that she was expecting. Madam Pomfrey told her that it was going to be a girl.

"Oh she's having a tea party with my stomach," Hermione answered.

"Well I'm glad that she's having a tea party and not a bowling match," Harry joked and Hermione laughed.

"Have you seen Ron today," Hermione asked him.

"Yes, he's going into the Auror program," Harry answered.

"And what are you going to do," Hermione asked him.

"Work with you, making sure that potions are brewed and sold," Harry answered.

"Now that's the right answer that I was looking for," Hermione told him, hitting him on the arm.

Two weeks later they finally opened just in-time for the first batch of Hogwarts students to be coming in to either restock on what they needed or get their first potion kit. Remus Lupin paid them a visit a couple of days after they opened.

"How are you feeling, Harry," Lupin asked.

"Well," Harry answered, "Did you hear the news that Hermione's expecting."

Lupin grinned at him and said, "Yes, Severus told me. He's acting like he's going to be a proud papa."

Harry laughed and said, "I know, he's going all mental about the little one coming. He won't let me use my own money to buy things, he must buy it himself."

Lupin laughed and said, "Well at least it gives him something to do."

"Oh I'm not complaining about that," Harry told him, "However he drives me batty sometimes."

"Let him have his fun," Lupin advised.

"Thanks," Harry said.

That night when Harry and Hermione locked up and headed home Harry found a letter waiting on him. The owl was annoyed that it had been forced to hang around but Hermione took it and it flew away.

"Who's it from," Harry asked Hermione.

"It's from Ron," Hermione answered.

"Is he doing okay in the Auror program," Harry asked her.

"Yes," Hermione answered.

Harry took the letter and read it over, grinning. "I'm glad to see that he's making something of himself. I thought, for sure, what happened several years ago would damage him."

"I understand that," Hermione said, "Having a sick family that thinks of only power is enough to make anyone worry. I'm glad that the Ministry overlooked it."

"I don't think that they viewed it as being Ron's fault," Harry told her, "I'm glad that they were able to see sense."

The next day another letter arrived, this time from the Ministry. Harry opened it and read:

Dear Mr. Potter,

I'm please to inform you that we've finally tracked down your vampire Aunt and Cousin and they've both been killed. You no longer have to worry about them.

Sincerely,

Kingsley Shacklebolt,

Auror

"It's finally over," Harry said.

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Note: Two more characters are dead, which I don't think anyone will miss. Next up: Death of a Mentor

Chapter 93: Death of A Mentor

Time moved forward for Harry and Hermione. Both of them had gotten married, Severus didn't come around much as he was too busy being Deputy Headmaster, but when Hermione gave birth to Crystal he was there. Of course that meant that he started to hang around a little more but still his duty as Deputy Headmaster came first over everything. Harry invited him over for tea, which he accepted, and Harry made sure that there was a supply of blood for him to drink.

"So how does it feel to be a papa," Harry asked him.

"It's different," Severus said, "So did you hear that Lily married again."

"No, to whom this time," Harry asked him.

"Kingsley Shacklebolt," Severus answered.

Harry groaned and said, "Gods, save that man."

"They seem to be happy," Severus told him.

"I hope so," Harry said, "Well on Kingsley's part."

"I agree," Severus said, "So are you thinking about taking over as Potions Master."

Harry looked at him and said, "Yes, I was thinking about doing that as well as publishing another article in Potions Monthly. Why do you ask?"

"Well we have a Potions Mistress that's doing well but she's thinking about leaving and going traveling," Severus informed him, "And that's why I'm asking."

"When she leaves then I'll take over," Harry told him.

"Then I'll let Lupin know," Severus told him.

Harry smirked and then asked, "Why can't you call him Remus?"

"Because it's habit," Severus answered.

Another year passed with Hermione giving birth to a son that Harry named Hugo. Raven was growing up nicely, adding to the addition of a son that Lily and Kingsley named Samuel. Everything about Harry's life was perfect until the letter came. Harry had been dreaming about something when a hooting woke him up. Hermione groaned and turned over but Harry got up to check on it.

The writing on the letter told Harry that it was from Remus. He opened it and read, his heart stopping.

Harry,

Someone came in and staked Severus, he's dead. Come to Hogwarts at once.

Remus

Harry felt his world shatter. He grabbed his wand, and flooed to Hogwarts.

When he arrived at the Headmaster's office the entire staff was screaming at Kingsley and a girl that Harry heard was named Tonks. Harry remembered her from his first year.

"YOU ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN," Hagrid roared.

"We didn't," Tonks said.

"THEN EXPLAIN WHY MY DEPUTY HEADMASTER WAS ASSASSINATED," Lupin roared as well.

"Remus, calm down."

"I'm bloody hell not going to calm down," Remus hissed, "That man didn't deserve what happened to him."

"Did you order his staking," Harry demanded, his anger showing.

"Of course not," Kingsley said.

"I did," came a voice and Harry turned to see Moody standing there.

Harry had never been so mad in his entire life. His mentor, the man that had raised him from the time he had come to Hogwarts, trained him, until now, had been staked by Moody's orders. Crystal and Hugo's papa was dead, at the order of Moody.

"You did this, Alister," Kingsley said.

"The man was a Death Eater," Moody told them, "He worked for You-Know-Who."

"Severus was cleared of all charges," the painting of McGonagall.

"Only due to Dumbledore," Moody said.

"Don't bring his name up here," Remus hissed, "That man almost killed a number of students, broke out some from Azkaban, and is still out there."

"Which made him dangerous," Moody said.

"I swear, Alister, I'm going to get you back for this," Harry vowed.

"Try it, wolf," Moody snarled, his wand out.

"No, I'll try it," Kingsley said, "My wife may not of liked Severus but that gave you no right to do that."

"I was protecting public health," Moody said.

"You are insane," Harry said, vowing to make him slowly die.

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Note: I know another short chapter. I really need to stop doing this.
Next up: The New Potions Master

Chapter 94: The New Potions Master

It took Harry time to get over the 'death' of Severus Snape. True he had been dead for many years but to know that he would never see him again, walking around, hurt. Thankfully the children were too young to know that Severus would never come back but it still hurt to know that the only way that they would know about their papa was with stories.

"He wouldn't want you to grieve over him," Hermione told him.

"I know that but he was the only one that stuck up for me," Harry told her, "Do you know what it was like to have him come and rescue you from the horrible Dursley's."

"I know," Hermione said.

Harry had gotten the Manor in Snape's Will and had gotten, surprisingly a child as well. A little boy was somehow related to Snape had come to live with them. Charles was a cute little boy with short black hair, black eyes that were always curious about things. Harry vowed that he would honor the man that had helped him by naming his third son Severus.

A month after Severus death Harry got a letter from Remus, telling him that the Potions Mistress was leaving and that Severus wanted him to take over the post. Harry was more than delighted to take up the post as it would make him a Potions Master. Hermione, of course, supported him and Harry at once answered the call and headed for Hogwarts. When he arrived Remus was there to greet him.

"Welcome back to Hogwarts, Harry," Remus said.

"It's great to be back, Remus," Harry told him, "So is she gone or do I have to wait until she packs up her makeup and lacy underwear?"

Remus snickered and answered, "No, she's been gone two weeks, though I think that you should check your stores just in-case she left anything behind."

"I'll do that," Harry said.

"Oh Neville is the Herbology teacher," Remus told him.

Harry wasn't surprised, Neville had always been good in Herbology even if he really hadn't talked to the round face boy while they had been in school.

"So how is the gang doing," Remus asked, as they headed down to the dungeons that would serve as not only Harry's classroom and office, but also his personal quarters.

"Growing fast," Harry answered, "Have you heard anymore from mum?"

"Another brood to add to the Kingsley's line," Remus answered, "How's Raven handling around you?"

"I don't think that she likes Hermione," Harry told him, "But you can thank someone for that."

Remus sighed and said, "Don't remind me."

When Remus left Harry alone he checked the stock of potion supplies. The room held so many memories, some of them painful. However Hermione had told him that he needed to face those memories if he was going to move on. In the corner of the closet he found a photo of himself and Severus and he broke down.

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"How is our new Potions Master moving in," Hagrid asked.

"Oh Harry's doing fine," Remus answered.

"You hired Harry," Neville said, surprised.

"Of course," Remus answered, "I'm hoping that he'll get things in order before the term begins."

"Do you think that it's wise to put him in Severus old office," Neville asked him, "I know that he and Snape were close."

"I'm sure that he'll be able to handle it."

"And what if he can't," Neville asked.

"Then I'll move him to another office," Remus answered.

Remus didn't see Harry during dinner and so he headed down to the office to check on him. He found him sleeping on the couch, the photo on his chest. Remus cursed himself for not getting rid of it. It was clear that the photo had been taken during the 'happy times' when Harry had finally been happy that someone had cared enough for him. He decided that he needed to get Hermione.

When Mrs. Potter arrived Remus told her what had happened. She shook her head and said, "You should have given him another office."

"I know but I thought that as he's the new Head of House he would want to be in the Head of House's office."

"Do you want me to talk to him," Hermione asked.

"I would like that," Remus answered.

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Harry woke up to the feeling of a cold cloth on his forehead. For a wild moment he thought his old Master was back but then he saw it was Hermione. She looked worried for him and he wondered if Remus had come in.

"Harry, are you alright," Hermione asked him.

"I'm fine," Harry answered, though he didn't feel fine.

"Want to talk about it," Hermione asked.

That one line broke it all open, "I miss my friend so much," he cried and cried in Hermione's arms.

It took Harry time, even longer time, to get himself together. He cried so much that he had no tears left, only pain. When the Start-of-term feast finally came around Harry felt as though the world had spit him out. He had to be strong, he had to ensure that students didn't get

hurt, and that meant that he had to pull things in and be hard, being soft lead to accidents.

Harry sat down in the seat that Severus had once occupied, which didn't help, but he was getting use to it. He sat next to the permanent Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Rain. She had been at Hogwarts for seven years, seven years in the same post. Professor Longbottom brought in the line of new students and then they were sorted. Finally the last person went to their table and Remus stood up.

"Welcome to another year at Hogwarts," he told the students, "I have several announcements that I wish to hand out. First of all, no magic is to be done in the corridor between classes, Tamera Slight, our new Caretaker, has a list of seven thousand three hundred and twenty nine items that are banned. These include Weasley Wizard products, double blow up bon bons, and anything that makes her hair stand on end. We have a one new face to add to our ranks this year, Professor Harry Potter, who is our Potions Master and new Head of Slytherin House. I would like everyone to give him a warm welcome."

The only people that really clapped for him were the Slytherin's. Harry figured that the other houses at once didn't like him because he was a Slytherin. He personally didn't care one bit.

"Well let the feast begin," Remus said and the food appeared.

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Note: I cried writing this chapter. Next up: Honor, which centers around Charles

Chapter 95: Honor

During the first month that Harry was teaching Potions he quickly discovered how hard it must have been for Severus to handle them. The Gryffindor's hated him because he treated them unfairly. Naturally the Slytherin's liked him because he gave them points but something that Harry discovered was that the students didn't want to ask questions. They assumed they knew everything and their work suffered for it.

"Why is it that I can't make them see that asking questions is important," Harry told Hermione, "How can anyone learn anything if they don't ask questions."

"Because they don't want to be seen as a traitor," Hermione answered.

"Then I'm going to make them see that their foolish," Harry told her.

Harry went into Charles room and looked at the child that had been trusted to him. Madam Pomfrey had checked the child out and he didn't have the vampire gene, which told him that Severus must have done something to keep that from happening.

"I promise that I won't let anything happen to you," Harry told him, vowing to protect him like Severus had protected him.

"He's sweet!" Hermione said.

"I know, Severus would be so happy to know that I'm taking care of him."

Hermione put her arms around Harry and put her hand on his shoulder and then said, "Severus was a good man, Harry."

"I know," Harry said, "And I mean what I say when I say that I'm going to protect him."

Harry didn't know if he would be able to keep that promise but he vowed that he would, he would show the child what it meant to have honor.

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Note: Sorry about the super short chapter, but it was just about Harry making a vow. Next up: Promise Fulfilled

Chapter 96: Promise Fulfilled

"How are you doing, Harry," Remus asked.

It had been two years since Harry had arrived back at Hogwarts to teach and no student dared to go against him.

"I'm fine," Harry answered.

"How are the children?"

"Don't well, Hermione's expecting...again," Harry told him.

"Well lets hope that it's a boy," Remus told him.

"Me too," Harry said, "I was thinking about naming him Severus, if it's a boy."

"I'm sure that Severus would be honored," Remus said, smiling at him.

"I'm sure that he would be," Harry agreed.

Nothing happened that Harry would consider exciting or dangerous as the days passed. Harry knew that Dumbledore had been far too silent for anyone's liking and with the death of Severus several years ago he was even worse. Harry knew that he should be happy that Dumbledore hadn't tried anything but the silence was getting on his nerves.

"I'm going to Hogsmead," Hermione told Harry.

"Is it already the Hogsmead weekend," Harry asked her.

"It sure is," Hermione said, smiling, "Oh remember your potion tonight. I'll cover your classes or get Justin to do it."

"Thanks," Harry said, glad that he had such a wonderful wife.

When she had left Harry went to pour some of the potion into a goblet and drank it down, shuttering at the taste. It hadn't changed at all from the many times that he had drunk it. He then grabbed a

new goblet and poured some for Remus and then headed for the Headmaster's office.

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Hermione was having a good time being around the students and making sure that a lot of them didn't get into any trouble. It reminded her of all the times that she had been in Hogsmead and it sort of made her blush when she remembered that she had her first date with her husband here.

"So how is Harry doing," Neville asked her.

Even though she had been forced to be in another house Neville had always been kind to her.

"He's doing okay," Hermione answered, "He still feels the lost of his Master but he's not crying anymore."

"I'm glad," Neville said, "I understand that they were close."

"Yeah," Hermione said.

Suddenly something told her that something just wasn't right. She turned and screamed as several people started to come down the street. She knew the leader at once, it was Dumbledore.

"Get the students," Hermione ordered, "Trouble is coming."

Neville turned and at once paled. Before he could move hexes started to hit people and that's when the terror started.

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Harry was busy taking with Remus when the Patronus came, telling him that Hogsmead was under attack. Harry ran out the door, Remus trailing behind. Harry Apparated to Hogsmead just as Hermione fell, not moving. The thing that had once been the kind Headmaster turned on him.

"Well look what we have here, Harry Potter. Missing your Master already," he said.

"Leave Severus out of this," Harry snarled, "He was more of a wizard than you'll ever be."

The thing laughed and shot a spell at him. Thankfully he moved out of the way and the spell hit nothing.

"I'm going to make you pay for ruining my plans," the Dumbledore-thing vowed.

Harry shot a spell at him, one that wasn't verbal and one that he had created himself, and blood started to flow. It was an odd blue color and Harry wondered what Dumbledore had done to get blue blood.

"The Auror's are coming," someone screamed and there were cracks, telling Harry that Dumbledore's men had left.

Dumbledore, despite everything, bled to death.

Hermione was rushed to St. Mungo where the Healers had no choice but to remove the child. Thankfully the child was nearly fully developed and so no harm would come. The child was a boy and Harry at once named him Severus.

"When will Hermione get out," Harry asked the Healer.

"We should know, in a few days, if she'll wake up," the Healer answered, "But I must say that you chose an odd name for the child."

"It was my own choice," Harry told her, wanting the woman to drop it.

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Note: Well dumb butt is dead, which I'm glad. Next up: Rounding Evil Up.

Chapter 97: Rounding Evil Up

Thankfully Hermione survived the attack and over the next couple of weeks and months supporters were rounded up and kissed. All the Weasley's that had taken part in the attack during his first year and had escaped from Azkaban were now no longer able to cause any problems. Lily, who was now fading fast, was glad that something had happened.

"It seems that I don't have much time," Lily told everyone.

"The spell only lasted as long as Dumbledore was alive," Kingsley told her.

"Take good care of them," Lily asked him.

"I will," Kingsley vowed and the next day she was gone.

Harry was sad that his mum was gone, again, but deep inside he was glad. People that were suppose to be dead were finally leaving their old lives behind and Harry hoped that, when it was his time to go, that he would see his old Master again. Crystal was due to start Hogwarts, though Raven was now a first year and Harry was already having trouble with her.

She had this tone that told Harry that she believed that she was better than everyone else. She had been sorted into Slytherin, Harry was sure that Sirius was rolling in his grave, and she had a smart mouth on her.

"I don't have to put up with you, Miss Black," Harry said, "Ten points from Slytherin and detention for two weeks."

"Whatever," Raven said.

Later he told Hermione what had happened.

"Do you blame your mum for raising her like that," Hermione asked.

"I don't know," Harry said, "But she has the same tone that really got me mad at Sirius."

"Well I hope that Kingsley is putting her in her place," Hermione said.

"I'm going to write to him about it," Harry promised.

"Good," Hermione said, "Oh we're having Ron over for tea."

Harry looked at her and she smiled. "And what has Ron done to deserve tea?" he asked.

"He's going to become Head Auror," Hermione answered, "Kingsley is becoming the new Minister of Magic and Ron's going to be promoted. Do you know that her personally put his father in Azkaban and allowed him to be kissed?"

"I'm sure that he was glad when it was over," Harry said.

"He looked it but he also looked disgusted," Hermione said to him, yawning.

"Tired," Harry said.

"Severus is keeping me up all night," Hermione told him, "I'm lucky that I've got the elves, even though I'm against elf slavery. I swear that child scowls just like Severus did."

Harry grinned at her and then snickered.

"What's so funny," she asked.

"Oh nothing, just what you said," Harry answered, not wanting to get on Hermione's bad side since she had hardly no sleep.

He later on told Remus what Hermione had said. Remus found it funny as much as Harry did.

"Don't let Hermione hear you or she might blow up," Harry warned.

"Why does she think that your son reminds her of Severus?"

"I don't know," Harry answered, "But I must admit that it would be great if Severus had come back in the form of my son."

"Don't count on it," Remus advised.

"I know," Harry said, "Just saying."

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The little baby that Harry had named Severus was really Severus. Fate had given him a chance to redo his life and he had chosen to come back as Harry's third son. He still had all his memories and he was glad to hear that Dumbledore had finally been defeated.

"Mommy is tired, Sevy," Hermione said, "Let me sleep so that I don't get all snappy."

Since Severus couldn't talk he just cooed.

"Thanks," Hermione said and then left.

Severus scowled at her but he left her alone.

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Note: Yep, Severus Snape is back. Next up: Family Conversations

Chapter 98: Family Conversations

"Your letter, Crystal," Harry called out.

The summer had come and was nearly gone when the owl finally showed up with the letter.

Crystal ran into the kitchen and took the letter from her father's hand. Nearly one-year-old Severus scowled at her.

"Oh does this mean that she gets to go to the castle, daddy," Hugo asked.

"Yes," Harry answered.

And put up with Raven, he mentally added.

Harry took Crystal to Diagon Alley to get her things. Crystal was so excited about going that she didn't even notice the dark look that she was getting from a certain Slytherin. Harry noticed and returned the dark look with one of his own. She turned and followed her stepfather to one of the other shops. Harry shook his head, glad that both parents were dead.

"What house do you think that I'll be in," Crystal asked.

"I don't know," Harry answered, "I was put into Slytherin and it helped."

"Mum was in Gryffindor and then Slytherin, right," Crystal said.

"Yes," Harry answered.

Later Harry decided to call a family gathering. He wanted to let his children know about how he felt. He wanted them to know where he stood about houses. He wasn't going to tell Crystal about Raven, as it wasn't his place to tell her bad things about one person. When everyone was gathered Harry started.

"Now I'm not going to tell you that I favor one house over the other," Harry told them, "But whatever house you get sorted into I don't want to hear that you were attacking people or making fun of them."

"Yes, dad," Crystal and Hugo said.

"Good," Harry told them.

"Why are you saying this to us," Crystal asked.

"Because I want you to know where I stand," Harry said, "Do you have any questions?"

"What are the classes like," Crystal asked.

"Their fun but hard work," Harry answered.

"Do you think that I'll look okay in Ravenclaw," Crystal asked.

"Can I come and watch Quidditch matches," Hugo asked.

"One question at a time," Harry said, "Yes, I believe that you would look okay in Ravenclaw and I'll ask Remus if you can come and watch a match."

"Wicked," Hugo said.

"Wicked, oh great another Ronald Weasley," Hermione joked and everyone laughed.

"Pop," came a new voice

Everyone turned to look at the little member of their clan.

"Oh did Sevy just say his first word," Hermione cooed.

"Pop," Severus repeated.

"Get the video camera, I want to record this," Hermione ordered and Crystal hurried to get it and Hermione turned it on, "Say Pop, Sevy."

"Pop," Severus said again.

Hermione went completely nuts.

"Yep, Severus is going to be just like is papa."

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Severus couldn't believe that women get all crazy when babies talk. However he enjoyed the moment of attention. Naturally Crystal and Hugo had to be annoying and make little kissy sounds. He was so going to hex them.

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Note: Sorry about not going into more details about Crystal and Hugo's childhood. Next up: Another Weasley in Azkaban

Chapter 99: Another Weasley in Azkaban

"Severus, come in here," Harry said.

A boy of around eleven walked in and the look that he gave Harry told him that he had no idea why he had been summoned. Harry placed a box on the desk and sat down.

"Did I do something wrong, father," Severus asked.

"No, I want to give you something," Harry told him.

Severus at once became interested in the box and when Harry opened it he placed a black wand on the table.

"This belonged to your namesake," Harry told him, "I've kept it all these years and I'm hoping that you're a match for it."

He urged Severus to try it and when the boy took it he felt a warmth travel up his arm and a glow came from it.

"Keep it," Harry said, "After all the wand chooses the wizard."

"Thanks, dad," Severus said.

Severus, unlike Crystal and Hugo who ended up in Ravenclaw, was sorted into Slytherin. Harry felt proud for his son and thankfully all of his mum's children had left Hogwarts just like his two children had. He knew that he wouldn't have any problems with Severus as he respected him as not only his father but his teacher. Remus, who was really starting to look his years, clapped as well.

"Glad to see a Potter once again in Slytherin," Neville said.

"Thanks," Harry said, smiling.

The next day Harry headed down to the Great Hall for breakfast. He found his son talking to someone and grinned. Severus was making friends, this was good. He sat down and took his issue of the Daily Prophet.

Ginny Weasley in Azkaban

Harry stared and Hagrid, who was always on the verge of death, noticed his shocked expression. At least that's what Harry thought.

"I see that you're shocked too," Hagrid said.

"I can't believe, after all this time, she's finally in Azkaban," Harry said.

"I'm surprised that she was finally caught," Professor Rain said.

"Well she's been on the run for over ten years," Hagrid said, "That's bound to do something."

"Well at least she can't harm you or Hermione," Professor Rain said.

"I know," Harry said.

When he was done with his breakfast he sent a owl to Hermione, telling her what had happened and if she had read today's issue of the Daily Prophet. He then went down to the dungeons to get ready for his third year Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw.

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"So did you write home to your mum," Cassie Edwards asked when Severus had returned to the Slytherin common room.

"Of course, she would kill me if I didn't write back," Severus answered.

"I can't believe that your mum is a filthy-."

"Don't even finish that sentence," Severus cut in and Cassie stared at him, "I hate that word and you better get use to it."

"Sheesh, what did I do," Cassie asked as she left.

Severus didn't understand why he hated that word. He would have flashes of memory, memories that wasn't his own. When he had been younger the voice inside his head would tell him how to do a spell, like it had in Charms, or how to correctly brew a potion. He hadn't had Potions yet with his dad but he knew that he would do an

outstanding job. He then turned his attention to the letter that he had gotten from Crystal.

He opened it and read:

Dear Severus,

I hope that everything is going well and that you ended up in the house that you wanted to be in. I just want to tell you that I'm getting married to Teddy Lupin. I know that you like the Lupin's and I hope that you'll be coming to the White Tower to watch me get married. Have a good week and I expect your reply.

Crystal

He then turned to the letter from Hugo. Hugo was a couple of years younger than Crystal and had left Hogwarts a couple of years ago, he worked for the Ministry of Magic. He opened his letter and read:

Dear Severus,

Dad told me that you got sorted into Slytherin and possess your namesakes wand. I'm proud of you little brother. Heard that Crystal is getting married to Teddy of all people. However at least it's not Malfoy, shutters big time. Will you be there? Let me know.

Hugo

Severus wanted to go but he didn't know if his dad would allow him. He decided that he would ask him when he had him during Potions.

Friday's lesson came around and Severus was the first person inside the classroom. Crystal and Hugo had told him that their father didn't play around, that he had to put up with students disrespecting him when he first started. Severus knew that his father wasn't going to play around and he was right when his father stormed in, his glass flashing in the torchlight.

"There will be no foolish wandwaving or silly incantations in this class," Professor Potter told them, "You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making. As there is no wand waving in this class many will find it hard to believe that this is magic. I don't expect many of you to understand the softly simmering cauldron,

with it's delicate fumes, creeping through human veins; bewitching the mind and ensnaring the senses. I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, or even put a stopper in death-if your not like all the other dunderheads that I usually have to teach."

Severus had never seen his dad like this and the feeling that he got was that he was repeating another person's words, someone that his father respected.

"Still, what would I get if I added powdered root of Asphodel to an infusion of Wormwood?"

Still, a girl that was in Gryffindor looked lost but Severus knew that answer.

"Don't know, well then lets try this," his father said, "Where would you go if I asked you to find me a Bezoar."

She shook her head that she didn't know.

"Pity," he said, "And what is the difference between Monkshood and Wolfbane?"

"I don't know sir," she answered and the Slytherin's snickered.

"Of course you don't know," his father said, "All Gryffindor's don't even bother to read anything. If you had read then you would of known that powdered root of Asphodel to an infusion of Wormwood makes a sleeping potion so powerful it's known as the Drought of Living Death, a Bezoar is found in the stomach of a goat and will save you from most poisons, as for Monkshood and Wolfbane they are the same plant that also goes by the name of Aconite."

He glared at them and then said, "So why aren't you all copying this down."

Everyone rushed to get their parchments out and copy down the answers. Severus saw his father's black robes trailing behind as he sat down.

"And note that a point shall be taken from Gryffindor House for your classmates...cheek."

Cheek, Still hadn't said anything cheeky. He was about to say so but then he remembered that his father told him that he had a method to teach and not to interrupt it. There was no way that he was losing Slytherin points.

When the bell had rung everyone filed out except for Severus. He waited for his father to load the samples into a box before he spoke. "Dad, why did you act like that to the Gryffindors?"

"Because their dunderheads," his father said, "And I don't stand for dunderheads in this class and you know it."

"I know that but it still doesn't make it right."

His father glared at him and then Severus asked, "Are you going to Crystal's wedding?"

"Of course," his father answered, "Why do you ask?"

"Well I was wondering if I can go," Severus asked.

"Of course," his father repeated.

"Thanks," Severus said and he then left.

The next day, pulling at a suit that his mother had picked out for him, he watched as Crystal Potter became Crystal Lupin. It was a really nice affair and his father didn't act at all like he did in class.

"Thanks for coming, Sev," Crystal told him.

"No problem," Severus said, smiling at Teddy.

"At least I've got Harry out of those black robes that he wears," his mother said and Teddy grinned at what she had said.

Severus saw how much his sister was happy and was happy for her.

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Note: Severus is ten years younger than Crystal. Next up: Finally Headmaster

Chapter 100: Finally Headmaster

"I'm sorry about the death of your wife," a young man asked the other man.

The other man was Harry Potter and he was nearly a hundred years old.

"Why wife lived a good life," Harry said, his eyes old but showing great wisdom, "I'm glad that she lived to see me sworn in as Headmaster."

"So will the transformation be hard on you."

"I don't think so," Harry answered.

"Well then I'll see you at breakfast," he said and then left.

Headmaster Potter headed for his office and thought over his life. He was the first Slytherin Headmaster in over a hundred years and he was determined to prove that house would play no role in his time as Headmaster. All his children were grown up and had families of their own. He felt proud of the life that he had led and with all of the people that had made his life hell and even his friends, gone, he really didn't have anything to worry about.

He had done all that he had set out to do and more.

When he entered the office he was greeted by the paintings of Headmistress McGonagall and Headmaster Lupin. Lupin had died during the summer and Harry had been the first choice to become Headmaster.

"Welcome, Headmaster," McGonagall said.

"Thanks, Minerva," Harry said, "I'm glad to be here."

"Heard that you're a grandfather now," McGonagall said.

"I know, I'm really happy," Harry said.

"Of course he is," Lupin said, "I'm so happy to be a grandfather too."

Harry grinned and then sat down.

Being Headmaster wasn't all fun and games, and this Harry knew many, many, years ago. All his children had made something of them, had families, and were now almost as old as he was. It seemed that the entire generation that he had grown up with was either dead or dying. He really regretted a lot of things, though if he had to change things he wouldn't of regretting showing everyone that he really belonged in the Wizarding world.

He turned over all this and focused on the list of new students that were coming in.

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Severus entered St. Mungo, his steps slow due to age. He was over fifty years old and while being slow was part of aging it didn't make it any easier. It had been five years since he had been here, five years ago when his mum had died, and he knew why he was here. His sister was dying as well as her husband.

"Name," the woman asked.

"Severus Potter," Severus answered, "I'm here to visit my sister and her husband."

"Forth floor," she answered and Severus headed upstairs.

When he entered his sisters room he found her lying in bed, her eyes moving and that was it. He sat down and she turned her head to look at him.

"I see that I finally got you away from your lab," she whispered.

"I wouldn't miss this for all the galleons in the world," Severus told her, "How's your husband?"

"I heard that he died," Crystal told him, "I want to join him."

Severus felt tears welling up. He didn't want to lose his sister but he knew that no one could live forever.

"Tell dad that I said hello," Crystal told him.

"I will," Severus vowed and then that was it, she was gone.

Severus went to Crystal's funeral that was also the same one for Teddy. Everyone was sad that Crystal and Teddy were gone, they were the golden couple. Harry was there and nothing could stop the tears from welling up. He wanted to be with Crystal and Hermione, even Severus too, he didn't want to go through another funeral.

"I can't believe that she's gone," Hugo said, tears pouring down.

"I know, me either," Severus said.

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Note: The final chapter coming up and I would like to thank everyone that responded, you've been great. Next up: Truly the End

Chapter 101: Truly The End

It had been a hard day for Harry. He had to expel three students for doing something that should never be done. How they were able to turn someone inside out he had no idea. He laid back in his chair, in his office, and thought over what he thought about most of the time; all the things that had happened to him. He remembered the war, Dumbledore, Lily coming back from the dead, helping Riddle get his humanity back (Riddle died thirty years ago), falling in-love with Hermione, having a job and family, and going through the ups and downs of life.

Crystal and Teddy were dead, along with Ron, Hermione, Ron's wife, all the Weasley's (there was only one Weasley left and it was a girl), and many other people. Severus had died last year, which still hurt, and the only child that he had left was Hugo. He sighed and closed his eyes.

"Honey," came a voice that Harry hadn't heard in a long time.

Harry opened his eyes and found himself looking at Hermione. She was young again and wearing a really beautiful dress.

"Come on, we're going to be late."

"For what," Harry asked.

"For the ball you idiot man," Hermione answered, smiling at him.

Harry stood up and followed Hermione, not noticing that he had left his body behind.

He followed her down the corridor, down the stairs, and into the Great Hall. They were all there, all the people that he had lost. Everyone smiled at Harry as he passed them by.

"Where are we going," Harry asked.

"We're going to a place where we can live happily ever after," Hermione answered.

"Hello, Harry," said Severus Snape.

Harry went over and hugged him and Severus returned it.

"Welcome back, Harry," Remus said.

And they disappeared into the stars, everyone following suit. Harry was home, at last, with Severus, Remus, his own son, Crystal, Teddy, and everyone else. Everyone was happy and it was finally the end, at least for Harry.

He had done it. What started out as a boy proving that he belonged to the Wizarding world had been one huge adventure, one that Harry would never change?

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"I hope that your happy dad," Hugo said as they buried his father.

Of course he knew that his dad was and he hoped that someday he would see him again. He turned around and headed back to the castle, a phoenix that hadn't been seen in a long time singing one last song.

THE END

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A/N: Well this is the end of the story. I hope that you all liked it and once again thanks for the reviews. I thought that I would have trouble putting out a story this huge but thankfully nothing bad happened to the story and it didn't get deleted or anything like that. I've got another story that I'm working on and I will be posting it soon. Thanks again.